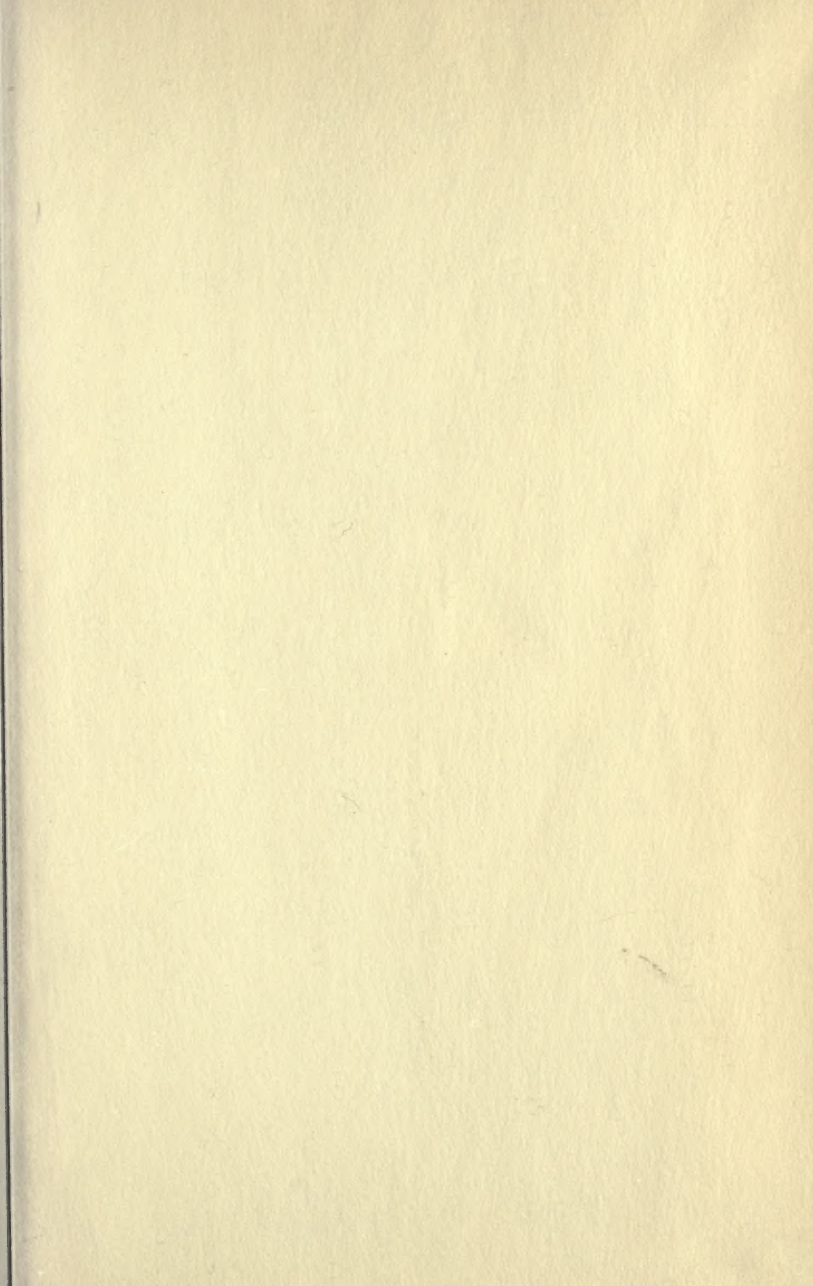


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PRÆRAPHÆELITE
DIARIES AND LETTERS

EDITED BY
WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI

- I SOME EARLY CORRESPONDENCE OF DANTE GABRIEL
ROSSETTI 1835-54
- II MADOX BROWN'S DIARY ETC 1844-56
- III THE P R B JOURNAL KEPT by W M ROSSETTI
1849-53

ILLUSTRATED

86419
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4/4/08

*J'ai voulu tout simplement puiser dans l'entière connaissance de
la tradition le sentiment raisonné et indépendant de ma propre
individualité—GUSTAVE COURBET 1855*

LONDON
HURST AND BLACKETT LIMITED
13 GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET

1900

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ND

467

A67

VARIOUS PERSONS
BELOVED OR CHERISHED BY ME
IN DEATH AS IN LIFE
STAND ON RECORD IN THIS BOOK
WHICH I DEDICATE
TO THE MEMORY OF THEM ALL

W M R

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Pen-and-ink Sketch by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, 27 September 1855. Details as to this matter are given in my Memoir of Dante Rossetti. Mr. and Mrs. Browning, being then for a while at No. 13 Dorset Street, London, invited a few friends to hear Tennyson read *Maud*, as he had undertaken. Miss Browning, my Brother, and myself, were present, and perhaps one other. My Brother, unobserved by Tennyson, made a pen-and-ink sketch of him, and gave it to Browning. He also made a duplicate of the sketch, which belongs (or used to belong) to Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse. The present version is a triplicate, which he sent to Miss Elizabeth E. Siddal, then in Paris: she had started (I think only a few days before 27 September) for Paris and Nice, for the sake of her health. This triplicate had remained in the possession of the Siddal family until September 1899, when her Brother was so good as to present it to me

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W. M. R.

INTRODUCTION.

THROUGH the agency of various persons, myself not the least active, a considerable bulk of materials about the Præraphaelite Brotherhood, or P.R.B., has by this time been published. Some of these materials are in the nature of narratives or essays; others, of documents of old date—letters, diaries, and so on. I now offer to the public a further instalment of materials of the second class.

This instalment, as the reader will readily perceive, consists of three several things, not directly connected the one with the other, but all bearing upon the Præraphaelite movement. There is:—1. An early correspondence of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, beginning (for curiosity's sake) in April 1835, when he was not quite seven years of age, and going on to March or April 1854, just before the date when my compilation entitled *Ruskin, Rossetti, Præraphælitism* (1899) begins; and with this are included two letters from our Father. 2. Some letters from Ford Madox Brown to his first Wife, Elizabeth (Bromley), December 1844 to May 1845, followed by a much longer item, extracts from his Diary from 4th September 1847 to 6th January 1856: some passages from this Diary, relating to Dante Rossetti and his surroundings, were given

in my compilation above-named, and these are, of course, omitted here. 3. Extracts from the P.R.B. Journal, which I, as a member of the Brotherhood acting as its Secretary, kept from 15th May 1849 to 29th January 1853. Thus the entire range of dates in this volume is from April 1835 to January 1856; and from 1847 to 1856 it is tolerably detailed and copious.

It will be seen that the three constituent parts of this book overlap to a large extent. The most important of the three is—as I think most readers will say—the writing of Madox Brown. I have given the precedence to the Rossetti correspondence simply because it begins at the earlier date.

It seems superfluous for me to write any more here. My object in the present volume (as in one or more that have preceded it) is not to give any continuous narrative or dissertation of my own, but to set forth original documents, with such introductory or annotating matter as may make them plain. Matter of this sort is furnished in connexion with each of the three items which make up the book: and so I leave it in the reader's hands. He may perchance find it informing in some parts, and amusing in at any rate as many.

WM. M. ROSSETTI.

London.

July 1899.

PRÆRAPHAELITE
DIARIES AND LETTERS.



SOME EARLY CORRESPONDENCE OF DANTE
GABRIEL ROSSETTI.



SOME EARLY CORRESPONDENCE OF DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

IN the course of some recent researches among old family documents I put together the enclosed specimens—consisting of twenty-four letters from Dante Gabriel Rossetti to various persons, 1835 to 1854, and of two letters addressed to him by his father, 1853.

I have more than once had occasion to confute a current misconception that Dante Rossetti could be adequately described as a sentimentalist, a dreamer, a mystic, an æsthete, and the like, without allowance being made for a considerable counterbalance of attributes of a very opposite character. Certainly he had some sentiment; he dreamed several dreams, asleep and awake; he may have been a mystic (though I never quite understood what a mystic is); and he had a passion for art in various forms, and for the word

"art" we now often substitute the word "æsthetics"—a term which Rossetti seldom, if ever, pronounced. But it is not the less true that he was full of vigour and buoyancy, full of *élan*, well alive to the main chance, capable of enjoying the queer as well as the grave aspects of life, by no means behindhand in contributing his quota to the cause of high spirits—and generally a man equally natural and genial. In youth these qualities had not been overclouded by some troubles which beset his later years—although indeed, like other men, he had at all periods of life his troubles and his glooms. The present correspondence belongs all to the years of his youth; and I think readers will say that, whatever else Dante Rossetti may have been, he was a quick-blooded, downright-speaking man, with plenty of will and an abundant lack of humbug. People who take an interest in him may depend upon it that the more they learn about him—of an authentic kind—the more will the masculine traits of his character appear in evidence, and the less will room be left for the notion of a pallid and anæmic "æsthete," a candidate for the sunflowers of a Du Maurier design. He did not "yearn." All this is said without at all derogating from the fact that in the very essence of his mind and temperament Dante Rossetti was a poet—a poet who expressed himself in verse and in form and colour.

I have appended several headnotes and one or two footnotes to these letters; and will only add here a few observations, in the form of a *Dramatis Personæ*, on some persons not otherwise accounted for:

John Lucas Tupper, Sculptor, intimate associate of the Præraphaelite Brothers; a selection of his poems was published posthumously in 1897.

Frederic George Stephens, Student of Painting, P.R.B., now a leading Art-Critic.

Walter Howell Deverell, Painter, nominated for election into the P.R.B.

Thomas Seddon, Painter: produced the picture of *Jerusalem* now in the National Gallery.

John P. Seddon, Architect.

Charles A. Collins, Painter and Author; became son-in-law of Dickens.

James Hannay, Novelist and Essayist; was British Consul at Barcelona in his later years.

Francis McCracken, Shipping Agent at Belfast, an early purchaser of "Præraphaelite" pictures.

John Marshall, Surgeon, ultimately President of the Royal College of Physicians.

William Allingham, Poet and Essayist.

Thomas Woolner, Sculptor and R.A.

Bernhard Smith, Sculptor; he settled in Australia, and there died.

LETTER I.

DANTE ROSSETTI TO MARGARET POLIDORI,
SWITHLAND, LEICESTERSHIRE.

This childish epistle from Dante Gabriel would have little or no claim to appear here, were it not for the fact (as noted in a few accompanying words by his mother) that it is "the second letter of his writing—the first was to his Grandmother." It is written on lines, in a large text-hand—childish, of course, but correctly formed. Dante Rossetti must have been backward rather than otherwise—or one might say lazy—at letter-writing, for at this date he was close upon seven years of age. I add a second childish letter, of nearly similar date. Margaret Polidori, his eldest maternal aunt, was at this date a governess in Leicestershire; Eliza Polidori, a younger aunt, addressed in the second letter, lived at home with her parents.

38 Charlotte Street, London.

7 April 1835.

Dear Aunt M.

Papa has bought two shawls for Maria and Christina. Dr. Curci, a great friend of papa's, came from Naples, and has given Christina a little locket without hair, of the Virgin Mary with Jesus Christ in her arms; it has a rim of mother-of-pearl. Papa

introduced Dr. Curci to a party where there was the Turkish Ambassador, who asked papa to improvise.

I remain

Your affectionate nephew,

GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

LETTER II.

TO ELIZA POLIDORI, HOLMER GREEN, BUCKS.

38 Charlotte Street, London.

9 July 1835.

Dear Aunt Eliza,

We went to a fancy fair in the Regent's Park, where I bought a box of paints, Maria an album, and Christina two fishes and a hook. The fair was for the benefit of a Charity School. I have been reading Shakespeare's *Richard the Third* for my amusement, and like it exceedingly. I, Maria, and William, know several scenes by heart. I have bought a picture of Richard and Richmond fighting, and I gilded it, after which I cut it out with no white. My Aunt* came yesterday, and gave Maria a pretty little basket: it was worked in flowers of green card.

I remain, my dear Aunt,

Your affectionate nephew,

GABRIEL C. D. ROSSETTI.

* This was probably Charlotte Polidori—or possibly the *Grand-Aunt*, Harriet Pierce.

LETTER III.

TO GAETANO POLIDORI.

This letter appears to have been written in 1843, which was the date of the privately-printed volume by my grandfather (*La Magion del Terrore*, etc.) containing the lyric, *A Clori*. The first verse of the lyric is "Quante stelle cancella la luna." Polidori's reply is not forthcoming; but there can be little doubt that Dante Rossetti was right in considering that the Italian poem is a free adaptation of the English one.

50 Charlotte Street, London.

[? 1843.]

Dear Grandpapa,

On returning home yesterday and looking over your volume of poetry, I was greatly surprised at discovering in your ode, *A Clori*, at page 136, a most singular resemblance to a little poem contained in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, it being the same, verse by verse, and sometimes almost word for word.

The poem to which I allude is written by Sir Henry Wotton, who lived in the reign of James 1st, and is intended as an expression of his admiration for Elizabeth, daughter of that monarch.

It runs as follows :

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorlie satisfie our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies—
What are you when the moon shall rise ?

Ye violets that first appeare,
By your pure purple mantles known
Like the proud virgins of the yeare,
As if the Spring were all your own—
What are you when the rose is blown ?

Ye curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth Dame Nature's layes,
Thinking your passion understood
By your weak accents, what's your praise
When Philomel her voyce shall raise ?

So when my mistress shall be seene
In sweetness of her looks and mind ;
By virtue first, then choyce, a queene ;
Tell me if she was not designed
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind.

The only difference between your composition and the above is, as you perceive, the addition by you of

two stanzas—judiciously, I think, inasmuch as they complete the idea.

Now I do not for a moment suppose that you have translated these lines and afterwards intentionally inserted them among your original poems; but I should think it possible that you might have rendered them into Italian some years ago, and that, on looking over your manuscripts in order to compile the volume in question, you might have found them, and, forgetting their origin, placed them with the rest among your *Versi Lirici*. Should this idea of mine, however, not be founded on fact, it is certainly a most singular literary coincidence.

I remain, dear Grandpapa,

Your affectionate Grandson,

GABRIEL CHAS. ROSSETTI.

LETTER IV.

TO THE EDITOR OF A MAGAZINE.

In my Memoir of Dante Rossetti (published in 1895) I have spoken of a very inefficient ballad which he wrote at the age of fifteen, named *William and Marie*, and of an illustration which he concocted for it. I possess a copy which he made of the ballad, followed by the letter here reproduced. I am not sure what was the magazine to which he forwarded

the poem and its illustration, in the vain hope of getting published: should suppose it to be *Smallwood's Magazine*, but for the fact that in that serial there were no illustrations. Possibly he sent the letter and its contents to one Editor after another, but I have no recollection of any such fact. From a reference which I saw in a literary review, 1898 or '99, I infer that the ballad of *William and Marie* has by this time been printed, in whole or in part, though without any authority from Rossetti's representatives.

50 Charlotte Street, London.

[? 1843.]

Sir,

Should you consider the accompanying ballad not wholly unworthy of a place in your magazine, you would highly oblige me by inserting it. If it meet not with a favourable reception, and should you answer me among your "Correspondents," would you favour me by doing so under the initials "A. B." instead of my real name.

I am, sir,

Yours etc. etc.

GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

P.S.—I have also executed the enclosed sketch, which is intended, if considered sufficiently good, as a headpiece to the ballad.

LETTER V.

TO JAMES COLLINSON.

Mr. Collinson was a painter, chiefly of domestic subjects, and a member of the Præraphaelite Brotherhood. The letter was addressed to him during the tour which was made by Holman Hunt and Rossetti to Paris and Belgium.

My brother was mistaken in referring to certain pictures as "the capture and execution of Cambyses"; they are the works of Gerard David, representing Cambyses punishing an unjust Judge.—*Bride-chamber Talk* is the poem published in 1881 under the title of *The Bride's Prelude*.

The initials of Mr. Hunt, added to this letter, are written in by Rossetti.

BETWEEN GHENT AND BRUGES.

(Wednesday night, 24 October.)

Ah yes, exactly so ; but when a man
Has trundled out of England into France
And half through Belgium, always in this prance
Of steam, and still has stuck to his first plan—
Blank verse or sonnets ; and as he began

Would end ;—why, even the blankest verse may
chance

To falter in default of circumstance,
And even the sonnet lack its mystic span.
Trees will be trees, grass grass, pools merely pools,
Unto the end of time and Belgium—points
Of fact which Poets (very abject fools)
Get scent of—once their epithets grown tame
And scarce. Even to these foreign rails—my
joints
Begin to find their jolting much the same.

Bruges : Hôtel du Commerce.

25 October 1849.

Dear P. R. B.

On the road hither last night I perpetrated only the above atrocious sonnet, in answer to the voice which urged upon me a more worthy exercise of my energies. It is all therefore that I can give you.

I believe we have seen to-day almost everything very remarkable at Bruges ; but I assure you we shall want to see much of it again. This is a most stunning place, immeasurably the best we have come to. There is a quantity of first-rate architecture, and very little or no Rubens.

But by far the best of all are the miraculous works of Memling and Van Eyck. The former is here in a strength that quite stunned us—and perhaps proves

himself to have been a greater man even than the latter. In fact, he was certainly so intellectually, and quite equal in mechanical power. His greatest production is a large triptych in the Hospital of St. John, representing in its three compartments: firstly, the *Decollation of St. John Baptist*; secondly, the *Mystic Marriage of St. Catherine to the Infant Saviour*; and thirdly, the *Vision of St. John Evangelist in Patmos*. I shall not attempt any description; I assure you that the perfection of character and even drawing, the astounding finish, the glory of colour, and above all the pure religious sentiment and ecstatic poetry of these works, is not to be conceived or described. Even in seeing them, the mind is at first bewildered by such Godlike completeness; and only after some while has elapsed can at all analyse the causes of its awe and admiration; and then finds these feelings so much increased by analysis that the last impression left is mainly one of utter shame at its own inferiority. Van Eyck's picture at the Gallery may give you some idea of the style adopted by Memling in these great pictures; but the effect of light and colour is much less poetical in Van Eyck's; partly owing to *his* being a more sober subject and an interior, but partly also, I believe, to the intrinsic superiority of Memling's intellect. In the background of the first compartment there is a landscape more perfect in the abstract lofty

feeling of nature than anything I have ever seen. The visions of the third compartment are wonderfully mystic and poetical.

The Royal Academy here possesses also some most stupendous works of Memling—among them one of a Virgin and Child, quite astounding. In the same collection is a very wonderful Van Eyck, some of the heads of which, however, are dreadfully vulgar in character ; and two pictures by some unknown author, representing the capture and execution of Cambyses—equal to any one for colour and individuality, and most remarkably fine in drawing. They are powerfully dramatic—the second perhaps a trifle too much so, as it represents a man being flayed alive, and is revolting from its extreme truthfulness.

We have seen here a great many other stunning pictures, in which this town is marvellously rich. There are several Memlings besides those named above, and some glorious portraits by one of the Porbus family—perhaps the finest specimens of portraiture we ever saw.

I forgot to mention that Memling's pictures in the Hospital of St. John were presented to the Institution by that stunner in return for the care bestowed upon him when he was received here, severely wounded and in great want, after the battle of Nancy. The interior of the hospital has undergone since his time but very

little alteration. His pictures are not painted with oil—he having preceded Van Eyck—but with some vehicle of which brandy and white of egg are the principal components. They have cracked very slightly indeed; and one cannot conceive the colours to have been more brilliant on the day of their completion.

Another great treat we had to-day was in visiting the Chapelle du Sang de Dieu, a wonderful little place: also the Jerusalem, which is in all respects a facsimile of the Holy Sepulchre at Palestine.

Friday 26.

I have been rash enough to sit down for the purpose of continuing this letter—but begin to suspect, after all, that I have nothing to say. All that we have seen to-day was merely in re-visiting yesterday's glories. It is stupendous to see again, certainly—even better perhaps than the first time; but I fear that my pen scarcely suffices for a second bill of fare. I must therefore see what is to be done with some older topic.

Before leaving Ghent we visited the great Convent of the town—the Béguinage. It is of a vast extent, containing entire streets and squares of its own. Each nun has a house to herself, over which is written not her name, but that of some saint under whose protection she has been pleased to put it. In some cases

where the name was more than usually quaint, we felt disposed to knock at the door and to ask if he was in ; but refrained, as it was rather late, and we feared he might be gone to bed. We witnessed the vesper service, which rather surprised us, as we thought that among the tunes played we could recognize " Jim Crow " and " Nix my dolly." At the end, each nun finds a kind of towel somewhere, which she folds up and puts on the top of her head ; during the service, a rather sloshy* one goes about with a policeman's bull's eye, collecting coppers. At our entrance and departure, Hunt dipped his fingers in the holy-water stoup. and commenced some violent gesticulations, which I was obliged to bring to an abrupt conclusion.

We have bought an extraordinary self-concocting coffee-pot for state-occasions of the P.R.B. We have likewise purchased a book containing a receipt for raising the Devil, and in Paris a quantity of Gavarni's sketches, which I long to look over with you.

When I left London I had the intention of finishing *Bride-Chamber Talk* during my absence. I have not written a line of it. The only thing I have done, that nobody has had, are two songs, one wanting the last verse, and the other the first. The former I will pro-

* "Sloshy" was a term of disparagement used by the P.R.B.'s in their early days, to indicate anything lax and scamped in the processes of painting : and hence it got applied more generally to any thing or person of a commonplace or conventional cast.

ceed to copy here in spite of its shortcomings ; as news seems to come shorter still. I intend adding the last stanza to-morrow, when we shall ascend the Belfry here.

THE CARILLON.

(Antwerp and Bruges.)

[Here follows the poem printed in *The Germ* to end of Stanza 5.]

I wish I had finished this blessed ditty, dear P.R.B. ; but I have not, "and there an end,"—or no end at all rather. I will not delay posting the letter, as we do not know exactly when we may leave Bruges for our return, and the letter might chance to reach after Hunt and self.

I must inform you that Memmelinck* is an authentic variation in the orthography of that stunner's name, and not of mine own evil devising. The song is, of course, quite original ; there is in particular a Yankee of the name of Longfellow with whose works it has no affinity.

I forgot to tell you that there is a Square here called Place Jean van Eyck. Some of the houses in it, as indeed throughout the town, are in all likelihood quite as old as his days. Rubens seems here to be considered a common fool enough.

* The name, thus written, occurs in *The Carillon*.

I shall not bore you to answer this rubbish, as I hope very soon to have the real pleasure of again seeing you and the rest of the P.R.B. I long to see what you have done to your picture, and shall rush down at once to Brompton on my return.

Till then, believe Hunt and myself to remain, dear

P.R.B,

Your affectionate P.R. Brothers,

D. G. R., W. H. H.

LETTER VI.

TO JOHN TUPPER.

I don't know the date of this doggrel (which gives twenty several rhyme-words in "ack"); it was probably the Spring or Summer of 1850. The men who "would squeeze a pun in Syriac" may probably have been of the James Hannay connexion; the men of that connexion were not, however, entirely likely to indulge in "sloshy tea," but rather in ardent spirits. As to the nicknames which appear towards the close of the epistle—The Prince was George Tupper; The Baron, his brother Alexander; Spectro-cadaveral Rex, John (or Jack) Tupper; the Maniac, Holman Hunt. It is not worth while expounding (even were it practicable to do so) how these epithets arose. Rossetti was not the inventor of any of them. The reference to

"Nature, sky, sun," &c., suggests that he had been invited to join in a pedestrian excursion—such as the P.R.B.'s and their intimates got up occasionally. In the present instance the party, as we see, was to consist of Holman Hunt, Stephens, and the three Tuppers.

[? April 1850.]

72 Newman Street.

Saturday Afternoon.

Dear Jack

Alack!

A few days back

I bound myself by oath to smack

My lips o'er sloshy tea, and attack

White, brown, or black

Bread, and vile jokes to crack,

This night with brutes whose knack

Would squeeze a pun in Syriac.

And for to-morrow, alack!

I have a model on my track,

So that I may not pack.

Of course I writhe upon the rack :

Though as to NATURE, Jack,

(Poor dear old hack!)

Touching sky, sun, stone, stick, and stack,

I guess I'm half a quack ;

For whom ten lines of Browning whack

The whole of the Zodiac.

Nevertheless, alack!

Seeing this time I must send back

To Prince and Baron, Stephens and Jack

(Spec-caday Rex, hic hæc hoc hac),

And to the Maniac,

The SACK.

This much from D. G. R. (in black,

I.e., with coal-ash cloth-of-sack.)

LETTER VII.

TO MARGARET POLIDORI.

The “unlucky pickle” into which my brother had got was that, as the tenant of No. 72 Newman Street decamped without payment of rent, the furniture &c. of Rossetti, who was sub-tenant of a studio there, were under seizure for the tenant’s default. The picture here mentioned was *Kate the Queen*.

[50 Charlotte Street, London.

1850—? September.]

Dear Aunt Margaret,

Many thanks for your kind gift, which reached me this morning through Mamma. I need scarcely tell you that it comes very *àpropos*, since I have not come out of the late unlucky pickle without

some expense,—or, rather I fear I *shall* not, since as yet I cannot say I have lost anything, as in any case I should have had to pay my rent to some one. But I fear the bad part is yet to come.

I am glad you liked the sketch of my picture, which is itself in progress. The size is very large—seven feet and a half by four feet. There will thus be plenty of scope to put your present to its use in the procuring models, which I shall proceed to do as soon as I get to work again—that is, I hope, not later than Monday.

I remain, my dear Aunt,

Your affectionate nephew,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

LETTER VIII.

TO JOHN TUPPER.

I cannot now say what Mr. Tupper's "pet theory" may have been; apparently (from some law of optics) that the real tint of foliage is green, even when the eye sees it of some different colour. The subject of my brother's picture was to be *The Meeting of Dante and Beatrice in the Garden of Eden*: but the landscape background which he now painted was finished up years afterwards for a subject of quite another kind, named *The Bower-meadow*.

High Street, Sevenoaks.

Friday evening [October 1850.]

Dear Jack,

Before ever I saw your note to Hunt of this morning, you had already been forcibly recalled to my mind, on arriving here, by the desire that I should be endowed with the privileges that would result from a pet theory of yours. The fact is, between you and me, that the leaves on the trees I have to paint here appear red, yellow, &c., to my eyes ; and, as of course I know them on that account to be really of a vivid green, it seems rather annoying that I cannot do them so ; my subject shrieking aloud for Spring.

I will not tell you my subject, as I wish to show you the design on my return, having it here at present. I have not seen you for an age, though I marked you among the four or five to be routed out before I left town—after which I was forced at last to bolt o' the sudden, with my tail between my legs, whereby hang particulars of acute anguish. My canvas is a whopper again, more than seven feet long. Ai! Ai!

Hunt gets on swimmingly—yesterday, indeed, a full inch over the ankles : I myself had to sketch under the canopy of heaven, without a hat, and with my umbrella tied over my head to my buttonhole—a position which, will you oblige me by remembering, I ex-

pressly desired should be selected for my statue—(N.B. Trousers turned up). This last item is chiefly to suit Woolner's ideas of sculpture, should he get the commission. Stephens, being under a course of philosophy, paints in the house. His band is still, however, an inch or so short of Epicurus's. To-day I began painting on my picture in the Park; and began to profit by the views of the public thereon. One man told another that I was drawing a map, and analysed my outline to that end. One boy was kicked by another for insulting me by doubting that my landscape was meant for a deer. I saw the back of a pair of top boots, and a cut-away coat; Lord Amherst, I was told, was sneaking inside, but he refrained from exposing either his person or his ideas on Art. His house is visited with artists in Egyptian swarms, poor wretch! Hunt remarked—how disagreeable to enter one of your rooms for the purpose of delivering a soliloquy, and find a man there behind an easel; which was bobbish for Hunt.

The cold here is awful when it does not rain, and then the rain is awful. "And what shall guard me but my naked love?"—and a railway rug. . . .

Believe me, dear Jack,

Your sincere friend,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

LETTER IX.

TO MARGARET POLIDORI.

My brother was now engaged in moving into No. 14 Chatham Place, Blackfriars Bridge—the house in which he remained up to March 1862. It was demolished several years ago.

[38 Arlington Street, Camden Town.]

16 November 1852.

My dear Aunt Margaret,

Many thanks for your kind present, which surprised me here half an hour ago. Nothing could possibly have been more useful to me in moving, as I had no lamp but one whose dilapidated condition only promised to make darkness visible. I shall now bear you in grateful recollection, not only when I look at the lamp, but when the lamp enables me to look at anything else.

My things will be moved to-morrow, and I hope within a few days to be comfortably settled; meanwhile I remain,

My dear Aunt Margaret,

Your affectionate nephew,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

LETTER X.

TO MADOX BROWN, HAMPSTEAD.

[38 Arlington Street.]

22 November 1852.

My dear Brown,

My beastly foot has hitherto kept me here, but I shall positively go down to Chatham Place to-morrow; if therefore you are inclined to do a charitable action, let me earnestly solicit you to find your way thither, as the arrangement will otherwise be likely to result in mere chaos and catastrophe. I suppose I shall leave here early; but, if you go down straight to Blackfriars a little later, you will be sure to find me there. This, of course, is supposing that you are not at work, in which case pray come if possible.

Yours, D. G. R.

LETTER XI.

TO MADOX BROWN, HAMPSTEAD.

"Summat on the Dook" means the poem *Wellington's Funeral*.

14 Chatham Place, Blackfriars.

29 November 1852.

My dear Brown,

Hunt, Millais, Stephens, and Deverell, will be here on Thursday evening, not with any reference to

exhibition projects, which are likely to result, I believe, in exhibiting nothing but our usual inconsistency. I absented myself from Hunt's on Friday, but understand that such is the case. I met the fellows at Stephens' last night, where I invited them for Thursday, and now write to get you ; intending also to invite the Seddons, Collins, and perhaps Hannay.

I saw a portrait which Stephens is painting of his father, and which is almost as surprising an advance on former productions as Seddon's landscape.

I should be immensely glad to see you this evening if you can call in late after the school. Before, I suppose, is impossible, but I am sure to be at home, and can give you half my bed if you like. I am getting my rooms a little in order now ; yet I fear they will scarcely be decent by Thursday, as the window seems an endless job.

D. G. R.

I have asked the Seddons for to-night.

P.S.—Do come to-night : to-morrow I am engaged. I have done "summat on the Dook."

LETTER XII.

TO MADOX BROWN, HAMPSTEAD.

As I have said elsewhere, I incline to think that my brother was mistaken in supposing that his

sketches had been "kicked out"; at any rate, *some* watercolours of his were on exhibition.

14 Chatham Place, Blackfriars.

[4 December 1852.]

My dear Brown,

I have asked Hannay to come round to-morrow evening. He and you were the only defaulters on Thursday except John Seddon, who it seems is out of town. Can you come in to-morrow instead? Do if you can. I will try and get William also, though I heard last night at Millais' that he was rather unwell.

What do you think? My sketches are kicked out at that precious place in Pall Mall. I am, of course, more than ever resolved to paint my picture of the pigs. Alas! my dear Brown, we are but too transcendent spirits—far, far in advance of the age. Do not let us bring up this subject to-morrow if Hannay or any one else is present, as it is of no use trumpeting one's grievances. But do come.

Your friend,

DANTE G. ROSSETTI.

LETTER XIII.

TO MADOX BROWN, HAMPSTEAD.

"The blessed white eyesore" was the picture *Ecce Ancilla Domini*, now in the National Gallery.

14 Chatham Place.

[1 January 1853.]

My dear Brown,

This blessed afternoon the blessed white eye-sore will be finished. Therefore, if you have any last directions about your pictures now in Green's hands, you had better give them. Yesterday after giving up the Angel's head as a bad job (owing to William's malevolent expression) at about one o'clock I took to working it up out of my own intelligence, and got it better by a great deal than it has yet been. I have put a gilt saucer behind his head, which crowns the *China*-ese character of the picture.

Yours,

D. G. R.

LETTER XIV.

TO MADOX BROWN, HAMPSTEAD.

14 Chatham Place.

[14 January 1853.]

My dear Brown,

I find that the blessed white daub will not be finished before to-morrow evening, but then it *will* be finished. Green has still got the frame; and here-with I write to him to send for the picture. I suppose your case is not gone yet, but write in order that you

may not be in doubt as to my movements. The fact is, I have been very lazy.

Your affectionate

D. G. R.

LETTER XV.

TO MADOX BROWN, HAMPSTEAD.

Chatham Place, London.

Sunday morning.

[24 January 1853.]

My dear Brown,

Just as you are gone, it occurs to me that, if in writing to M'Cracken you mention about the alterations in my picture, it would be better not to call them *alterations*, as that indicates that the work required amendment, but to leave him to suppose them *additions*; also not to say that I have done *much* to the thing, but merely that *what I have done* is greatly for the better. I do not mean to make any charge for the additional labour, and therefore to let him suppose that I have done too much for nothing would look like undignified enthusiasm.

You will say I am improving when mere diplomacy can make me write all this, so long past bed-time. Good morning.

D. G. R.

LETTER XVI.

TO MADOX BROWN, HAMPSTEAD.

"My pupil" must, no doubt, have been Miss Siddal. In the P.S. she figures as "dear G.," which indicates the pet name "Guggum." Her drawing from Wordsworth was an illustration of the poem, *We are Seven*.

Albany Street.

 $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9 Saturday evening.

[29 January 1853.]

My dear Brown,

I am quite vexed with myself for having been away after being the originator in to-day's invitation; but, after painting till nearly five and warming myself afterwards in the full certainty of abundant time, I ended by being completely set at nought by accursed shoe-strings and other domestic demons which turned up to be attended to before I could leave; and, when at last I got the better of them, behold it wanted but a quarter to six o'clock. My intention was to come and dine and get you to accompany me afterwards to the Photographic Exhibition, whither I had promised to take my pupil on this the last evening of the season. Being baffled of coming to dine, I dined at Chatham Place, went to the Photographic Exhibition, and then

came on, still hoping to find you, knowing your intrepidity in late walks. This last chance is missed, however, as fate wills it, and I can only repeat how vexed and apologetic I feel about the matter, and hope to see you some other way soon—

Remaining yours ever,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

P.S.—If you are in London any day, do look in at Chatham Place and see dear G.'s drawings—the one from Wordsworth is very advanced and nearly done.

LETTER XVII.

TO MADOX BROWN, HAMPSTEAD.

Holman Hunt's "moonlight" was for the picture of *The Light of the World*. Rossetti's "Giotto's Dante" was the water-colour of *Giotto painting the Portrait of Dante*, sold to Mr. John Seddon. I am not sure as to the commissions offered by McCracken of Belfast, and Miller of Liverpool; it does not appear to me that my brother, towards this date, actually pocketed any such sum as £150. The *Dante and Beatrice* must be the picture (intended but not executed) for which he had lately painted the background at Sevenoaks. Brown's "School-nights" were at the so-called North London School for Drawing and Modelling. Bateman was a Decorative Artist, Edward

Latrobe Bateman, who had gone out to Australia with Woolner, to seek his fortune.

Blackfriars Bridge.

[1 March 1853.]

My dear Brown,

I have not seen you for an age. Can you not come down—to give you a long date—on Saturday evening? I will ask Seddon if you like, but shall not do so till I hear from you. I have just come from Hunt's, who is dreadfully fagged, sitting up all night to paint his moonlight. Now do come. I think you have never seen my Giotto's Dante here, which I shall not have much longer. Not that I have made any direct use of it as yet, nor am likely to do so just now, as I have got a £150 commission from McC[racken], and am in a fair way to get one from Miller of Liverpool—perhaps a better one. However, I *may* nail him for the *Dante and Beatrice*.

I hope I shall see you. I have allowed for all obstacles—both my engagements and your school-nights—and the date is a very long one.

Meanwhile I am

Yours most sincerely,

DANTE G. ROSSETTI.

I saw the Howitts last night, who have heard of

Bateman's arrival at Melbourne, though not through him ; but still nothing of Woolner. Have you heard anything through young W[oolner] ?

P.P.S.—Please let me know in your answer (as soon as possible) whether you ever named to McC[racken] anything regarding the *prices* which I took for those sketches now exhibiting. Ruskin has written him some extravagant praises (though with obtuse accompaniments) upon one of them—I cannot make out which—and McC[racken] seems excited, wanting it, and not knowing (or making believe not to know) that it is sold. I therefore want to be sure whether he is actually acquainted with the price I had ; as, in answering him, were I to propose to do him a similar one, I should not think of undertaking it at anything like a similar price, and want to know whether it is necessary to specify that those sketches were sold to *friends*.

LETTER XVIII.

TO MADOX BROWN, HAMPSTEAD.

This is a characteristic epistle. The Mr. T. here mentioned (I use a fancy initial) was not a genius, but there was no real occasion for dubbing him “an ass.” Brown did not produce the proposed etching.

[Chatham Place, London.

4 May 1853.]

My dear Brown,

There is such a thing as one T., who is connected with a magazine to be called *The Artist*, on which my brother is engaged, and the first number of which is to come out, *I think*, on 1st July. The proprietor is Delf, publisher of Read's poems, and this T. is rather a card among the staff. I met him casually to-day, and he told me that Millais (who had engaged if possible to do the etching for No. 1) found himself prevented by other business, and he asked me whether I thought you would undertake it. I understand they have *plenty of tin to begin with*, and I suppose would of course pay well. We agreed that T. had better call on you and come to some understanding, and he wanted me to get you to name a day when he could call at Hampstead. If you will let me know I will let *him* know. . . The chief thing is, to *lay it on thick* as to payment, as I believe they really have tin. T. is, of course, an ass, and should on principle be treated with ignominy.

Remember me kindly to Mrs. Brown, and let me hear from you.

Yours most sincerely,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

LETTER XIX.

TO MADOX BROWN, HAMPSTEAD.

"Lizzy" is Miss Siddal. Her portrait, water-colour, is the one reproduced in the *Family Letters* of my brother. She painted eventually more than one water-colour from Tennyson, but now any that was exhibited, or offered for exhibition, in the R.A.

[Chatham Place, London.

25 August 1853.]

My dear Brown,

Some cad wrote to me from Highgate the other day to inquire after your respectability. In my answer, by some exercise of ingenuity, I avoided the mention of Coldbath Fields, Botany Bay, and other localities equally inseparable from your career.

Lizzy has made a perfect wonder of her portrait, which is nearly done, and which I think we shall send to the Winter Exhibition. She has been very ill though lately.

Pray remember me most kindly at home, and believe me

Your friend,

D. G. R.

Liz is going to begin a picture at once for the R.A., from Tennyson, I believe.

LETTER XX.

TO MADOX BROWN, HAMPSTEAD.

I am unable to say anything to the purpose about Brown's "Hogarthian Sonnets."

The joke about "the nigger" was a sort of offshoot from Carlyle's *Occasional Discourse on the Nigger Question*, a pronouncement which vastly amused my brother and several others in our set.

[Chatham Place, London.

24 September 1853.]

My dear Brown,

I shall be most glad to accept your invite for Sunday, to Finchley viâ Hampstead, and shall try at once for William, who I am sure will have equal pleasure if not pre-engaged—but these men of society!

The Hogarthian sonnets have great excellencies, especially the last; but they also present a few obscurities to which Browning alone might perhaps serve as a sort of introductory horn-book. Speaking of horn reminds me that like Desdemona I am "half asleep," and must to bed. By the by, that play tends to show how the nigger, without due coercion, takes merely to beating his wife, and perhaps ends by choking her as an outlet for his waste energies.

I shall come on Sunday to Hampstead with or without William, at about three or half-past, and will bring the sonnets with me, and then go fully into them with you.

Meanwhile and ever
I am your D. G. R.

LETTER XXI.

GABRIELE ROSSETTI TO DANTE ROSSETTI.
(Translation.)

The *Arpa Evangelica* was a volume of religious lyrics by my father, then recently published.

"My friend Di Negro" was the Marchese Gian Carlo di Negro, a Genoese patrician of good literary standing—known to my father by correspondence, not in person.

Frome.
4 October 1853.

My dearest Gabriel,

For some while past I have been feeling a strong impulse to write to you, my dearly beloved son; and to-day I will obey this imperious inner voice.

I am glad that you have undertaken to read the *Arpa Evangelica*. . . . You should, however, always bear in mind that this book is the outcome of only

three months' work, and was written with the intention of its being amenable to every grade of intelligence.

I am extremely pleased at the progress which you are making in your beautiful art, and at some profits which you are earning from it to maintain yourself with decorum in society. Remember, my dearly loved son, that you have only your abilities to rely upon for your welfare. Remember that you were born with a marked propensity, and that, from your earliest years, you made us conceive the brightest hopes that you would become a great painter. And such you will be, I am certain.

At this moment I have received a letter from Genoa, from my friend Di Negro. He rejoices at the arrival of the *Arpa*. . . He says that throughout Piedmont, and in Liguria and Sardinia, it is well received and generally admired; but that in the other parts of Italy the governments prohibit its entry, on account of the author's name, which has become a veritable scarecrow to Kings. If you had to go to Italy, I would recommend you, my dear son, always to call yourself Dante Rossetti. But, before a time comes for that, I trust that affairs will have changed.

I beg you to go frequently to visit your worthy grandfather. What an excellent old man! . . .

Good-bye, my most lovable Gabriel, and believe in the constant affection of

Your affectionate father,

GABRIELE ROSSETTI.

P.S.—I perceive I have not spoken to you at all about the state of my health. And what can I say of it? It is the same as it was in London; betwixt life and death, but more tending to the latter than the former.

LETTER XXII.

DANTE ROSSETTI TO MADOX BROWN, HAMPSTEAD.

My brother's parody on Tennyson's *Kraken* is published in my Memoir of him.

[Chatham Place, London.

7 November 1853.]

My dear Brown,

. . . I have had some news of Woolner (*i.e.*, a letter to his father which was shown me). He and B[ernhard] Smith were seven months at the diggings (full accounts of which I have seen in letters from Bernhard Smith to his brother). Their work seems to have been something awful, and their result was the loss of £30 apiece, as they each made £50 and spent £80. Bernhard Smith went after this to his brother's' farm and W[oolner]

to Melbourne to try Art. Here he seems to be getting on well. He has done several medallions at £25 each—one of the Governor—and there seems to be a good prospect of his getting a statue of the Queen to do for Melbourne, in which case he will be back again next summer. He sent two Australian papers in which he is spoken of as quite a great fact, and a leading article given to him and the projected statue. I thought I would write to you all this, not knowing when I may see you, and now it suddenly strikes me that it was all jawed over that night at Deverell's.

I have made an admirable parody on Tennyson's sonnet, *The Kraken*, which I enclose with the original for your ecstatic perusal.

Yours, D. G. R.

LETTER XXIII.

GABRIELE ROSSETTI TO DANTE ROSSETTI—

Translation.

The phrase "I can't write clearer" may deserve a moment's attention. The fact is that my Father's handwriting was from the first singularly precise and perfect, and such it continued to the last. In the years when his sight had grievously declined he used powerful glasses, and his writing was minute and done with effort, but (with some casual exceptions) it was

always uncommonly good. The present letter, though an inferior specimen, is nearly as clear as print.

Frome.

22 December 1853.

My much-loved son Gabriel,

Long have I been thinking of sending you a letter, and I never do it.

Have you read more of the *Arpa Evangelica*? Your opinion is valued by me; tell me then something about it, besides what you have already said.

Excuse me, my dear son, I can't write clearer—and I fear that shortly I shall be unable to write at all. My blindness increases daily, nay hourly.

We shall return to London on the 25th of March, and we return for ever. I trust to find in good health you, my dearest son, and your brother and your sister Maria. And you will rejoice in again seeing dear Christina, and your aged Father, who will soon go under-ground with beloved Polidori. I learned with pleasure that you and William and Maria all assisted at his last moments. Dearest Father-in-law and friend, how much did I love you!

Be heedful of your profession, dearly beloved son, and let the public see what you are capable of.

Your loving father,

GABRIELE ROSSETTI.

LETTER XXIV.

DANTE ROSSETTI TO MADOX BROWN, HAMPSTEAD.

Mr. Holman Hunt's "day of departure" was for his journey to Egypt and Palestine.

I believe that Hannay's proposed Magazine *The Pen* did actually run through a few numbers, but Rossetti's *Burden of Nineveh* did not appear in it.

[Chatham Place, London.

3 January 1854.]

My dear Brown,

I am sorry my letter miscarried, as it prevented your coming and meeting Hunt, whom I asked after writing to you. His day of departure was then fixed for the next day, and now it is to be to-morrow, but one does not know whether it will be so after all. Till he is fairly off I will not fix an evening for coming to Hampstead, as it might possibly interfere with some opportunity of meeting *him*. My water-colour is still, to MacCrac, "vague as the watery moon." I have no news. Lizzy sits by me at work on her design, which is now coming really admirable. She has also finished the *Lady of Shalott* sketch, and made quite another thing of it. She has followed your suggestion about her portrait, and done several things which improve it greatly. Hannay is going to start a penny

weekly mag., to be called *The Pen*, and wants to have my poem about Nineveh for it. I suppose I shall give it him. I some time back gave *Sister Helen* to Mrs. Howitt for some English edition of a German something or other, which will be coming out now.

No more news.

Good-bye.

Your D. G. R.

LETTER XXV.

TO MADOX BROWN, FINCHLEY.

"Emma" was the second Mrs. Madox Brown. The Dr. Wilkinson here mentioned was Garth Wilkinson, an eminent Homœopathist, Editor of Blake's *Songs of Innocence and Experience*, etc.

The picture by Miss Anna Mary Howitt at the Portland Gallery was *Gretchen at the Fountain*. My brother, in saying that Miss Howitt had been "kicking up quite a great row" with this picture, only meant that the work had been much noticed and admired. The statement that Miller (John Miller of Liverpool) had bought Deverell's *As You Like It* is only one of several references to Walter Howell Deverell, and his then recent death, occurring in these letters to Madox Brown. The other references, being more appropriate in another connexion, are omitted here. The *As You*

Like It was a picture from Shakespeare's play—the mock marriage of Orlando and Rosalind.

[Chatham Place, London.

30 March 1854.]

My dear Brown,

What has become of you? You were not well when I last saw you, nor I believe was Emma. I have been meditating Finchley for a long while, but have never been able to get there. So would you write me a word to say that you are both better, and to make, if possible, some kind of arrangement for us to meet. Lizzy and I would be very glad if you could both fix an evening to come here,—*only* I fear a bed upstairs would not be possible, as those rooms are taken.

Lizzy has been very unwell lately. I have introduced her to the Howitts, and we have spent several evenings there. They are quite fond of her, and most delighted with her productions. I have also brought her and my sister Christina together, as our family are now in London again.

The Howitts insisted on Lizzy's seeing a Dr. Wilkinson, a friend of theirs, and I believe an eminent man. He finds that the poor dear has contracted a curvature of the spine, and says she ought not to paint at present;

but this, of course, she must. He says her case is a very anxious but by no means a hopeless one. You know, I suppose, that Miss Howitt has been kicking up quite a great row with her picture at the Portland Gallery. Miller has bought poor Deverell's *As You Like It* for 50 guineas.

Lizzy is sitting by me working at the most poetical of all possible designs, and sends her love to both Emma and you.

Yours affectionately,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

LETTER XXVI.

TO MADOX BROWN, FINCHLEY.

Miss Barbara Leigh Smith became after a while Mrs. Bodichon—a name held in high and deserved honour by persons interested in the cause which she served with lifelong zeal and liberality—the advancement of women. She was also a landscape-painter of considerable gift.

[Chatham Place, London.]

Wednesday [? 1854.]

Dear Brown,

Dear Lizzy is very unwell indeed, and I think on Saturday I shall probably be taking her down to

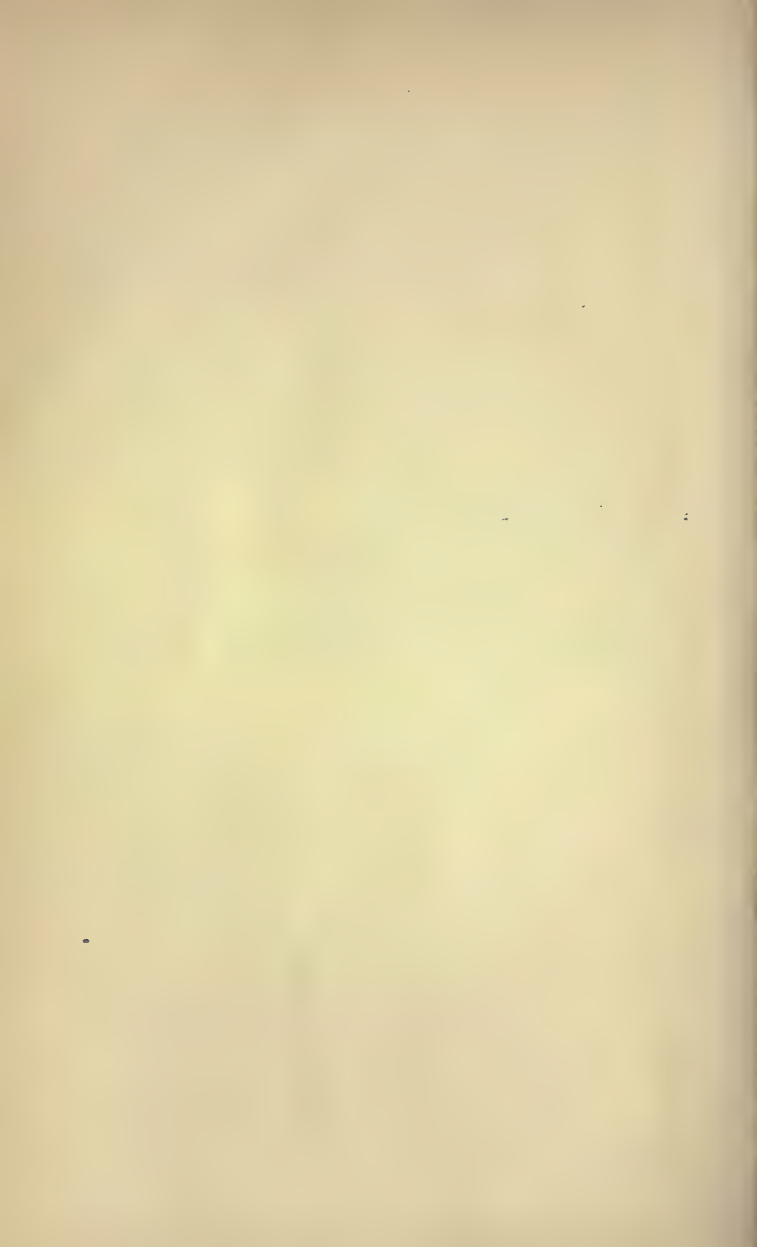
Hastings, for her to stay there some time at a place that Barbara Smith, who has got quite thick with her, has recommended as cheap and nice. Barbara Smith, the Howitts, and Dr. Wilkinson, are all enraptured with the dear. I mean to show her productions to Ruskin, who was here again this morning, and who I know will worship her.

Will you come on Tuesday ? or sooner and better on Friday.



M A D O X B R O W N .

SOME LETTERS FOLLOWED BY A DIARY.



MADOX BROWN TO ELIZABETH BROWN, HASTINGS.

LETTER I.

Brown and his first wife (his cousin, Elizabeth Bromley) married at a very early age, and lived for a while in Paris. They left Paris and settled in England in the summer of 1844. The state of her health was such as to require her to live out of London, and she went to Hastings; he occupied a studio in the Regent's Park or Camden Town district, in the same house with the painter Charles Lucy and his family. Another inmate was Frank Howard, an artist of rapid facility and some cleverness, who engaged in the cartoon-competitions for the Houses of Parliament. "My coloured sketch" was (I take it) the same design as Brown's cartoon, *The Spirit of Justice*, sent to the second of these competitions. The name of the painter, William Etty, explains itself. Martin must be the celebrated John Martin.

35 Arlington Street, Camden Town.

[? December 1844.]

My Blessed Lizzy,

You can't think how I was pleased to receive your long letter. . . . I am in no mood to write a long letter. I am bothered and anxious. This is a horrid

place : that study is a regular castle of indolence, and it is catching—indeed, nothing is more so. The study is continually full of all of them, gabbling, and it distracts me. That infernal Howard is a pest, and yet he is so good-natured one can't feel offended at him. It is a curse to be in such a place. Nothing would surprise me less than to want time just at the last. I have got more work than I can get through. I ought to have done it all before the new year. I have showed my coloured sketch to Etty and Martin; they were both pleased with it, which is a rare feeling for Etty to express. God bless you. I have no time or humour to write more, but believe me, your husband loves you as the first day. God bless you.—F. M. BROWN.

LETTER II.

The letter from which I here extract appears to be incomplete—there is no signature to it. The oil-picture of *Parisina* represents the jealous rage of the husband consequent upon the words of love murmured by Parisina in her sleep—a dramatically treated subject, painted in a dark continental style, not at all hinting of “Præraphaelitism.” It now belongs to Mr. Henry Boddington, of Manchester. The last thing on the sheet of letter-paper is the sketch (a slight affair) of *The Banks and Braes of Bonny Doune*. I am satisfied

that Brown did not ever paint this intended subject. We see here that he "modelled" a little boy; but I think the process of modelling was still almost a novelty to him when, after Dante Rossetti's death in 1882, he undertook the bas-relief subjects for his grave-cross, and afterwards the bust-monument in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea.

35 Arlington Street, Camden Town.

[? February 1845.]

My dearest Lizz,

I write you from the Studio again, as I had no paper this morning. I have been out and executed all your commissions. . . . I went to the British Institution yesterday, as it was varnishing-day, and saw all is a noble-looking man. They have not hung my sketch, but the *Parisina* looks very well, as it has got a good light.

I saw Mr. and Mrs. MacIan, a Scotch artist and his wife, whom I met at Mr. Etty's. He was in perfect rapture with *Parisina*; said the price I asked was perfectly preposterous, fifty guineas. He said it was worth six times as much. You will be surprised but not displeased to hear that I have almost begun a picture for the Royal Academy—*The Banks and Braes of Bonny Doune*—one full-length figure the size of life. As it

will be a very pretty thing, it might sell ; at all events, it will be something to send there. But after some reflection I have decided not to begin it till three weeks before the exhibition opens, as I will then be better able to judge if it will have time. Besides, if I can get the old Judge Best to sit, I would not have time for both for certain.

I have made an outline from nature for it. She is bare-foot, seated on the bank and with the water at her feet, looking round at the birds at play, which awakes a pang.

I have modelled a little boy, and drawn him from Mrs. Christie's little boy. . . .

LETTER III.

Brown was at this time preparing to work on his specimen of fresco, for the Westminster Hall competition ; he was also engaged upon his cartoon of *The Spirit of Justice* for the same competition, and upon a water-colour reproducing the composition of that cartoon. The other cartoons, which he had been removing from Westminster Hall, were proper to the competition of the preceding year—namely, *William the Conqueror gazing on the body of Harold*, and *Adam and Eve after the Fall*.

All three cartoons remained in his possession

up to his death in 1893, and were sold shortly afterwards to public institutions. In connexion with these cartoons, Brown names "Pickham." I do not know who Pickham may have been, and suspect that he meant Pickford (the carrier), for he was always celebrated for mauling surnames. "The wax sketch" must have been an encaustic painting from the Harold subject, exhibited along with it in Westminster Hall. Mrs. Lucy was the wife of Mr. Charles Lucy, the painter, in whose house Brown then occupied a studio. Mr. Lucy is now almost forgotten, but was at one time an artist of some prominence, popular from the engravings after two of his large works—*Cromwell at the Deathbed of his daughter Mrs. Claypole*, and *Nelson in the Cabin of the Victory*.

35 Arlington Street, Camden Town.

6 May 1845.

My blessed Wife,

. . . I have got my fresco-ground prepared at last, and brought home. My sand and lime is all mixed, and I am only waiting for tracing-paper to begin my fresco. In the mean time I have finished off the top part of the Cartoon, ready to paint from it. I have also finished the Knight and the Lawyer and the Widow, and have begun the Father of the Knight. . I

am getting on, and *so is the time*,—I hardly know which the faster.

I had to go to the Westminster Hall, [and] roll-up my Cartoons, as they were clearing the Hall for next exhibition. It took me a day's work nearly ; but they are now safely packed up, thank goodness, and hid away by Pickham, as I did not know where to have them brought to . . .

I have just been writing to Manchester about sending *Parisina* there, and the wax sketch. . .

I will tell you an amusing anecdote. Mrs. Warton, the Model, came to sit to Mr. Lucy the other morning ; she came while I was gone to breakfast. She is rather a pretty girl. When I was there, Mr. Lucy left the room a moment, when the girl asked me if Mrs. Lucy was jealous of her husband. I said I did not think so—but why?—"Why," says the woman, "while I was waiting for Mr. Lucy here this morning, Mrs. Lucy came into the room, and pretended to look for a book. And says she, 'Are you come here to sit for Mr. Lucy?' Says I, 'I don't know, I'm sure, which of the gentlemen I'm wanted [for],—I believe it is for Mr. Lucy,' says I. So says she, 'Are you going to sit undressed to him?' And I answered her, 'I'm sure I don't know if he wants me to.' 'Well,' says she, 'I'm sure I can't think how ever a woman can be so nasty undelicate as to take off all her things before a man ; it's a filthy disgusting

thing to do, and I can't think how they can get any woman to do [it]. *I wouldn't,*' says she—'No, that I wouldn't.'"—Mrs. Warton answered her not a word to increase her choler; "so with that she flounced out of the room, with her face as red as a turkey-cock's."

Mrs. Warton would have it that she was on the tiles, peeping down through the skylight; because it rattled with the wind, and Mr. Lucy looked up once now and then, and told her it was the wind. But nevertheless the story is sure to go unimpaired all over London, as Mrs. Warton, being pretty, seemed to derive satisfaction from the idea of Mrs. Lucy's being jealous. . . .

Your affectionate *dear* Husband,

FORD M. BROWN.

LETTER IV.

[35 Arlington Street.

May ? 1845.]

My blessed Lizz, . . .

I shall have done my fresco to-morrow: I shall then have more than a fortnight to finish my cartoon and sketch. I can't say how it looks till dry, but I think it is better than last year. If it does not dry well, I shall retouch it a great deal. I lay the plaster myself over-night, and work all next day from five in the morning till dark. I shall have done it all

in fourteen days. I have hired an alarum that always wakes me at half-past four. I go to bed at eleven. . .

God bless you over and over again. How cruel of you never to say a word about your health!

Your ever affectionate husband,

FORD M. BROWN.

LETTER V.

The picture mentioned is, I infer, the *Parisina*. The date of the letter is but obscurely indicated. "Our child," named at the close of the letter, was Lucy Brown, born in 1843, who became my wife in 1874.

35 Arlington Street,

Camden Town.

? 18 May 1845.

My dearest Lizz,

I promised you yesterday to finish my letter by this post, as I had so little time to write you a decent letter yesterday—what with Mrs. Lucy's making me eat of the inside of a sheep, and Mr. Howard's infernal tongue, which went at such a rate that I was obliged to leave him and his studio in which we were working (as the stove is being mended in ours) and go in the middle of his argument into our cold room to be able to finish the letter at all; and then I had to run a good way after the bellman, who

had just left the office. Tell me next letter if you have to pay for it—I mean yesterday's letter. My own dear Lizzy, I am now in peace and quiet by mine own fireside, and have time to say all I wish to you, my dear wife. I must, as you wish, give you all the news, such as it is: but first and foremost make yourself happy and quiet. As for myself—but for you, I never was in better spirits, particularly since I have seen Mr. Solly, and, but for the wish to see you, I should be quite happy.

Our prospects seem brighter to me than ever. It may be a kind of excitement, but I feel sure that in a few years I shall be known, and begin to be valued, and in the meantime I shall be increasing reputation daily. The artists seem to be pleased with the picture now exhibited, as I hear from divers models; and this (as it was never painted to suit public taste) is as much as I can wish: all the artists seem to notice it. Don't mention much about my artistic affairs to Miss A—, as she is such a friend of the Claxtons, * who seem queer people. . . .

I am colouring the sketch of my cartoon, and will get it all right, I think, but it is the most difficult part. The figure of the Knight in brown burnished armour looks splendid now it is coloured: it is not the sketch

* There was a painter, then of some repute, named Marshal Claxton: I presume that he and his family are here referred to.

for sending in that I am doing. I have been drawing from the model a great deal also, and will soon get through all that, but will not have time to paint the *Banks and Braes of Bonny Doune*. I am altogether pleased with my work, and am doing it more carefully than I did the last cartoon; but am not so satisfied with the quantity I have done these few last days, I seem to have so many things to do. . . Mr. Lucy is very kind and mightily taken with me and you, which is as well as otherwise. What lies you wrote about their child! I have now told you pretty near all. God bless you, my dear Wife, and bless our child. . . .

Your affectionate hubby,

FORD M. BROWN.

MADOX BROWN'S DIARY, 1847 TO 1856.

Brown seems to have first begun keeping a Diary on 4th September 1847. I possess five copy-book sections of this Diary, going on (but with considerable intervals when the day-by-day work was neglected) up to 6th January 1856. Later sections are in the possession of Mr. Ford Hueffer, and have been used in his book entitled *Ford Madox Brown*. I have said elsewhere that, had I at the proper time been con-

scious of housing the earlier sections, I should at once have placed them at his disposal—but I never knew anything about them until October 1896, when the above-named Biography was already fully in type. I am satisfied that the reader, conversant with art-matters, will find a good deal of interest in my extracts from the Diary, offhand though they mostly are : these form perhaps hardly a half of the whole. The foot-notes are always mine. When the name Lucy occurs the reader should be on his guard to remember that it sometimes means Brown's daughter Lucy, but more generally the Painter Charles Lucy. Brown was punctilious in noting down at the end of each day the number of hours during which he had been occupied in actual professional work. Taking at random the month of November 1847, I find the total to be $171\frac{1}{4}$ hours, or upwards of 5 hours per day. This, allowing for interruptions, meals, and demands upon him for other than artistic purposes, is a good tale of diligence : but at some other periods the numbers of hours was much larger—we read of 10 hours, 12, and even on occasion 15 and 18.

4 September 1847.

As the work I am at present engaged upon is the most extensive, as well as the most interesting to myself, of any that I have yet undertaken, I shall

begin this book by a short retrospectory glance at the events which have led to my undertaking it.

In the summer of '45 I went to the British Museum to read Sir James Mackintosh's *History of England*, having heard that it was of a philosophical nature, with a view to select some subject connected with the history of this country, of a general and comprehensive nature. I was already wavering in my mind between two that struck me; one was "The First Naval Victory," and the other "The Origin of our Native Tongue." The former subject had first engaged my attention; but the sight of Maclise's cartoon of *Chivalry*, and the wish to handle more luxuriant and attractive materials, afterwards changed the current of my thoughts.

In this mood, glancing over the pages of the above-named history, I fell upon a passage to this effect as near as I can remember: "And it is scarcely to be wondered at that English about this period should have become the judicial language of the country, ennobled as it had recently been by the genius of Geoffrey Chaucer." This at once fixed me; I immediately saw a vision of Chaucer reading his poems to knights and ladies fair, to the king and court, amid air and sunshine.

When I arrived at Rome, from the library of the English Academy I procured the works and life of our

first poet, and fortunately I found that the facts known respecting him perfectly admitted of the idea I had already conceived of the subject,—to wit, Chaucer reading his poems to Edward III. and his court, bringing-in other noted characters, such as the Black Prince etc. I immediately set to work; and, after many alterations and great labour, I brought the composition to its present state.

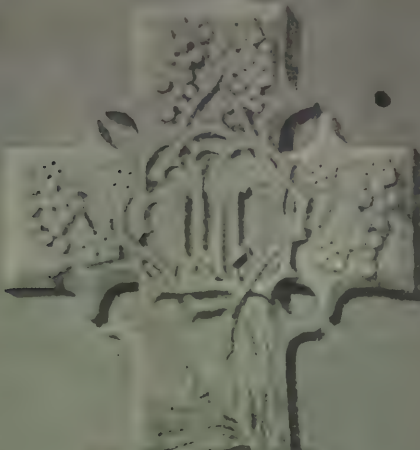
At first I had intended calling it “The Seeds of the English Language,” and putting Wiclif on one side (as a wing) and some one else on the other; but I could find no one to suit. Gower was too poor a character; and John of Gaunt, for the harmony of ideas, would not suit—it being inappropriate to put the patron on one wing, and his protégés one in the centre and the other on the other side-compartment. I then changed my idea to that of “The Seeds and Fruits of the English Language”; but I soon found that in doing so, after having given a place to our greatest poets, there would be none left for the prose-writers: and, little liking the trouble of cutting and contriving for them, I determined on leaving them out and calling the work the “Seeds and Fruits of English Poetry.”

Such is the exposal of the train of ideas which led to the composition of the work in its present state. Whether it may ever deserve the pains I am now

taking about it remains to be seen ; very likely it may only add one more to the many kicks I have already received from Fortune. If so, I am quite able to bear it and despise her. Of one thing she cannot rob me—the pleasure I have already extracted—distilled, I may say—from the very work itself. Warned by bitter experience, I have learned not to trust only to hope for my reward, nor consider my toil as a sacrifice, but to value the *present*, the pleasure that I have received and daily yet receive from the working out of a subject after mine own heart, a love-offering to my favourite poets, to my never-faithless Burns, Byron, Spenser, and Shakespeare. Never can I forget the pleasure with which I could muse over my work in Rome, at a time when visited by the most bitter afflictions and apprehensionsc for the future, * at a time when all other satisfaction was impossible ; never can I forget that *she* gave it her unqualified approbation, prophesied that it would ensure me ultimate success, regretted that she would never live to see it, and *ordered* me to complete it after her death. In fulfilling her behest I am breaking one of her strongest recommendations—I have parted from Lucy. † O

* This refers to the mortal illness of Mrs. Brown, in Rome : she died soon afterwards.

† Lucy Brown had been placed at the boarding school (a very good one) kept at Gravesend by her aunt by marriage, Mrs. Helen Bromley. This was a most estimable Scotch lady (Miss Weir) : she died in 1886.



+ HERE LIEETH THE
BODY OF ELIZABETH
THE BELOVED WIFE OF
THOMAS ARDREY
WHO DIED AT PARIS THE 5TH
DAY OF IVRE 1741 AGED 27 ++



God! ought not that thought to make me strive and struggle against indolence? Oh the hell of poverty!

To-day I have done little or nothing but sketched-in the figure of Chaucer in white chalk, and have been to the Strand about some costumes, after writing out a list of them.

I must not omit to say that in Rome I painted a sketch of it in oil, afterwards made a drawing of it in chalk, and then an outline of the whole as it now is; since which I began first to fill it up in colour at Southend, afterwards went on a little with it at Hampstead, and since touched it and marred it at Tudor Lodge.*

I have long intended beginning this journal; praise be God it is begun at last.

5th September.—Got up late, got to work late, did little, scratched-in three figures in white chalk; left off at half past two, dressed and went out to dinner. Then went to the Cemetery:† found it full of cockneys: walked over to Hampstead, saw a glorious sunset. . . .

6th.—Have not worked to-day—tried to do so but could not, having been out all the morning to the costume-shop and other places. . . . Got a lay figure from Barbe's at last, bought ten yards of flannel for

* The residence of the painter Charles Lucy.

† Highgate Cemetery, where Mrs. Madox Brown was buried.

draperies, engaged a model for to-morrow. Lost myself in Somerstown; got into a place where there was no gas; thought I should get my throat cut. Persevered, and after almost breaking my neck got into the King's Road at last. . . . Went to Cooper's, and ordered a moveable seat for my painting-steps. . . .

7th.—Got up at seven, model came, worked well all day—drew some legs. . . .

8th.—. . . John Marshall * came in; went out with him, and then called to see my aunt Brown. Lost a day like Titus, but dined (like Lord Byron on his birthday) on eggs and bacon and ale. Am very sulky with myself.

9th.—. . . Bought some plaid draperies, and set about arranging the draperies for Robert Burns† on the lay figure—sweated over it till dark, but got it to do at last. Went out till bed-time. . . .

11th.—. . . Painted-in part of a study for Robert Burns' tartan with copal varnish; worked till quarter to six.

13th.—Went to Gravesend to see Lucy dear.

* The surgeon who constantly attended Brown and his family; also Dante Rossetti. He became Professor of Anatomy at the Royal Academy, President of the Royal College of Physicians, &c.

† According to Brown's original plan, the centre picture of Chaucer was flanked by two side-pictures, containing figures of Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Burns, and Byron. This scheme was finally abandoned in the large painting, but it is to be seen in one or two minor versions of the work,

14th.—Got up later, at eight. Finished the plaid, and began a drawing for the robe of Robert Burns. Mr. and Mrs. Lucy came in: afterwards Thomas interrupted,* and I didn't do much. Have bought a rat-trap: studio† swarms with them. . . .

16th.—Got up at half past seven. Cut out a fresh mantle for Milton. Set it and began drawing it. Went out in the evening. Set about preparing a togam;‡ bought more flannel for it.

17th.—Got up at quarter to eight: worked all day at the cloak for Milton, and all the evening till twelve at the togam. . . .

18th.—. . . Cut out the togam, and arranged it on the lay figure for Lord Byron. . . .

20th.—Got up very early for a wonder: got to work at quarter past seven. Worked very hard all day; finished the drapery for Lord Byron. Dined, and walked round Regent's Park with Thomas. Left him about to go and tell them, at a Shakespeare meeting of

* Thomas is William Cave Thomas, a painter (still living) who had distinguished himself in the Cartoon competitions at Westminster Hall. He is also known as the writer of some very thoughtful books on the Theory of Fine Art, as co-ordinate with Science and Morals.

† The studio was in Clipstone Street, Marylebone; the same in which Dante Rossetti first visited Madox Brown.

‡ In this instance and others Brown wrote "togam" instead of "toga." I suppose he had, at some time, seen the word printed in its accusative case. In matters of this sort he had a *curiosa felicitas* for going wrong,

the Church Mason Society, that he thought it all humbug, and that the old House* had better be pulled down, and monument put in its place. Afterwards I came home, and had the energy to arrange the lay figure for Shakespeare before going to bed. *I* am honouring him in the right way.

21st.—Got up at seven, worked pretty well all day. The Lucys came in, and in the night the rats ran away with a mutton-chop—could find no trace of it, not even the satisfaction of seeing the bone. . . .

23rd.—Got up late—painted till five. . . . Find that, when I have painted some hours, I get tired and cannot see the colour, but can see the shape. Memo., ought not to paint too long if I want to do good. . . .

25th.—Got up early—and got to work late. Fumbled till twelve o'clock over the hood of the left-hand-corner figure of the knight; made a lirlipipe for it. About twelve set to work at a small drawing of —; † had not finished it by dusk. Am a very swine—shall never get the painting done in time—am a beast and a sleepy brute.

26th.—Finished the drawing of the hood, and a drawing of a cloak for one of the men next him, the Chamberlain. . . .

* Evidently means Shakespeare's birth-house. Possibly Mr. Thomas's rather summary proposal was founded on his not believing that building to be the true birth-house.

† A blank is left in the MS.

28th.—Got up at eight. Arranged the cardinal's cape again; began a drawing of it. Lucy came in about one: made me go out with him. Did nothing more, but went to Richmond; back with him to tea. Came home by eleven. Read Shelley, and got to sleep about twelve.

29th.—Got up past nine, worse and worse; it is horrible to reflect. Finished the cape about one. Went out to see Thomas and my aunt; came back, and began arranging the hood for Alice Perrers, old Edward's mistress: found the hair of the lay figure wanted curling—put it in paper, and made a fire to heat the tongs, and curled it; then oiled it. Alas! did nothing afterwards. Went for a walk with Thomas. . . .

4th October.—Got up late; felt low and dejected, never feel happy. Got to work about twelve. Arranged the white capuchon for the lady with her back to you; nearly finished it. . . .

5th.—. . . Went to Thomas to make a sketch of some vine-leaves—found him at work on his designs of the *Penoso* for the Art Union, but out of sorts and dejected. About three left off, and went to the cemetery at Highgate.

6th.—. . . Went out to see after stuffs, and a portrait of Chaucer published by C. Knight; could get nothing; tired and dejected. . . .

7th.—. . . Dined too late to begin anything ; went to sleep. Thomas came in, and we had a walk. He thinks of going to Cambridge, to become wise and learned in all matters. I am a brute and a sleepy beast.

8th.—. . . Began, and painted the white-silk head-cushion with copal varnish and drying oil in equal parts ; find it dries quick, and does not sink in on re-touching. Went and drank tea with Lucy : engaged Miss Chamberlayne for Tuesday. Began making a green velvet hat of the time of Edward III.

9th.—. . . Have been suffering eight or ten days from indigestion ; live upon mutton-chops and tea and coffee, quite a teetotaler. . . .

12th.—Finished the furred cap ; went and bought stuff for a blind, to have two lights if necessary, to give the appearance, to those figures which are not in sunlight, of being in the open air.* Lawrence did not come to put it up.

13th.—Finished the green hat. Wrote four letters, and called on Thomas to see some sketches of his ; some fine ideas ; one in particular, a scramble for laurels—grandly satirical. Came back to the studio, and put up the blind with Lawrence. Afterwards walked

* From a very early stage in his professional practice, Brown paid unusual attention to questions of true lighting, such as this.

half over London in quest of draperies ; bought some crimson cotton-velvet.

14th.—Got up at half-past seven. Miss Chamberlayne came. Worked till four, in spite of her talking propensities. Made outlines of the nude of the two figures of Muses of impassioned and satirical poetry,* and several other central figures. Dined, and called on my Aunt Brown. Walked down Holborn in quest of stuffs, and found some German velvet a bargain, 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. a yard : took six yards of it for the gown of Chaucer. Came back, and am now writing this. . . .

16th.—. . . With Thomas to the Princess's Theatre, to see Miss Cushman and Cooper in *The Stranger*, both nature to the life ; and *She Stoops to Conquer*, a fine *fine* play. Went and supped with Thomas, and stopped till half-past one. . . .

19th.—Got up at half-past five ; went to Gravesend to see my sweet child ; found her quite well. Came back, and went to bed. . . .

22nd.—Got up at half-past five, got to work by seven. Painted-in the King's cloak (study). Workwoman came ; set her to make the gown for Chaucer ; myself made ears for the jester's hood, and began a drawing

* So far as I remember, these figures are not included in any version of the Chaucer subject.

of it. In the evening began drawing-in the draperies of Milton on the canvas.

27th.—Got up at—past seven. Went out to seek for velvet and brocades : got some velvet to suit, and an old yellow satin dress ; saw some fine old brocade ; told the Jew to bring it me to my study, to bargain some old clothes against it. Came back very tired. Drew a little at the jester, and in the evening at the draperies of Robert Burns.

28th.—Got up at quarter to seven ; workwoman came at nine. Worked at the jester's head. At ten Master Lawrence came in, and the poor brute became insolent, and wanted to fight me because I wanted him to be off again. Had to kick him out at last ; and then he came to the window and abused me—threatened him with the police. Richard Bromley came to see me on his return from Ireland,* for a few days. The Jew came, and went off sulky, because I would not give him his price and the old clothes into the bargain. Did little all day but superintend the workwoman. Went to see the Lucys : came back and worked at Robert Burns on the canvas.

29th.—. . . Drew Chaucer and the old King in on

* Mr. Richard Madox Bromley (afterwards Sir R. M. Bromley, K.C.B.) was a brother of Madox Brown's first wife. He was employed in relief measures during the Irish famine.

the canvas. Am writing this and going to bed, twenty minutes past ten. . . .

31st.—Sunday. Got up very late ; painted at the sideless gown, and then at the hair and cap of the troubadour in the centre of the picture. Laid-in the study for it. Called on Mark Anthony,* stopped there till twelve. He told me that Hurlstone† had wished to get me to join the Suffolk Street set, which has been trying to regenerate.

1st November.—Got up at seven, felt very tired. Walked half over London : bought a portrait of Lord Byron and some yellow brocade, and hired some ermine. Came in about three. Finished the hair of the troubadour—dined, felt very tired ; John Marshall came in—stopped till eleven (one hour's work.)

2nd.—Got up at seven, and to work by eight. Painted the study of the ermine cloak of "ye ladie with ye sideless gown" ; workwoman all day ; cut out the yellow brocade hood and cape, and muddled away the rest of the evening (six hours' work).

3rd.—Got up at quarter to seven, and to work by half-past eight. Finished yesterday's work, and painted at a study of the ermine cloak of ye Black Prince,

* The highly-distinguished landscape painter.

† Hurlstone was then President of the Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street.

and at two had to leave off in consequence of the fog—which, like Foggo, was nogo.*

6th.—Got up at seven; have not slept last night. What is the reason of it? Drank some tea just before going to bed. Hope I shall sleep to-night. Got to work before nine, finished the hair. Arranged the lay figure for the figure in the yellow brocade hood, began painting it; did little before four. At seven went with Lucy to a meeting of the Shareholders of the Free Exhibition. We both refused to be on the committee. Martin in consequence is afraid they will turn him off,—poor Martin, hon. sec.!† We have written to him to say that, if they do, we will have nothing more to do with them. Marshall Claxton and his party want to make Dibdin secretary; ‡ what a set of muffs! What will be the upshot of it I don't know and don't care.—Went to bed at twelve (five hours' work).

12th.—Got up at seven, and to work by nine—painted at the green gown till quarter past three. . . .

* There were two brothers named Foggo, historical painters of much ambition and perhaps some intellect, but deplorably bad executants. I presume that the jingle "Fogo is no go" (or something of the sort), was current among artists at this date.

† This is the Exhibition (then recently established) to which Brown contributed some of his early pictures—also Dante Rossetti his first two. Martin was not the celebrated painter John Martin, but a different painter, J. F. Martin.

‡ Claxton was a painter, already mentioned; of Dibdin I know nothing.

Went to see Mark Anthony about a Daguerreotype : think of having some struck off for the figures in the picture, to save time. Came back, and set to work at a drawing of the head of Spenser : work from nine till twelve (eight and a-half hours' work). . . .

16th.—Got up quarter to seven, and to work by quarter past eight. Worked at the study of yellow sleeve till half-past ten. Called on Thomas : came back to dine by five. He is hard at work, knocking metaphysical art on the head, and bringing each thing sentimental to a positive state. Lucy called on me ; did not get to work again till nine. Worked at the head of Byron two and a half hours (seven and a half hours' work).

17th.—Got up at quarter past seven, and to work by nine. Cogitated on what I was to do till half-past ten. Drew at the Cardinal and the two ladies till two. Set to work at seven : painted the first bit on the canvas : worked till I laid-in the head and neck of Lord Byron (ten hours' work). . . .

22nd.—Got up at half-past seven, felt ill. Went out on business ; wasted my time, and took a walk till twelve. Came back, and worked a very little—about one and a-half hours—wasted my time, and dined. Martin has just dropped a note in my letter-box, which seems to say that they have ejected him from the place of secretary to the Free Exhibition : if so, we have done

with it, and there is no necessity for me to get this work finished: it has rather cooled my working-ardour. Worked a little in the evening, about two hours. . . .

26th.—Got up at eight, began work at half-past nine. Worked till twelve at the head of Shakespeare; did nothing fit to be seen. Went out—wretched weather. Lucy came back and dined with me. About half-past six I set to work at drawing heads, but could not work: drew one: worked little better than two hours. I have been reflecting seriously about my large composition, that I had better paint the middle compartment small for next year's exhibition, and recompose it for the large one on a grander principle. I have been reflecting on the subject, and have almost made up my mind to do so. I have sat up thinking of the new composition, to see if I could make a better one, so as not to risk sacrificing the present one to no purpose, and I believe I have succeeded to my satisfaction—(two hours' work, two hours' thought: three wasted).

27th.—Got up I know not at what time. Have been thinking about my change, and have decided to go and order the small canvas. . . .

29th.—. . . Thought of a subject as I went along: Wiclif reading his translation of the Bible to John of Gaunt, Chaucer and Gower present. Arranged it in my mind. Called on Lucy; saw Martin, in a precious

stew about the Free Exhibition. Dined, came home : made a slight sketch of it (three hours' work).

30th.—Got up at quarter to eight. Went out to see about the Museum for consulting authorities ; called on Mark Anthony ; went to the reading-room of Museum ; saw Lewis's *Life of Wiclif*, Southey's *Book of the Church*. Met Lucy there in search of documents for his Landing of Puritans in New Plymouth.* Came home, dined, and sketched a little at the subject (three hours' work).

1st December.—Got up at eight ; went out to the print-shops and to the National Gallery. Then to the Museum ; read Godwin's *Life of Chaucer*. . .

2nd.—Got up at half-past seven. Went out to the British Museum ; got there by ten ; made a drawing of a Gothic alphabet ; read Knight's Chaucer. Dined, called on my aunt Brown. Set to work by eight, worked till twelve, the sketch. . . .

3rd.—Got up at eight. Went to the Museum by half-past nine ; finished the alphabet, and consulted Pugin on Furniture. In the evening worked at the composition till half-past twelve (five hours—six hours Museum).

4th.—Went to Highgate and to Gravesend, to see my sweet child.

* This subject was painted, [and was well] [received by the public.

5th.—Slept at Gravesend, and drew a little head of my beautiful babe ; it is to-day eighteen months since the death of my poor dear wife. These are thoughts that I must banish ; it unnerves me. I have dedicated the day to my child and the memory of her mother. Yesterday I brought her fuchsia down from her grave, and have given it to Mrs. Lucy to take care of for the winter. I left Gravesend by the five o'clock boat, and have come back, intending perhaps to do some work (two hours).

9th.—Got up at eight. The night before I had finished the drawing of the sketch. About ten I began to draw a tracing of the sketch, to make it in oil ; muddled and worked and muddled till half-past three. Went out, half inclined to work no more. Came back, dined. Mr. and Mrs. Lucy came in to see me ; good excuse ; I went home with them, and stopped till one! . . .

11th.—Got up about eight. Set to painting by ten ; painted till half-past three at the figures of Wiclif, Chaucer, and Gower, and that side of it. . . Did little good (eight hours' work).

12th, Sunday.—Got up at eight, set to work before ten. Painted till three at the figure of John of Gaunt, etc. ; went out and dined, and spent the evening with Lucy (three hours' work).

13th.— . . . Called on Lucy. Buss* has been bothering him about the Free Exhibition. Went with him to Rowney's: came back, dined, and set to work about six. Wasted one and a half hours cleaning a damned pipe. Worked till eleven (five hours' work). . .

16th.— . . . Set to work about twelve; worked till three, chalking-in the figures on the canvas. Went out for a model, unsuccessful; got Smith coming tomorrow. Set to work about quarter-past six; left off for want of chalk. Am writing this, and going to write damned letters for money, etc. Can do no more work for want of chalk: have been as far as Oxford Street, but can get none. Drew a little at the ornamental part of the design (four hours).

27th.—Came up to London [from Gravesend]; did nothing all day. Called on the Lucys in the evening. On coming home to my studio at past twelve, found a drunken man groaning in one of the workshops with a candle amid the shavings. Fetched a policeman and the master; got him safe out.

28th.—Tried to work: did nothing all day but arrange the lay figure for Wiclif, and superintend the making of a gown for Chaucer; I am sadly idle! . . .

1848—1st January.—Came back to London and dined at Lucy's. In the evening Thomas came in,

*. A painter and book-illustrator.

and we settled to illustrate Pope's *Essay on Man* between us ; I proposed the subject.* Came to bed by one. . . .

3rd.— . . . Worked till eleven at the outline of the painting ; afterwards fiddled at a piece of poetry till quarter to one (eight hours' work). . .

10th.—Got up at half-past eight and to work by half-past nine ; drew my two hands in the glass for Gower's. . . . I afterwards drew a little at one of my hands for Wiclif, when that devil Miss Chamberlayne called. Walked round Regent's Park, dined. Thomas came in, and with Lucy we went to Dickinson's Academy, Maddox Street : saw Foley there, and Paris and Salter† (five hours' work). . .

12th.—Breakfasted in bed ; drew all day at the canvas. Lucy came in to go to Dickinson's with me : found I was making my figures of Chaucer and Gower too short—quite took me aback. Went and began a pencil drawing at Dickinson's. Walked home with Lucy, came back ; bought a bottle of whisky to drown care with (eight hours' work).

* I am sure this project was not carried out.

† The Dickinsons, Printsellers in Bond Street, had established a Drawing Academy in Maddox Street. Foley must be the sculptor of that name. Paris and Salter were painters : the former is perhaps still remembered as the inventor of "Paris's Medium."

15th.—I went to Greenwich,* to collect rents, and to Gravesend.

16th.—Gravesend still. Made a little study of Lucy in sunshine† (one and a half hours' work).

17th.—Came back by the half-past eight boat: went to see John Bromley,‡ and to make a sketch of the hand of his little girl for the female in this painting. . . . Came back and set to work drawing at the figure of Wiclif. Went to Maddox Street; came back again at ten, and worked till past eleven (five and a half hours' work).

18th.—Got up at half-past eight. Set to work by ten at drawing-in a hand and the sleeves of Wiclif. *Began Painting*. Laid-in the head and feet of Wiclif. Turned my canvases of the Poets round to the wall, so as to be able to admit persons if necessary.

19th.— . . . Called on Mark Anthony: saw his large *Village Festival* in progress; called on Lucy (five hours' work).

21st.—Breakfasted in bed; got up at ten, and to work by eleven. Drew-in the head of Chaucer from myself

* Brown was part owner of Ravensbourne Wharf, Greenwich.

† This is probably an oil-study which I possess, and which must have been made with a view to the figure of an infant in the Wiclif picture. Lucy Brown was now turned of four years old: in the painting she might pass for still younger.

‡ A cousin of Brown's.

in two looking-glasses; altered that of Gower, and reduced one of Chaucer's hands.

22nd.— . . . Painted-in the sleeves and upper part of Chaucer's gown (*à premier coup*): shall not want to retouch it much, I expect; worked till four.

26th.—Wednesday. Got up at half-past eight: went out for a walk; found it too cold. Went and bespoke Miss Ashley, and came back. Miss Ashley came by eleven: stopped till four, let the fire out three times, and talked all day; will never do.—In the evening I worked at the head of the female, drawing it in in water-colour; could not succeed (four hours' work). . . .

31st.— . . Went to Suffolk Street, to hear Professor Ansted tell us that the colour of the air is blue, and that of mist grey, etc. etc.; this they call geology! (two hours' work).

1st February.— . . I afterwards set about composing the furniture for my painting; did not do much (two hours' work). Got a note from Helen Bromley, enclosing one for Miss Ensgrubber* to her, to ask my poor wife's address. Oh dear! hers has been for upwards of nineteen months the cemetery of Highgate; mine, this rascally barn of a studio. To think that we once had a home together! in Paris how dif-

* This was some friend of Elizabeth Brown (Bromley), much of whose youth was spent abroad. I know nothing further about Miss Ensgrubber.

ferent, and even in Rome how different! Bless you, my poor child!

2nd.—Got up at eight, worked from ten till four at composing the chair of John of Gaunt. . . .

3rd.—Going to set to work for about three hours at the chair. Did little good; what a muff I am! (three hours' work).

4th.—Breakfasted in bed; set to work about ten. Recomposed the chair, and composed the lectern, and began painting it. Worked till half-past four. Walked round the Park. Set to work again at seven, when Thomas and John Marshall came in, and I did no more work. Thomas accused Marshall of having spoken about our London University project,* at the College. Marshall denied it, but said that he had heard that another body of artists had proposed the same thing about a year ago. Thomas stopped till eleven, and we drank two glasses of grog each (six hours' work).

5th.—Breakfasted in bed; set to work about half-past nine. Worked at the lectern: altered it, painted at it till four. Dined etc. A wet day; did not go out. Began work again at seven till eight, and from nine till half-past eleven, painting at the lectern—what snob-

* I don't know what this project was; should suppose that it aimed at some pictorial decoration of the University building.

bish work! (nine hours' work). Forgot to go to Highgate—alas my poor wife! . . .

7th.—Got up at quarter to eight; breakfasted, and went to Highgate. Had iron stakes put to the standard roses. Called on Lucy; went to London University, to see about Capbell's bust of Potter.* John Marshall, on behalf of the Committee, commissioned me to make a drawing of it, for [which] I am to receive five guineas. Dined; set to at my accounts. Thomas called in to know if I would accompany him to-morrow to a meeting of the Freemasons of the Church, to hear a lecture on Beauty by a Baronet M.P. He for the first time explained to me his views on beauty, and the explanation thereof. Wonderful fellow! I hardly know what to make of him, his talents are so wonderful and varied. Stopped till half-past eleven.

8th.—Got up at half-past eight. Went to the British Institution; saw a wonderful piece of light by Inskip,† a beautiful marine by Danby (a calm after a storm with a heavy ground-swell). I stopped one half-hour looking at this picture. Lance, Frost, Copley

* A matter unknown to me; I presume "Capbell" to be a mis-writing for "Campbell." It would appear that Brown's drawing was lithographed.

† I suppose Inskip is practically forgotten now. He painted in a very broad method, with dark full-toned tints of brown &c.—gipsies, fisherfolk, and the like.

Fielding, etc. Afterwards I went to the University, and began the drawing of the bust; came back after two and a-half hours' work, dined. Sam Bamford* called in, then Thomas; when we went to hear a most absurd lecture by a Bart.—beside whom was seated the Duke of Northumberland; after which some antiquarian controversy. . . .

17th.—Breakfasted in bed; Miss Ashley called in. Composed the chair of John of Gaunt, and began it. In the evening went to hear Leslie's† first lecture on painting: twaddle (six hours' work). . . .

21st.—Got up at half-past seven, walked over the Park. Set to work about ten, painting at the arch. Got a letter from my Uncle Madox,‡ asking me to go and speak to him in the City on business. Left off about two; went to the City. Found he wanted to sell his one-eighth of the Tan Yard, and, if I would sell mine, he would get me £700 for it, £200 more than I thought it worth: no unpleasant news. Decided to sell it in order to buy a house. . . .

25th.—Got up late. Rainy morning, did not go out.

* There was some family connection between Bamford and Brown; I have forgotten what.

† Charles Robert Leslie, R.A.; he was now Professor of Painting at the Academy.

‡ He was a solicitor. The Tan Yard is, I suppose, much the same thing as Ravensbourne Wharf. Brown did not, towards this date, sell his shares in it.

Set to work by ten. French Revolution * proclaimed. Worked at the balustrade, and laid-in the pavement. . . In the evening I went to see the papers, and to hear Professor Ansted lecture on geology. Afterwards went again to get a sight of the papers, and went at eleven at night to see Lucy. Found him in great excitement about Paris; Fenton† his pupil, in a sad state about it. We all three have associations with Paris. Came back, and got to bed by one (seven hours' work).

26th.—Got up at half-past seven, went out before nine. Called to see Thomas, and talk over the revolution. Came back to work. Maitland‡ came in by half-past ten; worked at laying-in the legs of John of Gaunt till half-past one; laid them in with light yellow and cadmium. Afterwards I could do nothing more, but went to see the newspaper. Called on Marshall and Lucy; and Thomas came and took me to an artists' conversazione at the Bricklayers' Arms: saw Scharf, Collingwood Smith, and Oliver there.§ Had some

* He seems rather to mean "French Republic."

† Fenton, after receiving an artistic training, took to photography. At the time of the Crimean war (1854-6) he went to the scene of action, and acquired some prominence.

‡ A model much employed by artists towards this date.

§ Brown wrote "Schaff" (not Scharf): I suppose the designer who became Sir George Scharf, (or else his father, who was also an artist) is meant. Collingwood Smith and Oliver were water-colour landscapists.

more information about the Free Exhibition. Art-Union has joined, and members must be proposed and seconded. Went in and had supper with Thomas (three hours' work). . . .

28th.—. . . Composed one of the figures for the spandrils over again ; a young girl (instead of a child) to impersonate the Protestant Faith. Determined to make the figures fill up the whole of the spandrils without tracery-work. After dinner composed the other figure, of the Romish Faith ; a figure holding a chained-up bible and a torch, with a hood (like the penitents at Catholic funerals) showing only the eyes, with burning fagots and a wheel of fortune for accessories.*. . .

8th March.—Got up at quarter past seven. Finished the cloak ; began the woman's head-dress. My aunt Brown called in. Walked out to the Strand and Trafalgar Square, to the scene of the riots. Came back by nine. Thomas called in. Began one of the flowers on the spandrils (nine hours).

9th.—. . . Set to work at making lions and fleurs-de-lys, of paper, for the jupon of John of Gaunt till twelve (eight hours' work).

10th.—Got up at seven ; set to work sewing on the

* From this observation it might be inferred that Brown in 1847 was a decided Protestant and Anti-Catholic. He may possibly have been so, and must, at any rate, have been a votary of freedom of religious thought. As I knew him (beginning in 1848), he was neither Catholic nor Protestant.

arms on to his coat. Did nothing (when Smith came), all day, but paint the two crimson-damask sleeves, and badly too.—Set to work again about nine at the Gothic flower (eight hours' work, three preparation).

11th.—. . . Arranged the lay figure I had made of the child ; took up much time ; did nothing more. . .

17th.—Got up at quarter past seven, to work by quarter to nine. Painted at the ivy till quarter past two, and from half-past three till six at the damask back of the chair. Arranged the lay figure for John of Gaunt. From half-past seven till ten painted-in the ground afresh for the jupon ; yellow for the blue, and white for the red ; nothing like a good coating of white to get bright sunny colour : (nine hours' work, two and a-half arranging). . . .

22nd.—Rose at seven, to work by nine. Painted-in the Page with the books, all but the sleeves. Head very successful ; rubbed out the legs. From seven till nine at moulding of frame, from half-past ten till two, modelling ornaments for ditto (ten, and three preparing). . .

24th.—Got up at quarter past seven, to work by nine. Painted the head and one hand of John of Gaunt ; my eyes so dim and weak I could hardly go on with it.*

* The handwriting of all this part of the diary confirms the statement as to weak sight.

Painted till half-past two. Went out to the City : came back, painted the cap of John of Gaunt. . . .

25th.—Got up at seven, to work by nine. Painted till twelve at the head of fair Page. Maitland came. Painted the hose of John of Gaunt ; did not do, rubbed it out again. Had interruptions. Elliott, Thomas, and Rossetti called ;* the latter my first pupil. Curious enough—he wrote to ask me to give him lessons, from his opinion of *my high talents* ; knew every work I had exhibited and all about [them]. Will see what we can make of him. Worked from ten till twelve at correcting the arms of Wiclif (nine hours). . .

27th.—Got up at eight ; to work half-past nine ; till six painted the water behind the pages, etc., and the heads of the two boys, with part of the railing : heads in shadow very difficult. Dined and walked out, and wrote two notes. Set to work by nine, designing ornamental work for the spandrils, and also the figure of Catholicism, much to my satisfaction, till eleven o'clock. Writing this, and mean to work one hour more at the spandrils (eleven hours' work). . .

* I do not recognize the name Elliott ; a later entry shows him to have been a painter. Rossetti, whom we here find for the first time in Brown's narrative, is of course Dante Gabriel. No account is given of the first interview of all, when Brown (as related elsewhere) called round at Rossetti's house with a "thick stick." The letter from my brother, March 1848, which led to that interview, has been published.

2nd April.—Got up at seven, to work by nine. Till twelve, at the head of John of Gaunt from Smith (bad): glazed a sleeve, and the blue velvet of the same. Painted at the head of Chaucer from Hewlett from three till six (bad). Worked from nine till ten at setting the lay figure for the monk's draperies, drew part of them till quarter to twelve (eleven hours). . .

5th.—Got up at six, to work by seven. Till ten at the shoes of Gower, and the steps; from half-past ten till half-past one at the head of Wiclif from Krone; eyes so dizzy obliged to leave off. Went for a walk, bathed my eyes; began again at three till six—not the thing. Dined, went to sleep. Mr. and Mrs. Lucy called in. Set to work at ten, at one of the cinqfoil ornaments. Have not yet finished it, twelve o'clock; must finish it before I go to bed—finished it by one (twelve and a half hours' work).

6th.—Got up at half-past six; to work, by a quarter to eight till one, at the figure of Wiclif. Glazed his gown and part of his cloak, and repainted a long time at the head. Eyes very bad; walked out over the Park. Began again at the head at two till three; then painted till six at the hands of John of Gaunt. Lucy came in, and drew-in the figure with lily in the spandril. I began work again at nine, at one of the cinqfoils; finished it by eleven; must try and do the other and last one. Did nothing more (eleven hours).

7th.—Got up at quarter-past seven ; to work by half-past eight at the third head of Chaucer ; made it worse than before. Had Mrs. Yates for it. Worked till eleven at it—quite horrible. Afterwards painted the two hands rather well ; then painted the hands of Gower and one foot of Wiclif pretty well. John Marshall called in : talked a great deal about the approaching revolution ; what is to be the upshot of it ? Thomas called in. I set to work again at half-past nine till eleven, and drew-in the figure in the spandril with the lily (ten hours' work). . .

14th.—Up at seven ; to work by eight. Painted the head of Wiclif till half-past ten from old Coulton. My uncle Madox called at twelve. Began retouching the arch ; worked at it till six. Went to the Free Exhibition : began painting the female in the spandril at nine : worked till half past twelve (eleven hours' work).

16th.—My birthday ; twenty-seven to-day, alas ! Got up at seven ; to work by eight. Painted the red cross and rosary of Chaucer, then the hose of the Duke. Muddled at them ; could not succeed. In despair rubbed them out again partly, and made them another colour, yellow and grey. Will do, *must do*, but not very well. Glazed the archway, and began marking-in the stones. Did a little to the cloak of Wiclif, and the hassock of the female. Began work again by eight

till two in the morning ; painted a host of little odds and ends (fifteen hours).

17th.—Got up at six ; to work by half past eight. Finished the Pages and Chaucer and Gower and Wiclif : painted the green rushes : finished the ground, the reading-desk, and the female's chair. In the evening painted at the letters from nine till eleven. Then again at the female and the mosaic work till four in the morning (seventeen hours).

18th.—Got up at six ; to work by half past seven. Repainted the whole of the flesh, glazing the shadows with yellow lakes and madder, and repainted the lights with their white tints. At three began at the general effect. Worked till half past six, then again till three at the mosaic work and sundries (eighteen hours).

19th.—Got up at six : set off with my picture to the gallery, Hyde Park Corner. Got there by nine. Ten o'clock before framed, and that did not fit. Thought I had all day to work, but found we were all to decamp at ten. Got leave to wait till the sweeping was done, and set to work again at twelve till six. Improved the general appearance much by glazing etc. Slept next door at a tavern, to be able to be at work next morning at six, to finish it before the private view (six hours).

20th.—Up at quarter to six ; to work by half past. Painted at the hose of John of Gaunt, and put-in some

trees—too green. . . Then fetched Thomas for the private view. Afterwards spent the evening and slept at Bamford's (four hours).

21st.—Went to the gallery at about eleven: repainted at the trees till two.

4th May.—Had my pupil Rossetti here; working for about six hours on a head, to show him (six hours).

6th.—Got up at half past six. Began work at nine till five from Maitland: began a study of his head in sunlight, and painted the black silk legs for Shakespeare and Milton* (eight hours).

7th.—Got up at eight; to work by nine till four. Did little but a drawing (of his head) for the courtier next to the one in the yellow hood in the foreground, for which also is the study in oil (six hours).

17th.—Up at five. Six till eight at the study of Mrs. Yates [a hand]: the rest of the day made alterations in the figure and head of Lord Byron (eight hours).

18th.—Up at five. Six till eight at Mrs. Yates. Walked till eleven with Thomas. Had an argument; tried to persuade him that, to imitate the true *tone* of the model, it must be painted so that, when held up beside it, it would not be like it in *colour*. Did nothing

* It will be seen that Brown, having now consigned to the Free Exhibition the moderate-sized picture of *Wiclif and John of Gaunt*, resumed work on the large *Chaucer* and its accessories.

but try to write down what I had been speaking of ; afterwards went to see Lucy. . .

22nd—Up at half past eight ; to work by eleven. Altered the head of Burns, and drew-in that of Pope. Walked over the parks with Thomas (five hours' work).

15th June.—Cleaned the dog, and shaved his head and paws. . .

17th.—They want to engrave *Wiclif* for *The People's Journal*.* Laid-in skirt of Robert Burns's gown ; worked about four hours till five o'clock. Called on proprietor of *People's Journal* ; supped at Mr. Bamford's. . .

25th.—Came back. Heard of the revolution in Paris ; spent the evening with Lucy. . .

17th July.—Went to Paris, to see my old friend Casey,† and buy a lay figure. Did both ; enjoyed myself much. Painted a portrait of Casey : worked about seven hours at it. Came back to London on the 6th [August].

28th August.—Set to work, about half-past two till six, at the architecture of the Byron compartment ;

* William and Mary Howitt were much connected with this publication.

† Daniel Casey was a painter, of Irish birth or extraction, settled in Paris. Brown had a good opinion of his abilities, within certain limits. I own a small oil-picture of his—horsemen abducting a woman—spirited in action. He died towards 1888.

afterwards at the same by lamp-light. Thomas has begun working by night in my studio. . . .

30th.—Walked out over the Park; then to see Lucy. He told me of another kick-up at the School of Design: he had been applying for one himself; I began to think of it.* Called to see Thomas, and talked the matter over: worked but little at the architecture (three hours).

31st.—Set to work about twelve till two, and from three till five, at the architecture. Rossetti called with Hunt,† a clever young man (three hours).

10th September.—Read Keats,‡ and spent the day with Thomas.

11th.—Ill in bed with a bad cold; Lucy called. . . .

13th.—Up late; could not get to sleep. Out to see Thomas: could not get well; who knows but it may be the death of me? Damned wretched, but only because not occupied.

21st.—Started for the Lakes of Cumberland in company with Lucy: saw the Exhibition of Manchester.

25th.—Began painting a view of Windermere:

* I do not think that Brown ever applied for a mastership in the Schools of Design, under their old *régime*. He did so (as shown further on) under the new *régime*.

† Holman Hunt, of course.

‡ I fancy this may have been Brown's first acquaintance with Keats. Dante Rossetti may have set him going. Towards this same time Millais began his first "Præraphaelite" picture, from Keats's *Isabella*.

worked six days at about four hours a day, last day in the rain under an umbrella.

2nd October.—Started on foot for Patterdale; then over the mountains past the Greenside lead-mine to Keswick.

3rd.—Through the Borrowdale pass to Wast-water.

4th.—Rain all day; stopped there.

5th.—Started in the rain over the mountains by Eskdale to Windermere.

6th.—By rail to Liverpool. Saw my *Wiclif* there up high: looked damned bad.

7th.—To Chester, thence to Birmingham; saw Exhibition, and back to London that night.

8th.—Went to Gravesend to see my darling.

9th.—Went to City; afterwards painted at my view of Windermere at the sky (two hours' work).

10th.—All day writing a letter to *Builder* about Thomas. . . .

12th.—Began a portrait of R. Bromley's daughter (four hours).

13th.—Portrait not dry enough to go on with. Sent for Mrs. Ashley and child, and began a sketch of them for a little picture of a mother and child.* Made a sketch in the evening, in black and white, of the view of Windermere (three hours' work).

* The picture is, I think, the one which was afterwards named *The Infant's Repast* (sometimes here spoken of as *Mother and Child*).

14th.—Laid-in the view of Windermere with a thin coating of asphaltum, and white for the high lights : drying-oil and copal. After dinner sketched the outline of a small sketch for *Mother and Child* : after tea worked on the helmet and sword of Lord Byron* (eight hours' work).

15th.—Painted a sketch of the *Mother and Child* : in the evening worked at the Byron's sword (seven hours).

16th.—Worked at the portrait of John Bromley about four hours. . . .

18th.—Went out with Rossetti to see his picture.†

28th.—Painted other arm of Julia Bromley (two hours), and in the evening wrote a defence of Thomas's Lectures for *The Builder*.‡ . . .

31st.—Wrote all day at the letter to *Builder*. . . .

4th November.—Tooth all day ; in the evening wrote about influences of antiquity in Italy.§ . . .

12th.—Did very little ; painted a copy of Lucy's head || (two hours).

* For side-panel of the Chaucer picture.

† *The Girlhood of Mary Virgin*.

‡ I do not know what the lectures may have been, nor what Brown wrote about them. See the entry for 10th October.

§ This may, I suppose, have been a portion of what Brown was writing regarding Mr. Thomas's lectures.

|| I think this means a copy of a head of his daughter Lucy, painted in her early infancy towards 1843.

13th.—Drew a portrait of Mrs. Ashley's baby, and wrote in the evening on Italy and Art (three hours). . .

16th.—Worked at the little picture: laid-in the background, and altered the legs of the child. In the evening thought a great deal about the subject (four hours).

17th.—Wasted half the day, and composed *Lear and Cordelia*.*

18th.—Went to Pratts's, and subscribed for armour and old furniture: tried to work, but did little. . . .

19th.—Began work late; composed *Lear and Cordelia* (six hours).

20th.—Wrote an answer to "Amateur" in *The Builder*, and started for Gravesend.

21st.—Came home by 8 p.m. Drew at sketch of *Lear* (three hours).

22nd.—Went to Pratts's. Set to work at one till half-past three at the mirror; spent the evening studying grammar (three and a-half hours).

23rd.—Began work at ten till half-past three, at mirror and gilt leather: asphaltum, cadmium, lemon-yellow, ivory-black, sienna, etc.; magilp and copal. In the evening worked at the composition of *Lear and Cordelia* (six hours' work). . . .

* The composition for the oil-picture of *Cordelia at the Bedside of Lear*: not to be confounded with other *Lear* subjects (at least two) which Brown executed at later dates.

25th.—Up late. To work by eleven till one at the gilt leather. John Marshall came in: did little more but arrange a bunch of keys, and begin them. In the evening worked at the *Lear*, but have not yet settled it (five hours).

26th.—. . . In the evening worked four and a-half hours at *Lear*; going on well (eight hours).

27th.—. . . In the evening wrote three notes, and worked from seven till eight at *Lear*; finished the outline of the sketch (five hours). . . .

30th.—Painted at the sketch. Went with Lucy to see Elliott's picture and Rossetti's (four hours). . . .

5th December.—Spent the day in divers ways; bought a large oak door, and scraped it with glass, and varnished it; in the evening composed the panels of the little picture (three hours' work).

6th.—Had a King Charles spaniel; paid 4s. 6d. for it. Painted it in three hours: evening, began chalking the outline of the *Lear* on canvas (seven hours' work).

7th.—Painted at the panel five hours. In the evening had a model, to draw the nude of Cordelia (seven and a-half hours). . . .

19th.—Bought mittens and a rose, and made a fan; arranged it, and began the gown. In the evening Maitland for two hours: sketched the figure of Lear (seven hours). . . .

30th.—Drew at the outline of Lear till three. .

1849—11th January.—Painted the sea, cliffs, ships, and tents, in *Lear*; in the evening painted the four little figures, and drew-in the nude of warrior resting upon his shield, from Maitland (nine hours). . . .

16th.—Up till four night before. Supped with Lucy and Mark Anthony at an oyster-shop. Began work at one, till four; painted body of dress from Mrs. Ashley;* in the evening rubbed it out, and drew four hours at the head of Cordelia; made it beastly (seven hours' work). . . .

27th.—Laid-in the Jester's hands,† and re-painted the flesh of the child in little picture. In the evening, laid-in the head of the fool, from Rossetti (seven hours).

28th.—Re-painted one arm and hand of mother in the little picture, and re-touched it generally; in the evening laid-in one hand of the physician, and re-touched the expression of the jester (eight hours).

31st.—Laid-in the head of Lear from a cast of Dante's, and a drawing of Coulton. Called on Lucy, and ordered a frame in the evening. Again in the evening (eight hours).

1st February.—Worked all day at the head of Cordelia from model: in the evening rubbed it out, and re-

* This seems to relate, not to the *Lear* picture, but to the small work named *The Infant's Repast*.

† *i.e.* The jester, or fool (he is immediately afterwards termed the fool), of King Lear. This head is a very fair likeness (not exactly a striking one) of Dante Rossetti.

touched the head of Lear. Found a dog in the rain, and brought him home with me (seven hours). . . .

6th.—Finished the little picture.

17th.—Altered the head of Cordelia; painted-in head of Lear, and head and hand of Kent: evening, re-touched heads of Kent and jester and Cordelia (eleven hours).

18th.—Sunday. Painted-in the head of Cordelia from model, and one hand; evening at Lucy's (seven hours). . . .

1st March.—Painted the head of the jester from Dante Rossetti, and the hands from Mrs. Ashley; so muddled away the day. In the evening Bell Smith, of Free Exhibition, called to inform me that I might keep it till private view; also of secret machinations to form a fresh society and so get rid of the muffs (seven hours).

2nd.—Went to Greenwich, and then to Free Exhibition to ballot for places; evening at Thomas's. . . .

13th.—Re-painted one hand of Lear (bad), and his head (not too good): bad day. Evening, carpet (eight hours). . . .

21st.—Re-painted and finished the head of Cordelia at last; painted the carpet and flowers and shield and divers (eight hours).

22nd.—Took *Lear* to the Free Exhibition. Found a large white sky came directly beneath it: kicked up a

row, and got it taken away, then worked at the picture at divers (three hours).

23rd.—Re-painted the sky, and re-touched many things, and finished it definitely (six hours).

24th.—Went to private view: picture much liked. Started for Gravesend: my child in bed.

28th.—Went to see Baily's *Graces* at his studio, and Nichols' sculpture for the pediment of the Hall of Commerce, Manchester; bad but effective. Also to see some magnificent Dutch pictures at Mr. Theobald's.

29th.—Went to see young Hunt, and thence to see Millais's picture, *Isabella*; wonderfully painted, full of expression, sentiment, and colour, and extreme good painting, but somewhat exaggerated in character, and careless in drawing.

31st.—Painted at the view of Windermere.

2nd April.—Evening spent at Rossetti's: saw his designs and his brother, all up in his little room, fifth storey*. . .

5th.—Painted at *Windermere*, cows and foreground (five hours).

6th.—Painted at idem, horses, etc. (five hours). . . .

10th.—Painted in the day-time, and in the evening from nine till eleven: finished it, and carried it to the Royal Academy (seven hours' work). . . .

* It was the fifth storey if one reckons the sunk basement as first storey. The house was No. 50 Charlotte Street, Portland Place.

27th.—Worked at the outline of Poats:* drew-in the page in the foreground from nature (four hours). . . .

5th May.—Worked at the water-colour sketch;† began re-painting it in oil (four hours). . . .

8th June.—Began painting on the centre compartment of the picture. Painted at the yellow hood in the foreground; painted-in the head of it . . .; lemon, chrome, cadmium, and yellow lake, with copal; vehicle, copal and drying-oil (five hours). . . .

21st.—Painted-in one hand and the head; laying-in the shadows with emerald-green and white and much copal, and the lights with pure white and copal; the outline drawn with water-colours, much hatched (ten hours).

22nd.—Painted-in one hand from Maitland in sunlight: find I can put the models in the sun (three hours).

23rd.—Painted-in the neck and hair and draperies of the admiring courtier, also one hand of the foreground page, always laying-in the flesh with pure white (eight hours). . . .

25th.—Painted a study of the head of Maitland for

* The detached figures of British Poets, which were (according to the original intention) to serve as wings to the large picture of *Chaucer at the Court of Edward III.* "The page" is a figure in the central composition

† The sketch, done some years before, of the *Chaucer* composition.

the Black Prince, and the head of page from young Deverell* (seven hours). . . .

29th.—Touched the Page's head, and painted-in the Jester's from John Marshall (nine hours). . . .

2nd July.—Set off to Shorn-Ridgway. Found some fine scenery overlooking the Thames and Essex; began a study of it for my background to *Chaucer* (three hours). . . .

[Towards end of August].—Painted about twelve days at the picture of *King Lear*: altered the head of Cordelia, shortened her hands and arms, enlarged the head, thickened the figure (sixty hours).

Painted four days at the little picture of *Mother and Child* before sending it home (twenty hours). . . .

Spent three days arranging the sleeves of the Page. Went to Margate with my daughter, and stayed there two weeks, during [which time I] had three sittings for her portrait† (nine hours). . . .

5th October.—Began a portrait of Mr. Seddon;‡

* Brown must have known Walter Howell Deverell through Dante Rossetti. Deverell was at this time a painter of some recognized promise, son of the Secretary to the Schools of Design.

† This is, I suppose, a carefully finished little oil portrait, circular, which I possess.

‡ Mr. Seddon (the father of Thomas and John Seddon) was a furniture-maker of high repute, carrying on business in Gray's Inn Road. The statement that the portraits were done "for a sofa" means that a sofa was to be assigned to Brown as his remuneration.

to be painted, and that of Mrs. Seddon, for a sofa ; went to a conversazione with them. . . .

3rd November—Finished Mr. Seddon's Portrait. Drew-in the Jester, and painted his hands, sleeves, etc. Drew at other parts. Composed a subject for *Beauty and the Beast* ; . . . drew a figure of Beauty from nature. Wasted about two months changing into a new studio. Began the portrait of Shakespeare for the Dickinsons : painted a sketch of it, made a drawing of the head, and a study from Mr. Barker for it. Drew a cartoon of it. . . . Drew a figure of *the Lord Jesus* for the Dickinsons.*

1850—2nd March.—Worked at it and the cartoon of Shakespeare to-day (four and a half hours). In the evening three hours at *The Lord Jesus* (border-work). . . .

4th.—. . . To meet S. C. Hall,† at Lucy's, meeting of the committee of the North London School of Drawing and Modelling (two hours). . . .

6th.—Painted at the forehead and hair of Shakespeare, and drew the border of thorns of the Christ (eight hours). . . .

* I have little if any recollection of this figure of *The Lord Jesus*. Further on it appears that a lithograph, unsatisfactory to Brown, was made of the figure.

† Mr. Samuel Carter Hall, the Editor of *The Art-Union* (*Art-Journal*).

12th.—Went to a committee of North London School (six hours).

13th.—Idem. Went to Fenton to paint his dead child (six hours). . . .

16th.—Painted at the head of Shakespeare and background, and drew at the Cordelia for etching* (10 hours). . . .

Diary resumed on the 16th August 1854.†

Idle day : morning spent musing in bed ; afternoon walked out with Emma and Katy ; ‡ evening, garden and dim reflections. Much study of Blue-book of Department of Art and Science (impudently called “ of Science and Art ”). In the interval which the diary shows (to the best of my recollection) I painted in the year 1850, still in Newman Street, first the remainder of the Shakespeare portrait, for which I was paid sixty guineas ; then I finished the etching for *The Germ*, which cost me 31s. 6d. and brought me in nothing. Afterwards I designed a card for the Dickinson Exhibition of *Shakespeare*, on which I worked

* The etching which was published in *The Germ*.

† It will be observed that there is a great gap of time before this resumption of Diary—as referred to immediately afterwards. So far as I know, Madox Brown did not keep any record in the interim. I do not possess any, nor seemingly does Mr. Ford Hueffer.

‡ Emma and Katy (or Cathy) are the second Mrs. Brown and her then infant Daughter, now Mrs. Francis Hueffer.

several days for no remuneration. The drawing of *The Lord Jesus* was paid me £2 : they afterwards lithographed it in shameful style, so as to cause me much annoyance.

For the remainder of the year I worked at the large picture of *Chaucer*, and studies of landscape for it, one of which I afterwards finished up, and gave to Seddon. In 1851 I finished the centre-compartment of *The Fruits of English Poetry*,* having determined to abandon the wings. To get this part finished for the Academy, I had to labour very hard, and at the last worked three whole nights in one week, only lying down with my clothes on for a couple of hours. Emma sat for the Princess, which was done in two sittings of two hours each. . . . Elliott, a pupil of Lucy's, the cardinal. John Marshall, of University Hospital, was the Jester. Miss Gregson, since Mrs. Lee, was the fair princess behind the Black Prince. Her friend Miss Byne sat for the dark one, but much altered. The scoundrel (and afterwards thief) Maitland, then under Marshall's hands for operation, sat for the Black Prince. The fine woman below looking round was a portrait of Julia Wild, celebrated as model, . . . also for black eyes; the boys were mostly portraits, but the other

* This centre compartment is the *Chaucer* above-mentioned.

heads ideal chiefly. I sold this picture to Dickinson for 85 per cent. of whatever he might afterwards sell it for, to be paid after he should have received the money. I have since urged him to put it up to auction, which he has done, but no one would buy it; so he still has it. This year 1854 he paid me £20 on account of it, which was all I ever had for it.

After finishing this picture (which I forgot to say the Academicians hung in such a way as to shine all over, and *without the frame*), I took a house at Stockwell. . . . I went for three days to the Isle of Wight with Anthony and Hunt. The first day we marched for five hours in the rain; the second and third, revelled in the enjoyment—liberty, novelty of scene, fine weather, and huge appetite. The fourth we returned home. At Stockwell this year I painted one month at the sketch for the *Chaucer*, begun on paper and water-colour. Anthony was to give me a work for this, but I afterwards asked him to give me twelve guineas instead, which he did. I then began my picture of the *Baa Lambs*, which I finished in five months of hard labour; during which time I was very hard up generally, owing to McCracken not paying me all at once for the picture of *Wiclif*, which he purchased of me at this time for fifty guineas and a

very bad Deighton*—a do in fact. During this time I painted Mrs. Seddon's portrait, which turned out bad and a curse: this was the second portrait for the sofa, which they valued at thirteen guineas cost-price. During this time I also finished the landscape-study of Shorn, which I gave to Tom Seddon; he having kindly lent me money about this time, £12, I think; £5 of which I borrowed to lend Lucy. But Seddon was the first to borrow of me, £10 once. At this time I also finished the sketch of *Wiclif*, and the first of *Chaucer* (since given to John Marshall); about a day's work between the two.

The *Baa Lamb* picture was painted almost entirely in sunlight, which twice gave me a fever while painting. I used to take the lay figure out every morning, and bring it in at night or if it rained. . . . My painting-room being on a level with the garden, Emma sat for the lady, and Kate for the child. The lambs and sheep used to be brought every morning from Clapham Common in a truck: one of them ate up all the flowers one morning in the garden, where they used to behave very ill. The background was painted on the Common. The medium I used was Roberson's undrying copal (flake white). After getting rid of these works I went to Foot's Cray for

* By "a very bad Deighton" Brown means a bad specimen of the work of a landscape-painter named Deighton.

Michaelmas with my daughter Lucy, where I painted my picture of *Paul's Cray Church* in ten days. This I have sent to Robinson's Auction a few months since, and it fetched £2. 8s. inclusive of frame. It was exhibited at Grundy's and Liverpool in 1852.

After these works I began my picture of *Christ washing Peter's Feet*, painting this one at my painting-rooms in Newman Street: at the same time I began the study for the small picture of *Waiting*,* working at it in the three evenings a week I used to sleep in Stockwell—the other three being passed at the studio to save time. Twelve days before sending in the *Christ* picture I had given it up in despair, none of the heads being yet done: so I returned to Stockwell to alter the head in the *Baa Lambs* picture, being dissatisfied with it. I afterwards took up the *Christ* again at the instigation of Millais, and painted the heads of Peter, Christ, and John (this one the only one laid in), also all the other figures of apostles, in ten days, and sent it in. This picture was painted in four months, the flesh painted on *wet white* at Millais's lying instigation; Roberson's medium, which I think dangerous like Millais's advice. Having got rid of these pictures (which were hung, one above the line so as to shine all over, the other against the window in the octagon room), I immediately began the picture

* A picture of a mother and child,



of *Waiting*; from Miss Ryan* the head, the remainder copied from the study painted at night. I all but finished this little picture before leaving our house at Stockwell: ten weeks' work at least. . . .

In June I left Stockwell and Newman Street for Hampstead, Emma going to Dover for the summer. At Hampstead I remained one year and nine months; most of the time intensely miserable, very hard up, and a little mad. During this time I was Head Master of the North London Drawing School for nearly a year. I once received £5 from the Secretary as a loan, which I returned to him a short time after; this was all I ever saw of my salary of £60 a year. The first work I undertook at Hampstead was the design for my picture of *Work*, still unfinished save the background. I also made a small copy of the *Baa Lambs*, and painted two small portraits; one for nothing, not even thanks, the other for £5. I began the background for *Work* in the Streets of Hampstead, painting there all day for two months, having spent much time in inventing and making an apparatus. This, and finishing the picture of *Waiting*, took up till the beginning of October, when I commenced the Landscape of *English Autumn Afternoon*; which I had to give up after a

* A professional model.

month's work, in consequence of Mrs. Coats'* being ill and her bedroom being required. Having given this up about the end of October, and decided that I should not have time to finish the *Work* for the next Academy Exhibition, I designed the subject of *The Last of England*, at the coloured sketch and cartoon of which I worked till Christmas. During this period I worked about ten days at the cartoon of *Our Ladye*,† etc., and the picture of the *Baa Lambs*. About this time I also got the twelve guineas from Anthony, and sold the sketch of *Wiclif* to McCracken for ten guineas, also the sketch of *The Infant's Repast* to some scoundrel at Bristol for £5. At the beginning of '53 I worked for about six weeks at the picture of *Last of England*, Emma coming to sit to me in the most inhuman weather from Highgate. This work representing an out-door scene without sunlight, I painted at it chiefly out of doors when the snow was lying on the ground. The madder ribbons of the bonnet took me four weeks to paint. At length, finding that at this rate I could not get it done for the Academy, I gave it up in much disgust, and began re-painting the sketch of *Chaucer* to give to John Marshall; on this I worked about two

* The landlady at Hampstead.

† The work (substantially finished some years before) named *Our Lady of Saturday Night*, in which the Madonna is represented washing her infant.

months, also a little at the painted sketch of *Cordelia* from the etching in *Germ*.

About this time I lost many days through interruptions of a domestic nature, but resumed work again about the 15th May at the pictures of *King Lear* and *Baa Lambs*; doing about two months' work to the *King Lear*, which I sent to Manchester along with the *Waiting*, and perhaps five weeks' work to the *Baa Lambs* for Glasgow, all of which returned unsold. During this period we were residing at Hendon till the 1st September '53, when we removed here at Church End.* About the 15th September I recommenced painting on the *English Autumn* picture, and finished the view from the back window about the 20th October. From this period till the 10th of June 1854, I must have wasted four weeks through Lucy's holidays, two through nervous disorder of the brain, and about one through Emma's illness. Of the remaining time, about two months was taken up again repainting the *King Lear*; one month on the picture of *The Last of England*; three days on repainting the picture of *Winandermere* (since sold to White†

* Finchley.

† White, whose name re-appears frequently in the sequel, was a well-established picture-dealer in Maddox Street, Regent Street. The picture here named *Winandermere* is I think the same as that heretofore named *Windermere*, or a duplicate of it.

for £5); ten days on a lithograph of *Winandermere* (a failure);* nearly a month on an etching of *King Lear*, yet unfinished;† six days on a lithotint of *Baby* (a failure); and the rest of the time on *English Autumn Afternoon*, which last (which took about six months) was sold at Phillips' Auction for nine guineas to Dickinson, the frame having cost four. He has since sold it to Charles Seddon for £20, and declares he will not make any profit by it, but put it to my account. The *King Lear* was sold at the same time for fifteen guineas to John P. Seddon, having cost eight months' work, and the frame £3. 10s. Shortly after this, White, who had just purchased the two Wiclifs from McCracken, came here, and bought the *Cordelia* sketch for £10; picture of *Waiting*, £20; sketch of *Baa Lambs*, £5; and *Winandermere*, £5; in all £40. Since which I have spent one month in finishing the *Cordelia* for him along with the others. Having finished these and got the money, I wasted about a week, and have since been engaged finishing-off a study (two views of the same girl's head, painted at Southend in '47)—one day at this, and the rest at making a picture of study of *Windermere* painted in '48, when with Lucy at the Lakes. I must now

* I possess a copy of this lithograph, and cannot regard it as in any serious sense a failure.

† It seems to have come to nothing, as also the "lithotint of *Baby*."

endeavour to keep up this diary more accurately, but have become lazy through discouragement—yet not so much so as some people think—but broken in spirit, and but a melancholy copy of what I once was. “Ah what to me shall be the end?”

1854—17th August.—Rose at a quarter before nine—garden after breakfast, shower-bath before. To work by eleven till one at the view of *Windermere*. . . This evening I intended drawing, but instead reflected on alterations to be made in the picture of *Christ and Peter*, which I think of sending to Paris* with the *Chaucer*, if the English Committee accept it (six hours). The Christ in its present state I consider to be a failure—too much melo-dramatic sentiment, not sufficient dignity and simplicity of pose. What to do with it, however, I scarce know. To suit the public taste, however, it should be clothed;† to suit my own, not; but then the action suits me not to alter, which would be more trouble than to clothe the figure. Aureoles they must all have. The St. John is all right. The Peter would be perfect if the carnation were redder and deeper in tint, and the cloak a better green; also a bit of the right arm should be shown; but how? Judas requires a fresh

* For the Great Exhibition of 1855.

† As the picture stood at first, the figure of Christ was unclothed to the waist.

head of hair, his present one having been dabbed in from *feeling* in the last hurry of sending in. Memo. : his garment to be a paler yellow. Four of the other apostles require more *religious feeling*, which must be done—William and Gabriel Rossetti in particular require veneration to be added to them. The tablecloth will require alteration, and the tiles of the floor. Health and spirits tolerable to-day, nerves quiet.

18th.—Worked from nine till half past ten at the charcoal sketch of *Beauty before she became acquainted with the Beast*. Read *Antony and Cleopatra* in bed this morning; found it more interesting than ever, was deeply affected and strengthened; such is the effect of all history-reading. The moral the play seems to imply, if any, is that there is in shame and degradation a pitch than which self-inflicted death is more to be tolerated. Pity when any one with modern notions of the criminality of such act is driven to it. With poor Haydon it was the only atonement he could make to humanity degraded in his personal conduct. How can degraded things be still interesting?

20th.—Yesterday one of degrading idleness. Out for a longish walk with Emma; came home tired, dejected, and nervous. Tried to work at drawing of *Beauty* for about one hour; contemptible state (three hours). This morning have written notice of sending

Chaucer, King Lear, and Christ, to Paris (will the Committee permit ! ? ! ?). . .

22nd.—Yesterday I worked at the little picture till six or half past ; re-painted the child's hands from the studies, and the head from feeling ; till I became thoroughly disgusted with the work, as I have with the *Windermere*. Both are now put by till the inspiration come on again. When nothing hurries, this is the best plan. . . .

This morning I felt incontrollably disgusted with everything ; could literally do nothing, not even summon energy to go into London ; when Emma started the bright idea that we should go to St. Alban's. As soon as dinner over we started on foot for Colney Hatch station. . . . The rail only goes to Hatfield, we found ; but there, got a ride on the top of the 'bus here, in the most lovely weather—Emma in a state of buoyant enjoyment. We should have thought more of the fields, no doubt, were we not so much used to them of late. However, one field of turnips against the afternoon sky did surprise us into exclamation, with its wonderful emerald tints. And then we passed a strange sight ; two tall chimneys standing separately in a small space of ground (about a rod, I suppose) ; the rest covered with black-looking rubbish, some of it smoking, some children looking at it. This, the day before, had been a house, the home of a young

couple married some three months, the man a wheelwright. Fire surprised them in bed the previous night, it would seem, and they had to escape as they were, in their bed-clothes. And here lay all that they possessed, flattened down into black ashes. I broke a tooth a day or two ago, and the gap seemed for some days hard to reconcile with my impressions of what forms ought to surround my tongue. If so it is with the remains of a decayed tooth, the gap caused by the loss of all one has must be harder still to realize at first. However, they are young, and no life was lost; and, as the man is not an artist, there is yet hope of prosperity in store for them. And now we are at the *Peahen*, and Emma has just gone to bed, and I am writing God knows to what purpose (but vanity). And we have spent six shillings getting here, which is sheer madness in the present state of our prospects; besides one bob wasted on a description of the Abbey—certainly the silliest little book that fool ever penned, the most complete do that ever I was subjected to; fifty pages of the most complete vacuity that ever small-country-town-bred numbskull, without a shade of learning, ingenuity, or imagination, could possibly have put into circulation. And now to bed. Not even one line of the *Battles of St. Alban's*!

23rd.—We arose at twenty minutes past seven, and

bullied the chambermaid for not waking us,—at least I did. Breakfasted, and off to the Abbey. Bill at the Peahen most gloriously small, by the way; we expected at least sixteen shillings; it was only nine: bed one and six, no wax lights. What meekness on the part of the woman of the Peahen!—a woman keeps it. We paid one shilling for two tickets to the Abbey; not to go up the tower, which would have been two bob. Emma's tender state made it a matter of prudence, more than economy, not to go: and well we did not pay the other shilling, for mark the sequel. We two (nothing buckram about us as yet) went, and found ourselves opposed by one abbey-door which would not open; then one rector's maidservant came towards us two, and said that it did not open till ten, and moreover that service began at half-past, and that, if we wished to see the place, she had better go for the verger. Well, we two, being there quite in the dark as to what all this meant, naturally concluded that the rector, his maid, the verger, and the whole conclave, were of a plot to rob us; so we declined the offer, saying it was scandalous conduct, and that *we* would go to the verger's. So, having got there, a stout woman told us plainly no verger should open the door before ten o'clock. So, seeing there was no remedy, we wandered forth to spend the time somehow: and at ten we got in,

bullied the verger—who confessed they had been shown up but a short while before in the papers. I of course promised a most venomous letter to *The Times*: but somehow, looking over these workings-up and scrapings-down of so many centuries, our little tiff about half an hour was forgotten, and, before we saw half the wonders of the place, we were excellent friends. However venerable masonry many hundred years old may look—be it free-stone or rubble, plaster or Roman tile—somehow the stones of then are like the stones of now, only a little time-eaten; but there was a thigh-bone and skull belonging to the good Duke Humphrey that seemed to me more speaking in its age than all the rest. It might have been any one else for all we could tell, but we took it on trust: and there, good Heavens! is part of the man we read of in history, who was too good for this country 400 years ago, who was therefore got rid of, and the Duchess made to walk in her shift—a great-grandson of Edward III., brother to Henry V., Protector of England, and an honest man; and it is not a dream, for this is his thigh-bone. This is more interesting than stones and mortar after all. How I could have wished for a little more of the same! but no. Next in interest were puritanical mutilations, comical in their consistancy but lifelike.*

* So in the MS.: I do not well understand the phrase.

I had been here with Mark Anthony some years ago, so it was not new.—Back to Hatfield ; ruins still smouldering, but cold in interest already. Rail to Barnet, walk home. Lazy, sad, nervous again ; hopes gone, unspeakably flown. Onions for supper. Stupid state. The trip in all cost £1. 6s. 6d. Sheer madness—but *que voulez vous ?* the thing is done.

26th.—I hope I shall keep this one* more regularly up than hitherto. Having now recommenced, I must be in earnest, one would think, after such a pause. Should every one keep a record of his daily acts and sentiments, the history of the world would be made out in a way that no historian could distort. However illiberal or enthusiastic in his nature, however stupid a man might be, could he be persuaded to set down what he thought or did, something would accrue from it. To judge by myself, however, many would have day after day to record blank. I have had a trouble to remember if it is one or two days that I have omitted to fill in, for want of a book ; and, now I know it to be two, I can remember yesterday but not the one before. I know them both to have been idle ones. A loathing of my vocation has seized me. I must rest. Work, work, work for ever muddles a man's brain, and mine at times is

* "This one" means a new diary-book, which commences with the present entry.

none of the clearest. What have I done to-day? Worked in the garden, and weeded the back yard. Yesterday I turned a servant out of doors. . . . About this girl turned out of doors, let me record the fact; and, if wrong, so confess, if not atone. We took her from Barnet Union; she was hard-working and reasonably good in her behaviour. But she seemed to be cursed with the devil's own temper, which made her uncontrollably surly at times, also at times insufferably insolent. . . . Yesterday we were going into London, and she was to take Katty for a walk while we were absent. On account of the cholera now everywhere, I cautioned her not to take the child into any house. She answered, "I won't take the child out at all." She stuck to this; I to the fact that servants must do what they are told, or leave. She was obstinate; I told her she should leave the house that minute. . . . Before one she was gone. I gave her wages up to the day, and one month clear; so she went off with 12s. 6d. Her wages were £5 a year, everything found her. If this is poor wages for a girl, I myself am very poor, and cannot help it. She had a good place in all except wages, but wanted sense to keep it. Where she is gone I know not. And now for my share. Was I right? Custom says yes—conscience says no. Discretion says, "What would it have come to at last, had you put up with such

rebellion in one instance?" Charity says: "Better put up with it a dozen times than turn a poor girl out, because she is a fool by nature, with 12s. 6d. in her pocket." I feel like a scoundrel. Yet it was her own fault—I was not even cross with her to draw forth her insolence. I don't know what to think of it; I must endeavour to forbear passion in future and all haste. Had I not been angered, I might have found some way to adjust matters without proceeding to extremities. . . .

28th.—I went into London early, walking to Hampstead. Called on old White, a serious too-long-deferred visit. He says he'll come and buy the *Lady of Saturday Night* Cartoon for £20. This will save our bacon for a little while longer; I do begin to think that the run of ill-luck is out for this time, and that good will continue to be the order. Saw there Etty's *Robinson Crusoe*, one of his four or five really fine works. Saw a little picture of Millais' quite recent—a waterfall with a little lady and gent, and a child in the background. The figures very pretty. The foliage and foreground icy cold and raw in colour; the greens unripe enough to cause indigestion. . . . Thence to see Cave Thomas. He showed me a study of a Russian Merchant that quite astonished me, a most noble painting, equal to anything modern or ancient. Thomas will paint great

works yet, I now am convinced. Afterwards dined at Tom's Coffee House, then Blackfriars.* Rossetti out, so I came home very tired and exhausted, and did not work yesterday in consequence, but lay the greater part of the day on the sofa in a state of fish out of water. The new servant came on Monday; promises well; splendid black eyes and brows, and colour to paint. To-day I have been industrious, and hope to remain so for a time. Heat still intense.

1st September.—Out by quarter to eight to examine the river Brent at Hendon; a mere brooklet, running in most dainty sinuosity under overshadowing oaks and all manner of leafiness. Many beauties, and hard to choose amongst, for I had determined to make a little picture of it. However, Nature, that at first sight appears so lovely, is on consideration almost always incomplete; moreover there is no painting intertangled foliage without losing half its beauties. If imitated exactly, it can only be done as seen from one eye, and quite flat and confused therefore. . . . Set to work on the female head of the Emigrant picture from Emma, a complete portrait. . . .

* No. 14 Chatham Place, Blackfriars; here Dante Rossetti had Chambers, where I also often passed the night. It was the last house on the Middlesex side of Blackfriars Bridge, right hand as one turns out of Fleet Street. The whole of Chatham Place was destroyed towards 1868.

2nd.—. . . Out by half-past nine to the river Brent; after trouble, selected the place, and began work at quarter past one. . . .

On Sunday I began work about half-past eleven; scraped out the head of the man in the Emigrant picture, because it had cracked all over. This is the first time a head has ever served me so—three days' work gone smash because of the cursed zinc white I laid over the ground. The female head has healed. Drew-in the man again, and worked at the expression of the female till half-past six. . . .

Monday.—Up late, shower-bath—to work at Brent by ten till half-past one,—dinner and sleepy. About three out to a field, to begin the outline of a small landscape. Found it of surpassing loveliness. Corn-shocks in long perspective form, hayricks, and steeple seen between them—foreground of turnips—blue sky and afternoon sun. By the time I had drawn-in the outline they had carted half my wheat: by to-day all I had drawn in was gone. At night, *Beauty*, till eleven.

This morning up late. . . . After dinner, contrived an apparatus for slinging my work round my neck while at painting. Set off with it; began a little landscape in a hurry and fluster—attempting to paint corn-sheaves and cart while they are going; I

fear it will not repay the trouble, for I cannot paint in a hurry. . . .

Sunday.—. . . Cholera all round. Worked all day at sketching the charcoal of *Beauty*; twice missed it, at last all right. About 4 p.m. set some accessories, and drew them in this evening: at it for about two hours; all well yet (five hours). On last Friday, some frames came home; and I passed the evening in great glee, putting-in the pictures—all old rubbishing things saved to sell to the dealers or others. The study for *Waiting* finished into a picture. The study of a little girl's head, painted in two views at Southend in '46 on a table napkin, now lined and re-touched. The drawing for the Emigrants, and the charcoal of *Beauty*.

12th September—yesterday. . . . To work at the Brent by 11 a.m. Emma and the child brought me my dinner there at two, in a little basket. Hot hashed mutton and potatoes in a basin, cold rice pudding, and a little bottle of rum and water, beer being bad for cholera. Very delightful and very great appetite. . . . This evening worked at the kitten in *Beauty*, for which Emma and I went out after dark and stole one yesterday. White cometh not; only £5 in the money-box. This is all till the quarter's rent of the wharf comes in, £26, not for five or six weeks yet. What to be done I scarce

know. I ought to go and take Lucy a pound's worth of things, and can't. I ought to buy shoes, and can't. We ought to send money to Emma's mother. To-morrow Emma means to send her a parcel of things by the carrier, with five bob as a breather. This is all can be done just at present (seven and a-half hours).

14th.—Yesterday up at eight. . . . This morning up at half-past eight. . . . Rain all day ; so worked at the confounded charcoal of *Beauty*, which seems as though it never could get done. No doubt people would accuse me of folly for wasting so much time over it, but work to the best of one's power is never wasted. I am true to my intention of finishing everything I have begun, to the best of my power ; and moreover whatever an artist works at with pleasure to himself must be good if he is worth anything. It is near done, thank goodness ; and the figure and face of *Beauty* pleases me, though I shall not paint the picture. The idea is now safe and intelligible. I intend it for what the story is—a jumble of Louis XV. and Orientalism. The glories of Eastern luxuriance mixed with household common appurtenances to tickle the fancy at both ends ; nothing serious, yet nothing without purpose. Works of this kind should be intentionally full of anachronisms : to

endeavour after unity is to injure the subject and not illustrate it (ten and a-half hours).

15th.—. . . Set to work at *Beauty*, from eight till eleven—scraped out puss, and put in one with a more satisfactory *miow*; finished it all over, but the general effect is spotty, so must work over it yet (seven and a-half hours).

17th.—Sunday. . . Found the charcoal of *Beauty* quite spoiled through my having wet it to fix it, not understanding the steaming process—it is all cockled. To-morrow I must iron it out, and make hot cockles of it, if nothing better. . . After dinner we went as far as Mill Hill with the maid and child, and at dusk had tea in some gardens there, and so home; not an aristocratic proceeding, but pleasant and healthful. The scenery is very beautiful and paintable about this part, and I suppose the finest round London. One bit in particular pleased us. It was looking down from a hill; in a deep hollow, surrounded on all sides by beautiful trees, lay part of a road already small by the perspective; through the foliage at the top in the extreme distance was Hendon church. With large foreground figures on the hill in front, it would have made a most admirable picture for perspective depth. Everything alas! cannot be painted, however. . . In the evening I worked at *Beauty*. Finished it, and then spoiled it again through wetting

it at the back; but a work of art is never spoiled, it can be done again (eight hours).

18th.—. . . In the evening ironed out *Beauty*, but with no good effect; so had paste made, and, stretching a clean sheet of paper, pasted it down (eight hours).

19th.—Rain; so had out the picture of *The Last of England*, and scraped at the head of the female: afterwards worked at it two hours without model, and four hours with, using zinc white. Afterwards re-touched *Beauty*, which with constant wetting was much blurred. In the evening fixed it in frame, lettered it, and pasted loose drawing in my big book (seven and a-half hours).

20th.—. . . Got to the Brent late, at eleven; worked till one, when it was raining pretty freely. I endeavoured to work through it; but, the big drops piercing the foliage overhead, I had to give over; spent twenty minutes under a thicket of leafage. Tried to begin again when the rain was a little cleared off, but found the weight of water quite displaced the different branches from their normal position, making confusion; so came home to dinner. Felt my head very oppressed while there, and extremely and unusually nervous before setting to work; is this from smoking again? After dinner, worked at drawing-in the outline of the male head in *The Last of England*.

Then reflected on it till near five. Settled that I would paint the woman in Emma's shepherd-plaid shawl, instead of the large blue-and-green plaid, as in the sketch. This is a serious affair settled, which has caused me much perplexity. After this, I worked till tea-time at scraping away the ground of zinc white which I had laid myself for the picture at Hampstead. I found that the head of the man had cracked all over since I painted it, so had to scrape it out. His coat also has cracks in it, a bad thing in a coat in particular ; so I will have no more of this zinc, confound it. There is nothing like tin for a foundation to go upon : on this system will I work henceforth. After tea I worked at altering the little lady reading a letter in *The Brent*, which I had rubbed in from Emma the other day. I have made it more sentimental . . .

21st.—To the Brent by half-past nine : worked well till half-past one. Begins to look bravely, and beautiful colour ; but still requires all my energy and attention to master the difficulties attending a style of work I have not been bred to. Weather very cold ; north wind, which it is to be hoped will take off the cholera. After dinner to the corn-field for about three hours ; interrupted by a shower, and somehow did very little. Altogether these little landscapes take up too much time to be profitable. This

evening, wasted two hours with Emma trying to make out an error of sixpence in our accounts, in which I succeeded at last. I meant to have done so much to-night, and so have done nothing. I cannot help it, but somehow whatever I am about I must go through with to the extremity. This, if the work happens to be of importance, is a most happy quality; but on the other hand it is a most unprofitable mania when the occasion that calls it forth is trivial, as in the present case,—such as an error of sixpence, weeding a piece of garden, or such-like. The only thing I can never bring myself to do with care is writing. This has always (I know not wherefore) appeared to me as base and mechanical, and in some way I am sure to make it disgraceful. Either I spell it wrong, and this I can't help and never could manage; or else I get a bad pen, and so blotch and scribble it that it is not readable; or else I get sleepy, and fill it up with iterations or faults of prosody,* which must make me appear like a most illiterate ass, which however I am not. Oh for Woolner's† precision—rare in a man of art! . . .

24th.—Sunday. . . . Worked at the *Lady of Saturday night* Cartoon, which White has promised to

* I suppose he meant "composition" or "syntax."

† Thomas Woolner, the Sculptor and P.R.B. His handwriting was very distinct and precise.

buy, but has not yet performed. Two pound and the pawnshop is all that now remains us. No debts, however, except about £14 in all to my tailor, my lawyer, and my frame-maker whose account is not sent in : so I do not owe above £8, and have one hundred a year still. This week I have worked steadily on neither Sunday, but forty-two hours in the week, which is seven hours per diem *pure work* (for I only put down the time I actually work at art, not the time lost in preparatives). I am in reality employed at *business* all my time, from the moment I get up till I go to bed ; but I am dreamy, and slow in my movements. . .

26th.—. . . To the Brent by ten, worked till one—finished the landscape part as much as I can do to it from nature. Went to see the river, as far as the Decoy-farm ; found none of it so beautiful as I had painted. Home to lunch, after a splendid walk in a broiling sun. Afternoon, to the corn-field. . . .

27th.—. . . Up late. Worked at filling up the holes made over the parlour-window, from which I had knocked away three hideous grinning heads, that formed part of the house.

29th.—Terribly warm ; could do nothing after I came back, headachy and feeble. . . . After dinner no work ; stupid and lazy—unwell and disgusted. . . . Funds reduced to £1. 9s. 6d. (two and a-half hours).

30th.—. . . . Placed the lay figure in the back yard; and, after reading the newspaper, worked at the resumed coat of the Emigrant, from the one I had made on purpose two winters ago, at Hampstead, and have worn since then, it being horrid vulgar. Worked at it from twelve to half-past two. Lunch, and to the field from three to half-past five. . . .

1st October—Sunday. . . . I meant to have worked at the coat in the morning, when the sun is off the backyard, and then to have taken Lucy to church in the afternoon; but Heaven put a bar to the godless intent, in the shape of a thick mist with drizzle, so that we went in the morning. It was collection morning; and I, having nothing but three half crowns (my last), asked Lucy what money she had—which turned out to be another: so, no alternative obtaining, I gave one of my half crowns. I did this, not in imitation of Haydon, but because I did not like to pass the plate at the door; so now my enemies will rejoice in the fact. But yet in truth was I pleased at being so forced to give; because, if I had not given, it would have been on principle, because I have no right to give when I have deficiency, instead of superfluity, to take from. But, indeed, giving is a pleasure, and it was for the poor cholera parentless brats. Now my enemies are chop-fallen, and say pish! and stuff and humbug. So after this, we took Katty a

walk in the fields, and Katty kept thinking the horses would eat her. . . .

3rd.—To work at the cornfield from quarter past three till quarter to six: did next to nothing. It would seem that very small trees in the distance are very difficult objects to paint, or else I am not suited to this sort of work; for I can make nothing of this small screen of trees, though I have pottered over [them] sufficient time to have painted a large landscape, the men of English schools would say. This evening, there were no lamp-candles in the house, and Emma strongly advised laziness. . . . White does not come; he cannot value my works much, one would think, or he would show more anxiety to purchase, buying at such prices as I offer at. What chance is there for me, out of all the bodies, Institutions, Art-unions, and Academies and commissions, of this country? Classes, sects, or coteries, nobles, dealers, patrons, rich men, or friends—which one takes an interest in me or my works? Is it encouraging to go on? Is it not rather a clear affirmation of my not being required of the British Public? And yet—patience is the only motto—we shall see what we shall see. I only wish to be allowed to go on, to be permitted to work. . . . Emma brought me home 8s. 6d. of her money unspent: funds at present 10s. . . .

5th.—Took Lucy back to school, calling on Ros-

settis in the way. . . . Heard from Christina the first news of the fall of Sebastopol. What times we live in! It would seem that the allied armies were quite determined to show the irresistible supremacy of the western nations this time. How fearfully humiliated must feel the Emperor of Russia! what a merited lesson! Perhaps most of all this is owing to the genius of one man—Omar Pasha. Forty years ago the Russian armies of serfs used to fight drawn battles with the conquering legions of the first Napoleon. Twenty-five years ago, the Turks were hopelessly their prey, and could not make a stand against them. One man, furnished only with a lively and keen perception of the real state of things, perplexes and retards the pedantic Russian generals, till he makes their troops doubt their own prowess, they who come to conquer and submerge; while his own wild ruffians at length believe themselves invincible wherever he will allow them to fight. He does all this in spite of the brutish obtuseness of his own generals, who, where there is a chance left them of blundering, do it—the pashas being as incompetent as the wild troops are naturally brave. Then follows the ever-memorable defence of Silistria, where some eight-thousand Turks, headed by a brave man and assisted by two young Englishmen, left to themselves for six weeks (while upwards of one hundred and fifty

thousand English, French, and Turkish soldiers are *doing nothing*, not fifty miles distant), end by defeating the efforts of forty-thousand Russians to take the place by storm or bribery (much to the inexpectancy of all parties, it is whispered—oh dark and hideous suspicion!), and cause the Russians crestfallen to abandon Turkey. “For,” say they, “if a Turkish rabble can serve us thus, what were we, pitted against French and English?” Again, say French and English soldiers, “If Turks can handle them thus, what must be expected of *us*?” And so the huge reputation shrinks up, like the decline of an Academician, or any other titled, decorated, and legalized humbug; and nothing remains but bitterness, and the necessity (through long habit) of speaking pompously. To what pitch is England destined to soar in the history of the world? Externally a far-shining glory to all the earth, and an example: internally, a prey to snobbishness and the worship of gold and tinsel—a place chiefly for sneaks and lacqueys, and any who can fawn and clutch, or dress clean at church, and connive. The deepest pondering alas! brings me back to old and nothing-original conclusions—that the Aristocracy of this country presses, with torpedo-influence, all classes of men and works; commerce alone is free from their intermeddling, and thoroughly successful. In all else

—be it war, literature, art, or science—we are great, if great, in *spite* of them, and the depressing influence of established authority taking the precedence of merit and justice. And yet every one would avert revolutions as still worse. Abroad, somehow, things are managed with more of the feeling of modern improvement and common-sense justice; even amid the crash of breaking-up governments, and violations of personal liberties and rights. Here the government—with our boasted nobility, the greatest in the world—takes the lead in all that is dullest and stupidest; and the genius of the nation, with utmost effort, can alone force the improvement of art and the dictates of common sense on it, long, long after date, after patience is exhausted, and frequently not before a press-feeling has again sprung up. And yet such is the vital energy of the nation, and the stubborn irresistible patience of Englishmen, that improvement keeps pace almost with other nations in all except such branches of art as are especially government-reared, such as Architecture, Sculpture, Music, and High Art. Alas for the latter! Yet has the nation forced even some of that on it, witness Dyce. Our troops are decidedly victorious, in spite of the utmost obtuseness of feeling at the Horse Guards, with respect both to improvements and the causes of promotion. It would seem as if it were impossible to set an English-

man to a duty that he does not fulfil with ability of some degree ; but, were the Napoleonic spirit of promoting and evoking merit the rule with us in lieu of *family interests*, what height should we attain to in the scale of glory and the world's wonder ! But this world is a mere mouse-trap—a trap baited to catch poor, greedy, selfish, stupid man, who thinks himself so precious clever, while damning his soul to feed his guts ; a most cunningly devised trap forsooth, where the utmost circumspection and wisdom, aided by the purest intentions, shall hardly serve to keep a man's heels free. Alas ! the poor selfish man is baited on all sides. Gluttony, lechery, glory, were the least chances of destruction, where a wretch may serve two ends, the safety of a nation and his own damnation ; or thinks still more cunningly to save his selfish soul by selfish religion, and a giving up of man for God, and thinking to win God's notice and refuge by forced marches, leaving all others behind. Alas ! man shall forget himself in the community of being : woe to the temerity that would call down the searching eye on his individuality ! Therefore is the Eternal shrouded in impenetrable mystery : otherwise who but themselves would be first to seek him ? Whoever feels a tenderness for a fellow being worships God in the act,—nay, a kind feeling for a dog or a cat shall

not pass unnoticed ; but woe to the self-seeker and him who despises the poor—

“ Whose belly with thy treasure hid
Thou fill'st : they children have
In plenty ; of their goods the rest
They to their children leave.

“ But as for me, I thine own face
In righteousness will see,
And with thy likeness when I wake
I satisfied shall be.”

6th.—. . . Off to the field ; rain ; worked about one hour and a-half under an umbrella, at the swedes. Rain drove me off ; came home and dined. At half-past three prepared all our plate (six teaspoons), all the jewelry, my watch, opera-glass, and bronzes, to take into London to the pawnbroker's. Stayed unconsciously too long at dinner. After dinner it rained so furiously that I hesitated, and finally remitted the expedition, so I have the pleasant task for the morning (two hours). Funds reduced to three shillings, and two more that Lucy has left behind.

7th.—Walked into London. Raised £11 ; bought Lucy some things, and self a pair of shoes. Called on Thomas. Heard from him some curious details of

the cholera, which raged furiously round his two streets,* but did not molest *them*. Bodies taken from Middlesex Hospital in vans. In the pest-stricken streets groups of women and children frantic for their relations taken off. Police and others with stretchers running about. Undertakers as common as other people in the streets running about with coffins, like lamplighters. Hearses with coffins outside as well as in; people following in cabs. One funeral consisted of a cab, with coffin atop, and people inside. Thomas and family all well. . . . Heard of the taking of Sebastopol being all a lie, so my flaming up to epic pitch was unnecessary and unwarranted. "Sic transit gloria" &c. However, let me, before it is too late to prophesy, declare it my conviction that the allies acted [like] imbeciles, to allow the Austrians to take the Principalities without first having *fought* the Russians—so. Next, our government acted like imbeciles to imagine the Emperor of Russia would withdraw his troops without force, and so waste precious time. Next, the government has acted with pusillanimity in not requiring more of Dundas in the Black Sea. Next, it is disgraceful to the nation that, while all the powerful places of the Baltic and Black Sea

* The two streets were (I think) Titchfield Street, Marylebone, and Torrington Square.

have been hitherto unmolested [?] some unfortunate Laplanders in the White Sea should be murdered in their houses, and ruined, to no earthly purpose, under the pretext of war. Surely, surely, this nation is powerful enough to enable them to do grace to the poor inhabitants of the Frozen Ocean. What a pity Captain Lyons cannot be exchanged with Admiral Dundas! In the regions where Nature shows herself so cruel, man should (fear of the Almighty would suggest) be awed into charity. And so the capital of Lapland (combining antiquity of most strange and foreign character with mysterious remoteness almost unearthly) is reduced to a heap of ashes by a set of semi-barbarous sailors. Very likely that neither Captain Lyons nor any of his crew are elevated (in literary knowledge, feeling for art, morals, or the world's best interests) much above the rank of shop-keepers or any other mechanically civilized savages. The men, whatever or wherever set to do, will do their work; this is certain; but they are unequally officered, and the want of vigour and unanimity at home is very sadly apparent. Lord John would perhaps sniff and snort could he read this—and what in sooth *can* I know about the matter? Yet sure it is that men of genius and vigour have been in politics, and it wants no ghosts to tell us that Austria is false at heart, and Russia in want of vigorous licking.

10th.—. . . I hope Sebastopol is done ; I hope also White will come and be done.

Could I but see him here once more,
That shining bald-pate deep old file,
Oh how I'd meet him at my door,
And greet him with a pleasant smile !

His blarney soft I'd suck it in,
Nor let his comments stir my bile ;
And when my hand once grasped his tin
How kindly on him I would smile !

And as he strained my hand, full fain
My daubs were in his cab the while,
And promised soon to come again,
Oh how I'd smile him back his smile !

11th.—The field again.—Sunshine when I did not want it, cold and wind when it went. Worked at the trees and improved them—found the turnips too difficult to do anything with of a serious kind. I don't know if it would be possible to paint them well ; they change from day to day. An unpleasant and profitless day (eight hours).

12th.—Up latish—bath. Saw my turnips were all false in colour : ruminated over this disgrace, and tried to retrieve it. Put it in some shape, ready to take out in the afternoon. Set to work at the coat from lay-

figure in back yard—very cold—worked till four at it. Then to the swedes. Found the gate nailed up and brambled; had to go round by a *détour*, but in and set to work; but not much good. Tried to get the main tree more in harmony; a little to the swedes—men in the field pulling them. At night the cartoon (seven hours).

13th.—Beautiful day. Meant to walk into Hampstead, feeling strangely idle. Emma, being better of her cramp, came for a walk instead. Exquisite day: hedges all gold, rubies, and emeralds, defying all “white grounds” to yield the like. About one to work at the coat from self in a glass, back yard. Altered the folds of day before; made it all right, nearly done. Afterwards to the field—for last time, thank Heaven. I am sick of it; I have now only to work at home at it to put in a little harmony. A labourer came and looked, and, stuttering fearfully, expressed admiration, which ended in his supposing he could not beg half a pint of beer—one whom I used to look upon as a respectable man. I gave the degraded wretch twopence and scorn (five hours).

14th.—To-day one of fearful idleness, self-abasement, and disgust. Emma got up; I went down to breakfast with her, unwashed and only half dressed. I intended working at the coat, then walking to Hampstead to purchase flannel for Emma and baby-clothes.

I sat down to write to Gabriel a few lines about his calf,* and like an ass must write in verse—bad rhymes. Spent till one o'clock, and lunched—still unwashed—then read the paper—still unwashed till half-past four: "Oh that it should be so!" Then dressed and took Katty out—then we dined—then read the paper to Emma; the dear is poorly and nervous. This is the true and particular history of a day—a piteous thing to tell of.

15th, Sunday.—Worked at the coat out in the yard—then indoors, driven in by fog, then fine and out again. Five hours in all. . . .

16th.—Reflected seriously on my money position. Found I should have four weeks' money, and the same credit; after which something must be done if White does not come. Decided on going the next day to collect my rent at Greenwich, and to look up acquaintances in London, to see what might turn up (three hours).

17th.—Walked to Holloway, 'bus to City, rail to Greenwich and back. Got my quarter's rent. Called on Robert Dickinson; tried to find John Seddon. Called on my poor old aunt Brown, and on the Rossettis—heard of Woolner's return.†

* The calf in the picture named *Found*, begun by Dante Gabriel Rossetti by this date.

† Woolner had tried his fortune in Australia, and had now returned to England.

18th.—A complete blank. Have done nothing all day, but sit by the fire with Emma and try to think of ways towards means, ineffectual. Could think of anything else but that; romped with Katty. A pitiable day.

19th.—To Gravesend to take my daughter her winter-things and a trunk. Met Shenton who had forgot his purse, lent him half-a-crown. Saw his Art-Union Print of *Cœur de Lion* :* not very good. Has taken I think six years. Find that he lives at Hendon, and is great friends with the old rascally Vicar there whom we nicknamed Judas from his iniquitous looks and conduct, especially towards cats. Helen Bromley's eldest daughter very sadly ill; mine quite well. Walked home from the Camden Station; walked altogether seventeen miles, spent £1. 12s. Read a number of Thackeray's *Newcomes*—good, females equal to Shakespeare, in all worldliness perfect; his artists all asses, and his knowledge on that head about at zero.

20th.—Up late—no bath—still lazy, dreamy, and incompetent. Worked at the draperies of *Our Ladye* about two hours; headache (two hours).

21st.—Wrote reluctantly to White; but with some appearance of a reason, the infamous scoundrel Rey-

* *The Death of Richard Cœur de Lion*, painted by John Cross.

nolds* having published in his Miscellany the wood-cut (that was formerly in *The People's Journal*) of *Wiclif*. Worked at the draperies about four hours. A letter from old Bamford, to ask me to make a portrait from the one I formerly painted of his son, since just lost in the *Lady Nugent*. Some sort of tin tumbling in, and the old saying of an ill wind very truly exemplified (five hours).

22nd, Sunday.—Up at half-past eight—bath. Worked well all day at the *Lady of Saturday*: finished the drapery, and began spoiling the heads.

23rd.—Up at half-past nine—no bath—to work at the *Ladye*. Found part of the drapery bad, rubbed it out, heightened the seat she sits on, mended the heads again; did a great deal, but not finished yet. Any one might be surprised to read how I work whole days on an old drawing done many years since, and which I have twice worked over since it was rejected from the Royal Academy in '47, and now under promise of sale to White for £20. But I cannot help it. When I see a work going out of my hands, it is but natural, if I see some little defect, that I should try to mend it, and what follows is out of my power to direct: if I give one touch to a head, I give myself

* G. W. M. Reynolds, a well-known novelist and demagogic journalist of that period: he published a serial called *Reynolds's Miscellany*. The existing weekly paper, *Reynolds's Newspaper*, was, I think, founded by him.

three days' work, and spoil it half-a-dozen times over. This is invariable. Is it so with every one? Alas! . . .

24th.—Bought colours, vehicles, etc. Called on divers beings—out. Came home in the rain—spoiled my clothes to save eighteen pence. . . .

29th.—To dine with the Rossettis, to meet Woolner; found him very strangely altered. . .

2nd December.—To-day no work. Woolner dined here last night, and this morning Rossetti took a walk with him and me, and then went into London with him. I walked out with Emma; and then over to Hendon, to arrange with Smart our grocer about not paying him and getting credit. Yesterday I worked on the tarpaulin over the Lady's knees in *The Last of England*. *Three hours*. Woolner, who ought to know, likes it well; also the subject for which I painted the background at Hampstead—called *Work*. Since the 12th [November] Gabriel has still been here, and I have omitted filling up in consequence, not choosing he should know of this. To the best of my recollection, I have worked as follows: 26th [November].—Began painting the tarpaulin out in the back yard, having arranged bars to the chair in which the lay-figure sits like a Guy (four hours). . . . 30th.—Beautiful day. Worked well at the shawl in the open air. Now that the pattern is all drawn and

covered with a tint, I put-in the outdoor effect. To have painted it all out of doors would have taken six weeks of intense cold and suffering, and perhaps have failed. . .

3rd December.—After dinner tried to think of ways towards means; could not think of anything else—fell asleep. No decision as yet: £8 left (two and a half hours).

4th.—Up late—to work about one till four at shawl. Went to the farm with Emma to see Rossetti's calf. . . .

5th.—Up at half-past eight. . . National Gallery: absurd old pictures bought by Dyce.* An Albert Durer,† however, very fine, though not painted, rather *mapped*; a Masaccio‡ with fine in it. Bad Rembrandts, and a worse Wilkie—*The Beadle*.§ Altogether it goes from weak to foolish; faults of last year corrected by faults of this. . . .

13th.—Finished the background of *Beauty*, and

* The “absurd old pictures” include, apparently, an *Ecce Homo* by Mattia di Giovanni, the *Vision of St. Bernara* by Lippo Lippi, &c.

† The so-called Albert Durer is now ascribed to Baldung—*Head of a Senator*.

‡ The picture that Brown terms a Masaccio was, I think, a portrait—a very telling one. No work now figures under the name of that master in the National Gallery.

§ The Rembrandts and Wilkie had been bequeathed to the Gallery—not purchased by Dyce.

lettered it afresh, and pasted in frame; then wrote the letter to Secretary Mogford of the Sketch-Exhibition. I have sent this morning *The Brent* to this place, and to-morrow go the *Studies of Heads*, and *Beauty*. . . .

14th.—. . . . Went to National Gallery. Met Woolner; his statue of Wentworth the Lag* not a safe bill yet—poor Woolner! The Lag has some idea of being done by some greater artist, and going down to posterity more beautiful. Walked home from the Archway with a bad foot. Evening, suffered severely. . . .

16th.—Worked at the landscape of the turnip-field. Took off dirt and inequalities of surface, and re-touched the corn-part of it. Evening, idle and suffering (two hours). . . .

18th.—This evening inconceivably dejected and stupid. Read newspaper, and thought over our melancholy position; Emma about to be confined—£2. 10s. in the house—Christmas-boxes to be *paid out of this*, and the children taken back to Gravesend—and not one person in the world I would ask to lend me a pound. No one that buys my pictures; damn old White! (two hours).

* Mr. Wentworth, a leading statesman in Australia, had been invited to sit for a public statue, and he had been expected to fix on Mr. Woolner as the sculptor. After long lagging (hence, it seems, Brown calls him "the Lag") he selected some different artist,

19.th—Disagreeable day—foot rather better. I lazy and not wishing to work, we devised to have the drugget up, it being at length too disgracefully full of holes. Remainder of the evening—nothing.

20.th.—Wrote a disagreeable letter, and put down the carpet, and planned and directed the patching thereof—children assisting in great delight; and with Ruth we got it done. Last night also glued sundry chairs, &c.

21.st.—Took down the *Christ and Peter*, and scraped it for repainting, morning and evening. . . .

23rd.—An alarm from Emma. . . . Started back as far as Islington to see after the nurse. . . . Took 'bus myself to the Archway, Highgate, in distress of mind at not being able to afford a cab in such an emergency; and so walked home four miles, racked with anxiety about Emma, the most beautiful duck in existence. With 18s. 9d. in hand, to last at least three weeks, how *could* I take a cab? and this was all that remained me this evening. As I walked down the Grove, and very tired with a weak foot, I felt that mysterious assurance that all was right which I have before felt when nearing some dreaded event that has eventually turned out all right. I got home at eight p.m., and found dear Emma still in expectation. . . . I found also (strange coincidence) a letter from William Bamford asking me to do a miniature of

him. Such a demand I have wished for at other times in vain, and not for months and months has anything of the kind occurred.

24th.—. . . This evening Emma found in her drawers two shillings and three farthings—all in four-penny-pieces, pennies, halfpence, farthings, &c., left there at different times, and forgotten. What a boon! Katty appropriated the three farthings. To-night I have worked about four hours, altering the linen cloth round the loins of Christ, and correcting the drawing—(seven hours).

25th.—Christmas-day. Up at half-past nine: Emma still pretty well. I worked about four hours at restoring the erasures I had made in the Christ. I have begun altering the character of the head to severity; lengthening the fore-arm; enlarging the hand; shortening the thighs; enlarging the girdle, to be less indecent; and planning the glory. Worked comfortably in front parlour—rain pouring down. . . . Finances £1. os. 6d. . . .

26th.—. . . The draught from the window increased a cold. . . .

27th.—Very bad—stopped in bed with the fever—got up by 3 p.m. This cold must have been taken on Saturday, being out so many hours with shoes unsound in wet weather. Dreary, dreary, very dreary. . .

29th.—To town to see after William Bamford's miniature. The ass wants something for two guineas, yet will not decide even on this; so back defeated, having spent one bob in buses. Called on Woolner, and heard how badly the country was governed. Paid to-day the baker two weeks, lest I should be asked for three next week, and 3s. 6d. for soling shoes; the net result of which is 4s. 8d. in pocket. O heavens and little fishes!—No work. . . .

1855—3rd January.— . . . To work by twelve at the fringe of the shawl—finished it by one. Triumphantly stripped the lay figure, and set the place somewhat to rights, and restored poor Emma her shawl, which she has done without the half of the winter. The shawl is at length finished, thank the powers above. Dinner—then took the little picture of *Waiting*, and scraped it preparatory to beginning to retouch in order to fit it for the Great Paris Exhibition, having received intimation that the Board of Trade proposes sending it and the great *Chaucer* picture. Scraped and pumice-stoned it all over till it looks quite spoiled. Prepared my box for to-morrow, to go and work at the *Autumn Afternoon*, which I propose sending to the British Institution; it is at Charles Seddon's. This evening worked at the design of the Hampstead picture, called *Work*. Whenever I set to at designing I feel in the

most ethereal and ecstatic state possible. I do not hurry with it because it is such enjoyment. To-night I arranged the chief navy tossing off the beer, also the one descending the ladder, and improved other parts.

I must try and fill up the other days omitted. Saturday, 30th December, I worked out in the open air at the shawl till half past three; when, having fully resolved, I took my dress-coat, trousers and waistcoat, and necktie, with a silk cape and brooch of Emma's; and, putting them into a bag, walked into Hampstead, and took 'bus to New Road, and discovered the abode of old Williams,* who used to wash for me; and told him to pawn them, which he did for 10s. I gave him one, at which he stared in awe and respect. Came away 8s. 5d. richer. . . . 31st.—Sunday. Up latish—worked at the shawl; made up my mind to apply for a Mastership of one of the Government Art-Schools. . . . 1st January.—Shawl out of doors, and in evening at length wrote the long-deferred much-dreaded application to the humbug Henry Cole, C.B.: it will only be the humiliation for nothing. Afterwards took up the design of *Work*, and enjoyed it—

* Brown had known "old Williams" through the Rossetti family. Dante Rossetti, in his first picture, *The Girlhood of Mary Virgin*,⁷ painted Williams in the character of St. Joachim.

designed the artist* in it again, and sundries—
 2nd.—Up about nine. At eleven took the lay-figure out in the yard as usual; but this time laid it down on its side in order to paint the fringe blown by the wind. Doing so disordered the folds. Then it came on to drizzle—then the wind was too high, and blew the fringe so that I could not paint it. After wasting much time I brought the lay-figure into my room, and placed it on the table; and after much arrangement painted for about one and a half hour, but it was good. To-day I finished it, and it looks as natural as life. Evening, I worked at the navvies; the pot-boy a triumph, the mortar-man perfection, and the ragged child upsetting the barrow and getting cuffed, all creations, and the whole becoming more and more exciting. Finances reduced again to 6s. 9d.: so we drag on.

4th.—I went to Charles Seddon, and worked at the *Autumn* piece, which is for the British . . .

6th.—. . . In the evening copied-in the background from the Study at Hampstead into the design of *Work*, so as to get all quite correct. . . . At it again till twelve to-night. I have been queerish all day; work and worry begin to try me. 4s. 10d. left in pocket. . . . Cole, C.B., answered me very short, saying a certificate was imperative, and referred

* In the completed picture there is not any figure of an artist

me to Burchett.* I wrote again to Cole, telling him that, as he knew as much about me as any examiner could, if he thought I could be of use he had better write and let me know, and then I would go through all formalities. Will he answer? Waking up this morning with a bad head, I began to reflect, and at length a lucid idea came as to my prospects. It struck me I was doing very foolishly to let myself down in so many ways, instead of raising money, and going hard at it and conquering. If I do not get a school, I will do it.

8th.—Up at ten. Felt ill—could eat no breakfast. Set to work at the part of the little picture of *Waiting* which I set and began last night. Sunday began it. Slow work retouching all over, having scraped within a hair's-breadth of its existence. Took a long walk at dusk; and in the evening placed the table-lamp etc., having changed the subject into one of an officer's wife thinking of him at Sebastopol; a miniature effects this. . . .

9th.—Dispirited and heavy about the head—funds 4s. . . .

10th.—Have been casting up my accounts. Find that in twenty weeks we have spent £66. 18s. and owe about £35 besides. The excess is chiefly in the

* Mr. Richard Burchett, a painter by profession, who held a leading post in the Department of Art.

house-money, about £15 (or 15s. per week): this is Emma's bad management. In pleasure and all extras we have exceeded £2. 10s., or 2s. 6d. a week; this is our trip to St. Alban's, I suppose. I allow about 5s. a week for these. How are we to go on Heaven only knows. Rossetti has been here six weeks, and Nurse two, besides the children and Woolner and William Rossetti. . . .

11th.—Made up my mind to make up a parcel of Emma's shawl, some papier-maché ornaments, and two engravings after Claude, with the large *Shipwreck* of Turner, to send by the carrier to old Williams to-morrow, for him to pledge, if we do not have a letter with Ritchie's money before the carrier calls. Something must be done, as there is only 3s. 3d. in hand, and Emma about to be confined. . . . I am getting a regular Haydon at pawning. So long as I do not become one at cheating my creditors, it matters little. God help us. I see nothing but ruin by progressive stages. No work to-day.

12th.—Up at ten—sent off the things by the carrier. I started myself about half-past twelve: walked to Anthony's at Westbourne Grove. Saw his pictures; very fine in many respects, but all unfinished, and in a state that will not admit of their being so save by his taking them back to where he painted them. He has a habit (of late particularly), of making his skies so

heavy that they quite spoil all the fine qualities other ways evinced in his works. The picture of *Stratford Church*, however, is magnificent in every respect—save the sky; which if he can paint, it will be one of his finest works. It is admirable colour, but his other works look somewhat opaque. Thence to Dickinson's to see about the large picture for Paris; then called on Lowes* at his new gorgeous rooms. Afterwards to St. Pancras Church at 6 p.m. to meet old Williams. A nice affair. He had just been pawning the *Shipwreck* after Turner, given me by Lowes before he left for Italy. Poor old Williams took them to six places in all, and could only get 13s. 6d. in all: I gave him one and some copper obtaining.† I must reward him better when he gets them out. I walked with my 12s. 6d. to the Britannia 'bus to Hampstead. Met a young lady at North End afraid to encounter the darkness alone; escorted her some way past Golder's Green. Then by a cross road regained this Finchley one, and got home very tired, having only one bun.

13th.—No letter from . . . Ritchie, so it is well I pawned the things. No letter from the scoundrel Cole, C.B., so it's ill I wrote to him. But I derived some

* Lowes (brother of Robert) Dickinson, the able Portrait painter. ;

† The word written appears to be "obtaining"; perhaps a slip for "remaining."

satisfaction at reading to-day that the Belfast School of Design has, under his precious care, died a natural death ; not getting fat, it seems, on " self support." . . . At dusk walked to Hendon by a forbidden private foot-path, and bought Katty a pair of boots. Walked home again by the same—quite dark ; found the gate locked, clambered over ; . . . was caught for a short time by the seat of my trousers. . . .

16th.—. . . A letter from some underling of the scoundrel Cole, C.B., enclosing sheets of print again ; subterfuge and insolence ; no go in that quarter. A letter from Scott, the poet. Yesterday Seddon* came back, after more than twenty months of absence, looking thinner and genteeler than ever and in high spirits : I went with him to Kentish Town, leaving my work just begun. His pictures are cruelly P.R.B.'d. . . . The high finish is too obtrusive. However, they present qualities of drawing and truthfulness seldom surpassed ; but no beauty, nothing to make the bosom tingle. Could I but have seen them in progress ! I will do all I can to make him improve them yet, but it is late. Hunt, he tells me, gave him no advice at all ; he has been prepossessed against him, I fear. It is a great pity. There is not a better-hearted fellow living nor a

* Thomas Seddon, who had been to Egypt and Jerusalem along with Mr. Holman Hunt.

truer gentleman. He is to be married in June, these pictures all his wealth! how strange! . . . Hunt used to be in agonies about his joking propensities, and lecture him and get mighty sulky if things did not go right, and tell him secrets of great worth for his getting on in the world, and expect him to do all the housekeeping (which he declined after a time), and indulge in many whims incompatible with the locality and circumstances. But Seddon entertains a high opinion of his worth and gallantry. Hunt knocked an Arab down, and they afterwards stood with pistols cocked at each other a space of time. Seddon used to camp above the valley of Jehoshaphat, for three months, alone with his servant, in a place considered unsafe by the Consul and others of Jerusalem. They used to sleep each with a revolver at hand, but were never disturbed; this was plucky. Hunt since is gone to the Dead Sea. . . .

17th.—Out to hunt up Ritchie for his rent; got none. Out from half-past eleven till eight; walked about eighteen miles in snow. Ordered liberally of my tailor, who is a brick. . . . Funds 11s. 3d., no work, no adventures.

20th.—This morning at half-past 12 a.m. dearest Emma was delivered of a son, my first. He is very red, a large nose, eyes and shape of face like a Calmuck Tartar, shape of head like a Bosjesman. . . .

Emma dearest pretty well, feverish. Thank heaven it is over comfortably. . . . The surgeon. . . . turned out a very pleasant clever fellow, well informed, and this was because he was a Scotchman; knew all about my grandfather;* says his doctrine is every year coming more into practice. . . . A cheque from Ritchie come for £9, and I went and paid the butcher and baker, and got a bottle of whisky. To-day sent money to get the clothes and pictures back; item to Emma's mother in arrears: net result, £1. 16s. in pocket. Shoes leaky. . . .

25th.—Up at near eleven. Got the balance of £16 from Ritchie last night. Paid away all but £5. 10s.; *my all* till I raise money. Worked at my son's portrait about three hours; then Hendon, and paid Smart the grocer £10.

28th.—Sunday. . . . In a state of great despondency and nervousness all day. An unsuccessful man is a bore to every one. Took a walk, but could not walk it off. Came back, and penned an advertisement for *The Times*—"Wanted £300 on mortgage of good freehold property." So one gradually rides to ruin. This evening I have tried to sleep off my headache

* Dr. John Brown, the originator of "the Brunonian System of Medicine." His works and a biography of him have been published, and a portrait of him is in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, Edinburgh.

and low spirits, without much success. I have so managed things that at the age of 34, or nearly, after having worked vigorously all my youth, after having repeatedly aroused public attention in more than one country, and been considered a man of genius, I, far from being able to make a livelihood by my work, have not even one friend whom I can apply to for advice how to raise money on the property I have. Some people have rich friends who get a poor devil occasionally out of a mess. My friends cannot muster sufficient sympathy to give me advice on such a delicate subject. I thought I might apply for some information to old Seddon, and get W. Rossetti to ask his uncle Polydore (who is in the law) something about Building Societies. Old Seddon takes no notice of what I write to him; and William has asked his uncle, but without success, or any very evident pleasure in the matter.* An unsuccessful man is a bore. . . . Woolner. . . . says. . . . Carlyle as well as Ruskin consider Patmore's book† a glorious one; this after having sent an insulting note to W. B. Scott about his

* I may be excused for saying here that I did all that I could. I put the matter plainly before my uncle Henry Polydore; he, although "in the law," knew very little about such concerns, and probably had to say so.]

† *The Angel in the House.*

poetry.* So much for Carlyle's critical powers. Somehow or another, there is nowhere common sense to be met with in this world, neither among one's friends nor among one's enemies, nor any known set or sect. Yesterday I went to town to see about my large picture for Paris. A gallery Dickinson has found; but the picture must not remain, should it let, nor in any case after 17th February next. Much bother to ascertain if the Government packers can take it from thence when required. Secretary at Marlborough House not able to say till he has consulted the *Board*—obliged to write a letter. Running backwards and forwards all day, and the one before. They evidently belong to the same sort who are starving our unfortunate soldiers in the Crimea. Captain Fowke R.E. They seem to have nice snug berths of it, and plenty of coals provided. The same bother to obtain my steps from the Clerkenwell School. A certain unyielding "policeman" has no idea of acting without a written order from the treasurer. I have no hope in me.

30th.—Up at ten—cold in my head. Deep and still-thickening layers of snow cover everywhere all round. With this, and a cold in my head, I decide not to stir

* This is an anecdote which has been detailed elsewhere. Scott's volume contained a fly-sheet title "Poems by a Painter." Carlyle read the word "Painter" as being "Printer"; and he wrote to the supposed working printer in terms apposite to his mis-reading.

out for the day, although it is anxious time with me now. So I sit in Emma's bedroom, and, from a cargo of books I sent her yesterday, I select the *Life of Washington*, and read all day. A Godlike man—a rare example of an unselfish man. If Cromwell was a great man, Washington was a God—spotless, passionless. The book is ill written; passing the pen over many superfluous passages might improve it. But the matter is eternal, unchangeable.—Yesterday I walked into town through Hampstead, and put an advertisement in *The Times*, and sought out Building Societies. Much fatigue—some snow—and a cold the result. Dearest Emma looking blooming again in a new cotton wrapper. . .

Wednesday [31st.] . . . To Pall Mall. Entered the Winter Exhibition. Saw my "Studies of Head" there, but not the other two, viz.: *Beauty*, and *The Brent*. I had no catalogue, and I asked no questions, but I feel pretty certain they were not there. Slap No. 1. Then I walked in fast snow to the British Institution, having received an intimation that it was varnishing-day, which means "Your picture is hung." I looked everywhere but could not find it, and pretty sure feel I it is *not* hung. Slap No. 2. No answer about the large picture from Marlborough House. Slap No. 3. Altogether I begin to feel as though the tide were against me. Told R. Dickinson I did not

feel in spirits to come and work at the large picture ; went home with a determination to work vigorously at the small one. Thursday worked at it about three hours ; scraped out the table-cloth three times, and at last made it right with a dash. Got very pleased with it. Went to Hampstead for the answers to advertisement—found eleven. Curious examination. Found I was right in my conceptions regarding the sort of people who sent them, but that the difficulties are greater than I imagined. Walked that day (Friday) at least 20 miles. Went into a coffee-shop, and wrote five letters ; then walked home. Yesterday I painted about three hours, but felt intensely languid and inert. . . .

Thursday [1st February].—I did the cradle, and painted at the cloth, but it looked wrong. Dreadfully nervous. Anxiety about immediate money-wants, and the melancholy prospects of future ruin, I suppose cause it ; but I do not *much* worry about it neither, only when I wake up in the morning I feel it rather. Emma is very well, and the boy getting fat. Funds £3. 2s.—nearly all owing. . . .

7th.—To town ; found my picture placed in the gallery—worked on it till five. . . .

8th.—To town.—Worked at the *Chaucer*, altering bits of the colour to make more harmonious, giving

more colour here and there to the flesh ; making the whole more solid and round. Till quarter to five.

9th.—I had been to the City first, after money, about 30 shillings being my all.—Worked from one to five at *Chaucer*: White called to see it.—Came home by seven.—Found Seddon here ; consulted him about my affairs. Money I *must* have.

10th.—To town, and at the same till five : the fool, the cardinal, and the woman, giving them colour and substance. Could not manage the old woman.

18th.—Sunday ; a day of rest in reality, after a week of most harrassing work. I have done nothing to-day except settle the pattern of two frames for my *Emigrants*, and my little *Turnip-Field*. . . . Monday I went to call on my uncle about the money I wish to raise on mortgage ; found it would be attended with great difficulties ; consequent discouragement. Worked (about two hours, I think) in a state of mental anguish. In despair I called in on old White ; he told me to send him my duplicate of *Waiting* and my *Saturday Night Virgin*. Tuesday 13th.—I saw him ; told him price £20 each. He abused both, but would buy neither that day. I told him about Seddon and his works, and promised to take him there the next day ; which I did. Old White again abused the works, and I promised to alter *his* little picture of *Waiting*, as the fire-light is too red. Thence to the City

to see if my tailor would lend me money, which he declined. Came back dejected, and, as a last trial, sent to fetch my duplicate of *Waiting* from old White, to see if he would keep it; he let it go. Home in despondent state. . . . Friday, I called on Seddon, and asked him about money-lenders; he told me his father would lend me the £50 I wanted, on security. This relieved me. I walked on into town, and met a man more to be pitied than myself—poor Papworth, son-in-law and assistant to the old scoundrel Baily,* whose fifth bankruptcy leaves [Papworth] for the time destitute, and with a family. . . .

19th.—. . . Saw old Seddon's lawyer; all right. Saw my Uncle Maddox, who has got the old lady to lend me the £500, which is an immense relief. I can now go to India, or continue my pictures, as may seem prudent. So to Maddox Street, and worked till five on the *Chaucer*; Gallery full of fog. King's head, Princess' hair and scarf, little boy with jelly. Indescribable touches to all, to improve the solidity and truth of colour. . . .

22nd.—. . . Got Seddon's £50. . . . Heard that Windus† had bought four of my pictures from White: the cunning old rogue never told me this. I

* The well known sculptor.

† Mr. Windus of Tottenham, a noted picture-collector.

consider this may save me from going to India. I have felt hopeful again since I heard it. He has the *Wiclif* and the sketch of ditto, the *Winandermere*, and the *Cordelia parting with her Sisters*. We shall see.

23rd.—. . . Began work about eleven, at changing the cloak of the female in converse with the page, from grey to reddish brown—did more than half. . . . Found the brown-red tint did not suit: so, at much cost of rag, I wiped it off, and hit, I don't know how, on a peculiar kind of blue, which seemed to me to improve the picture much—*nous verrons demain*. This was a change suggested by Robert Dickinson; who however proposed black, which would have spoiled the picture. Worked till dark in excellent spirits, the weather being, however, much against doing any good. Bought a hood and cloak for my son, and embroidery for a frock for him. Did not get home till nine in consequence; and, being tired and dinnerless, I was very sulky, and abused every one. The cloak was not to my taste; I had proposed to have one made after my own design. Smoked, filled up my account. . . .

24th.—. . . To work by twelve at the grey cloak; found the colour not so good as I thought it; changed it to a greener hue. . . . Set my accounts in order;

find the little brute Oliver has cost £7. 15s. for clothes; I am an ass. . . .

27th.—. . . Called on Seddon, who strongly urged me to call on Windus of Tottenham. . . .

28th.—. . . Worked at the pages on each side of Chaucer, etc. etc.; and determined to do no more, as it must dry; so left the sky all covered with finger-marks.

1st March.—Wasted the morning writing letters to Windus and others, and then worked on the *Waiting* picture, which is now to be *An English Fireside of 1854-5*: did not much good.

2nd.—Up at nine. I have sold one of the three works I sent to the Winter Exhibition—the *Studies of Heads*: I think it was £10 I put on it. This pleased me. Wrote an order for the other two. Walked to the draper's, to buy things for Emma, and to see about registering Oliver. Dined, and did hardly any work, like a most extreme fool; my time being now exquisitely precious, having only one month to finish *The Last of England* for the R.A. Put my accounts to rights. A letter from Windus that shows favourably; I am to call on him on Tuesday. Man came and registered "Oliver Madox Brown."

3rd.—Worked at *English Fireside*; finished all but head. Cough bad.

4th.—Last night I woke with excruciating pain in my chest, and almost fainted in bed. Slept again, and in the morning ditto, so lay in bed—got up towards evening. Arranged frames for the second *Windermere*, which I will cut down like the other Windus has. Took my first chalk drawing of *Chaucer* out of my book of sketches, and settled to send it to be mounted and framed; ditto with the water-colour of the Fresco which Haydon admired* . . .

6th.—Walked to Tottenham to call on Godfrey's Cordial:† found him polite, but not too *empressé*. Told me his rooms were full, which is surely true; and that he did not buy any more pictures, only a sketch now and then of White. He thinks old White "of exquisite taste." He has Millais' *Isabella and Lorenzo*, which looked much faded, but I suppose it is I who have brightened; it is, however, very fine in expression. His *Huguenot* was being engraved. Windus would not let Millais make a sketch of it. Millais threatened "he should never have another picture of his": if he sold one to a dealer, it should be with the proviso that it never should be sold to Windus. Windus would not let it go to Paris. His

* A specimen of fresco-work which Brown had sent to the Westminster Hall competition, 1844, for the Houses of Parliament.

† This means Mr. Windus the picture-collector, who was said to be the proprietor of the medicine for children known as "Godfrey's Cordial."

collection is a strange medley of good, bad, and indifferent. Some noble drawings of Turner, however; one good Etty, *Robinson Crusoe*; a fine Bonington; a lot of Stothard's drawings; and some XXX P.R.B.'s;* also a noble study of Millais, an ugly girl in black receiving bad news; also a very queer one, of a girl all hair with a wedding-ring.† My *Wiclif* looks quite faded, but my sketch of *Cordelia and her Sisters* noble. He did not ask to see what I was doing, nor I him. I had better not have gone; it was Seddon made me.

7th.—At the *English Fireside* again: finished it . . .

9th.—. . . Began the baby's hand in the Emigrant picture from Emma and Oliver; painted them in badly. In the evening drew in the man's hand again, from self and Lucy in a glass.

10th.—. . . Out into back yard, and painted the man's hand from my own, with Lucy holding it (in a glass): snow on the ground, and very cold. . . . Katty seems as if she would turn out witty. Funds reduced to £5—not received the money for the picture.

11th.—Sunday. . . . Obligated to work. Rain; so could not paint in the yard after sweeping away the

* I don't know what Brown meant by 'XXX'; perhaps it indicates that the works were in a very *extreme* or exaggerated style of PRB'ism.‡

† This is entitled *The Bridesmaid*.

snow. Altered the drawing of the hand again; painted the skirts of the coat in-doors. After tried to get out again, but it came on to rain. I hope this will not be a month of bad weather, or I am floored—only 28 days left. This evening put the *English Fireside* in its frame. . . .

12th.—Out in the yard—three hours at the hand. Rain, then worked at it three hours in. Evening, little boy and nurse as models; he too big, so drew-in Katty. . . .

14th.—Changed cheque (£9. 9s. for *Studies of Head*) received. Enquired after models: all the red-headed boys in Finchley came here to-day. Tried to work from one, could do no good; painted-in the hair of the boy in corduroys detestably; sent him off by five. After tea another boy with Mary and my Kate for the group behind the principal ones. Terrible work trying to do anything from a woman and two children. However, I did what is the only way in such a case; I did nothing, not even get in a wax; and at length I saw some faint glimmer of an opening to begin through. I did a very little: and then, after they were gone, I drew the group from inspiration. Katty sits well.

15th.—Up by nine; took a walk, and began work by eleven. Painted the boy's boots and breech. . . Intensely cold out of doors all day. Received a note

given me over the wall by the next neighbour, who is the landlord's agent. I owe him two quarters, and on the 24th three ditto. I must write and explain. This evening again the servant, boy, and Katty, and muddled about one hour. Seddon wants me to be at his place on Saturday, to meet Millais, Rossetti, etc.: I won't go. £10. 5s. in hand; and I mean to keep it there, and not be such a fool as to pay rent: "Base is the slave" etc. . . .

17th.—Out per 'bus and rail to Limehouse, to get a net and tackle. No success, and rain. At last saw a pig-net and an old block at a marine-store shop; brought them off in triumph, with a coil of rope, for 2s. 10d. . . Then to Seddon's, to meet Millais, Rossetti, and Collins. . . Millais, when a hanger at the R.A., *to write to the Times* if they do not put the best pictures in the best places (?). Collins occasionally chuckles hysterically at these grand projects—believes Millais a second Revelation; but himself I like.

18th.—Up at eight—still at Seddon's. Breakfast and talk. Hunt writes no end of letters, it seems; being of opinion that it is more needful than painting to an artist. . .

19th.—Up at half-past nine; dressed hurriedly, and to work by half-past ten. Fine day; showers at intervals, but kept on under large umbrella. Painted

the woman's glove and part of shawl, holding boy ; his jacket and hair again, and quite successful ; ditto his hand and comforter. Good day till half-past six. . . .

22nd.—From half-past two to six at Emma's head—must see to-morrow if it is improved. I scrape it all over with my penknife to begin, getting thereby the ground partly seen through for the repainting. This head is with zinc white on zinc white ground. I keep it faithfully like Emma. After tea one hour and a half at the Cartoon—indoors—the head being under umbrella. . .

24th.—Up at half-past eight—out with Emma and children. She gone to see her mother with Oliver. To work by twelve till five at the head, without Emma. Thought I had improved it, and then got disgusted with it just before leaving off, consequently in a state of great despondency ; this is invariably the case when I work at a female head or any principal one. I cannot believe it is fit to be seen till I have put it away for a week. But to-day I have been heavy about the head and irritable. . . .

28th.—Began retouching the red shawl and the olive-green skirt, and actually worked the whole day at them, and did not succeed. In the evening an old washerwoman for the widow, mother of the profligate.

29th.—To work by ten till one at the confounded

skirt again. After dinner placed the bulwark out in the yard, and began painting it through the window. This evening drew-in the netting, ropes, and the old widow.

30th.—Up at half-past nine—stupid feeling—trifled away much time. Out to see after cabbages—failure. To work by twelve at the bulwark. After dinner, finding that cabbages *must* be had, I out with the boy who is digging the garden. Our greengrocer's red cabbages all spoiled. Brought back two red and four white; then begged two more of our next neighbour. Trimmed them, and hung them round the bulwark, and to work till seven. . .

3rd April.—Up before nine; to work about half-past ten. All day at the rope and netting, under an umbrella (as it rained); dreary work, and I feel as though I had done none, so mechanical was the work and so mechanically worked I. I now see that I cannot have done for the R.A.; is it for good or for evil? I know not, yet it is vexing. Had I not painted the two little landscapes in the autumn, I would have had time. I have foolishly trifled away my time, and am punished.

4th.—Up at half-past seven, to go into City to see after my mortgage, having made our landlord a promise to pay him by the 15th. Bad news—little hope of my being able to keep my word. . .

7th.—Up by nine, to work at *Carrying Corn* for the R.A. A letter from Windus to say my *Cordelia* is at my service for the R.A.; one from White, to say I may send for my *Ladye of Saturday Night*, not having the slightest chance of disposing of it. . . White was so hot about buying the drawing six months ago; and, after getting me to alter it and send it to him, now says he has not the slightest chance of disposing of it. Old ass. . .

11th.—Up at eight—very absent and dejected, no prospects but going to India. With difficulty roused myself to work about eleven at my pallet and preparatives till twelve; then till three at work, and from half-past four till seven out in yard. Cold north wind yesterday and to-day has given me a cold on my chest. This evening cleaned pallet, and worked at Emma's head—the drawing I made at Hampstead when I began the picture. Emma would not sit, so I worked from feeling. Yesterday she had a sad fall from off a stile, and in bed was fainting last night—poor dear. . . Millais, it seems, has finished his *Fireman* picture, although three weeks ago he had more than half uncovered, they say. How he does I can't tell. . .

12th.—Took Lucy back to school: bad cold on my chest. Took her to Mrs. Rossetti's, and met Millais,

who was waiting for Collins to cock-horsing* on hire. Told me he had terribly scamped his picture of *The Fireman*, but thought he *must* send in this year. Very amiably disposed, and humble in manner, so I promised to call on him. So we missed our train. Took her to the Pantheon, and there stopped so long, looking at Anthony's pictures put there by the old scoundrel Thomas the Serjeant,† that we miss our train again. Anthony's things there, every one of them well nigh, look glorious colour; like Constable, only better by far. Oh the perverseness of men in general and picture-buyers especially!—A story of Johnny Millais:—William Rossetti, he, and Collins, dined at Campbell's‡ a short time since. Millais summoned the waiters, and with utmost noise ordered everything that was good in the place. Kept up such a noise that very soon everything was brought, and Millais ate as he can. A modest man in the next box had first asked for a

* I suppose the meaning is that Millais and Collins intended to hire horses, for exercise in riding.

† Serjeant Ralph Thomas, a legal gentleman who had bought a great number of Mark Anthony's pictures, finished or sketched. Brown (as the reader may have remarked) was rather free in using the epithet "scoundrel"—whether with reason or without.

‡ Campbell's Scotch Stores, Beak Street, Regent Street. The P.R.B's had a liking for this dining-room, as it was hung round with pictures by Theodore Von Holst. It is now named Blanchard's Restaurant.

chop, and continued asking; till Millais, being well stuffed and ready to leave, suddenly takes to pitying the ill-used one. "Sir," says he, "these waiters behave very badly to you; were I in your place, I would bully them frightfully. Why, sir, we've actually got our dinner and eaten, while you've been waiting for your chop. Were I you, sir, when it came I would send it back—leave it on their hands." The poor man got incensed, and did so; which having witnessed, out stalked Millais *triumphans*. William suggested that the poor man would have to go elsewhere, and begin waiting again for his chop. . .

16th.—Out to pay rent. About £3 left in pocket. Tax-man called (I think for the fourth time) for the poor-rate; sent him about his business. Worked at the sketch of *Last of England*. To-day I am thirty-four, a dull thing to consider. How little done, O Lord, and how much gone through! How many changes, how many failures! Is it fate, is it fault? Will it end, or must it end me? A bad cold on my chest with pain therein these three days.

17th.—Up at half past nine—to work at the sketch as before from eleven till six; unsatisfactory. To-night accounts, also unsatisfactory. I find two things quite impossible: the one, to live under £300 a year; and the other, to do a reasonable amount of work. Try as I will, it cannot be. . . .

20th.—Woke up very unhappy—shower-bath. Frames came home last night, and wrong. I tried the picture in its one, and then the head of Emma struck me as very bad, and made me miserable all night. This morning I scraped at it with my penknife, and so widened the cheeks some, and improved it. The colour is good, but the chin and jowls look heavy. . . .

21st.—. . . Trifled away my time. I find, as usual, I have got lazy now the screw (R.A.) is off. Worked after dinner at the rope and netting. . . .

23rd.—. . . In the evening did a little to the design of *Work*; altered the pot-boy.

24th.—To the City about the mortgage, much in want of the tin. Made divers calls, and went to Lowes Dickinson's, where Seddon and Woolner; he preaching phrenology, and the greatness of the deceased Emperor Nick. I suppose Carlyle has by this time reached this conclusion.

25th.—. . . After dinner out in the yard, and painted a lot of drops of water on the netting; very cold, and I not in cue.

26th.—Began work out of sorts. Pumice-stoned the man's hand, and oiled it, to repaint it out of doors, but enlarged the fingers from feeling; and, although the day was propitious (no sun), yet I felt loth to do the bother of going out in the yard, and so

unconsciously what Bacon calls our "affections" prevailed, and I began altering the female's head from "feeling"—*id est*, without nature; and so spent the day till six, when I gardened. The jaw and mouth had displeased me for some days; I certainly improved both, but somewhat at the expense of the colour. In the evening worked at *Work*, as I did last night also; the pot-boy calling out "beeawe,"* and the navvy tossing it off. . . .

29th, Sunday.—. . . All day at the design of *Work*. This is now to me a species of intoxication. When I drew-in the poor little vixen girl pulling her brother's hair, I quite growled with delight.—A *bon mot* of Woolner's was that it should be a point of honour with women to stand smoke as with men to stand fire. . . .

2nd May.—To town to finish the mortgage. Called on Marshall, and heard that the scoundrel Louis Napoleon had been shot at. Called on Dickinson, and heard that everyone had been ill-used at the R.A.; Millais "talking about giving up his diploma." To the City, and got £460, remainder of the mortgage-money. Lawyer's bill £20. Made up my mind, going along, not to lend my uncle any of it, should he ask. After his partner had given me the cheque, I walked out with him to the bank; and I verily believe the stern

* *i.e.*, "Beer."

looks I wore deterred him from asking me. Went and lodged it in the London and Westminster Bank; and then paid my frame-maker a cheque for £10. There is a certain feeling (common to the species, I suppose) about drawing a cheque which were superfluous to analyse. Called on Thomas, in state of fidget.

3rd.—Made up my mind to do much work, and did nil but go to Highgate and Hampstead shopping with dear Emma, and home in a donkey-chaise in a biting easterly wind which gave the dear a cold. . . .

5th.—To Hendon—paid grocer, and bought flowers and watering-pot. After dinner tried to work, but could not get up the steam, so drew at the design of *Work*. This I have ever found is the way: when everything one can desire favours one, the spirit fails. At other moments one thinks, "If this, that, and the other were so, how I should get on!"

6th.—Sunday. Worked at trying and arranging the boat, scoundrel,* etc. Tried the boat green, but it was not encouraging. . . . Yesterday a letter from Seddon, to ask if I would give lessons to Sir John Slade's daughter, and to say his *Pyramids* were kicked

* "Scoundrel" means a certain personage in *The Last of England*—a *mauvais sujet* who shakes his fist as a demonstration against the old country, in which he has been deservedly unlucky.

out. What a sell is art! I feel Haydonish and old and down in the mouth.

7th.—To town to see Seddon about lessons to be given to Lady Slade's daughters. . . . Am to give the lessons.

8th.—Drew at the Blackguards and boat; and after went and got my watch and other things out of pawn.

9th.—Gave my first lesson for a guinea, and am no longer a gentleman. . . .

10th.—Wasted the morning. Came home wet last night on foot. Answered Millais, who has kindly offered to patronize me, but shan't. Told me that he had revolutionized the Academy, or nearly so. Worked a little at Blackguards and their mother.

11th.—Worked all day at designing the boy getting cabbages, and repainting sea.

12th.—Saw William Rossetti. The Academicians are setting up Leighton's picture* against Millais, it seems. Saw Millais, and he described to us with gesture his fight with the Academicians; shook his fist in their faces, etc. etc.; talked for one hour. . . .

14th.—I wasted greater part of the day I don't know how, and did little good after. Thomas Woolner here in the evening. Much politics, ending in gloomy apprehensions for the British Empire.

* His first picture, the *Cimabue*.

15th.—Began work after Woolner had left. Thought I would again alter the place of the boat. Did do an improvement, but meanwhile all seems in a disgusting mess. . . .

19th.—. . . Met Emma at Seddon's; Hunt's father there perorating curiously, a comical brave old cock. . . .

21st.—. . . In the evening the meeting.* Halliday a sinecurist and gent; swell and hunchback and artist combined;† known chiefly as a friend of Millais and Hunt. Not at all bashful. Martineau. . . Arthur Hughes, young, handsome, and silent. Munro good-humoured and tritely talkative. William Rossetti, placid as wont. Cave Thomas. . . . Woolner fierce as ever. Burcham,‡ a new artist and quondam apothecary—forty—nervous and modest. . . . Slept in Albany Street.§

* *i.e.*, a meeting of certain artists, to decide whether or not they would exhibit for themselves, apart from the R.A.

† This description of Michael F. Halliday—as friendly and obliging a man as I have known—cannot be called good-natured, but I let it stand for what it is worth. He was not truly a sinecurist, but a clerk in the House of Lords; neither was he a gent, but a gentleman.

‡ Mr. R. P. Burcham was a druggist, in whose house my sister Maria and I had at one time taken apartments. I discovered him to be an amateur artist, of superior attainment in subjects of still life, such as those painted by W. H. Hunt, of the Watercolour Society. He was in fact well acquainted with Hunt.

§ *i.e.*, in my house in Albany Street, Regent's Park, No. 166.

22nd.—To home to fetch Emma; 'bus to the R.A. Met William Rossetti by appointment. Millais' picture more admirable than ever. Fireman perfect, children wonderful, but the mother ill-conceived; still as a whole wonderful. Leighton's picture a mere daub as to execution, but finely conceived and composed, and the chiaro-scuro good; very difficult to judge how he will go on. So much discrepancy 'twixt execution and conception I have not yet seen—it is strange. Miss Boyce,* the best head in the rooms. Martineau's picture good† as far as can be seen. Dyce pretty and mannered.‡ Maclise, as usual, mannered.§ Herbert bad; the Cordelia beautiful however,|| but wrong in action. A lovely little picture by Inchbold high in the Architectural Room. No good sculpture. . . .

24th.—Saw a poor wretch with a nose I thought would do for my scoundrel; worked at him the rest of the day till rain. Painted the fist.

* Miss Boyce was a sister of George P. Boyce the water-colour painter: the head which she exhibited this year was named *Elgiva*. She afterwards married Mr. Wells the Portrait-painter, and died young.

† *The Taming of the Shrew*.

‡ A head entitled *Christabel*.

§ The wrestling scene from *As You Like It*.

|| Nearly the same subject which Brown had painted in 1849, *Cordelia at the Bedside of Lear*

25th.—Up at nine—shower-bath. Wretch again all day: painted-in the face and coat of the scoundrel. . . I have quite forgotten how to paint, it would seem. . .

June 3rd, Sunday.—Painted all day at the sky, sea, steamer, etc.; changed the horizon; made it lower and level, instead of tilted. A good day.

4th.—Placed the veil on the umbrella, a tough job. Afterwards painted at it till six, when William and Maria Rossetti came.

5th.—Miss Rossetti still with us—walked out. Afternoon, veil. Heard of the death of my poor niece Helen*—only seventeen.

6th.—To Lady Slade's. To buy mourning, and to Helen Bromley's; and made a sketch of her child in her coffin. Home by twelve night.

7th.—Veil again. I do it indoors; it would be impossible out.

8th.—Ditto, and then off to Gravesend.

9th.—While there heard of the death of Anna Jones,† my cousin, two days after that of Helen—same hour; shocked. Brought Lucy back after the funeral. . .

13th.—Lady Slade's. Called on Woolner; then to

* Daughter of the Mrs. Helen* Bromley mentioned in p. 64

† This was (as I understand it) the wife of Mr. William Jones, a solicitor in the City, and at Greenwich: she had been a Miss Madox.

dine at William Rossetti's, with Burcham, Chemist and Artist. Saw his very clever drawings of flowers, mosses, etc. With him to hear Monti's Lectures ; * very interesting, with frightfully bad diagrams—poor man. Then back again, and met Cayley, the translator of Dante. . .

22nd.—To the Crystal Palace with whole family and one servant. Saw the glorious statue of the Florentine Captain, † and much else.

27th.—Up latish. To work about twelve, after gardening a little ; when in popped old White, and carried off *The Brent* for £10, the *Carrying Corn* for £12, the drawing or design for the British Poets ‡ which I made in Rome in '45, and which I gave to Millais three years ago, and (he forgetting it) I have now sold for £8, and the sketch for *The Last of England* at £10 ; this last remains to be finished. In all, £40 sold to-day. Gloria in Excelsis. I take a three months' bill for them.

28th.—Up at nine—shower-bath. Out in the garden for a few minutes, and came in with an apoplectic feeling, heat being intense. After, worked all day

* Monti was author of a sculptured bust then very famous, *The Veiled Vestal*.

† Colleone is meant. ;

‡ Intended to serve as a wing (or as the two wings) for the *Chaucer* picture.

hard at the sketch of *Last of England*. Then in the garden about eight p.m., and came in with the same sensations as this morning. Lay on the sofa, with shirt unbuttoned and vinegar-compresses for about one hour. Felt numb at the left extremities.

29th.—Woke up still queer with apoplectic numbness about the left arm—had breakfast in bed. . .

30th.—Up at half-past nine—felt better—worked all day at the sketch for White. Seddon was married to Emmeline Bulford to-day at Paris.

1st July.—Breakfast in bed—read *The Examiner*, and up at half-past twelve. After dinner scraped out the woman's face in the sketch, and repainted it. Made the picture look quite dull and faded, and I consequently unhappy.

2nd.—Emma began the day with quarrelling. . .

3rd.— . . . At the hand of the scoundrel in the picture, trying to make him with a glass of brandy and water in it; Lucy, sitting for it with a glass of beer, spilt the whole in her lap, being asleep. Divers touches.

4th.—Emma started off to London this morning, without letting me know, before I was up. . . To-day I painted out the brandy and water, which in such a small hole did not do, and the colour of it would not harmonize. Put-in a black bottle, which every one knows is the acme of scoundrelism. Painted, or tried

to paint, at the head and hand of the healthy ruffian drunk and grinning. . .

5th.— . . . Emma had gone out with Nolly and Katty. . . As Emma was still not returned, I wrote a letter to her, the answer to which our fate seems now to hinge on. I am writing I don't know what scarce, because the moment is heavy with dread thoughts, and I must occupy myself. When I was young, a disappointment in painting used to give me a dreadful pain in my throat; now other miseries take the place of these, and the nervous system feels most acutely about the heart and chest—no pain is like this. What would become of my children if I were to finish my wretched existence, and what is to become of me if I do not? O God! have mercy on me and save me.

6th.—Lucy brought an answer to last night's note; Emma gives in, so we are all happy again. Thanks to God if He did it. Went out with Emma and the children to buy things at the draper's. . .

7th.—Gave Lucy her music-lesson. Set to work about one at the ropes and about the boat's davits; till eight at this. . .

12th.—Began painting the infant's foot; and out with Emma, to buy the dear some jewelry with the money I got for the sketch I gave to J. Millais and sold to White. Went to call on old White, to get his

promissory. He kept me so long that it was too late to take it to the bank, and I had scarce any money with me. However, we went and selected the things, and among them a bracelet in mosaic gold so beautiful that I could not resist it. . .

20th.—Finishing *Windermere* for Manchester Exhibition. . .

21st.—Looked out for landscapes this evening ; but, although all around one is lovely, how little of it will work up into a picture ! that is, without great additions and alterations, which is a work of too much time to suit my purpose just now. I want little subjects that will paint off at once. How despairing it is to view the loveliness of nature towards sunset, and know the impossibility of imitating it !—at least in a satisfactory manner, as one could do, would it only remain so long enough. Then one feels the want of a life's study, such as Turner devoted to landscape ; and even then what a botch is any attempt to render it ! What wonderful effects I have seen this evening in the hayfields ! the warmth of the uncut grass, the greeny greyness of the unmade hay in furrows or tufts with lovely violet shadows, and long shades of the trees thrown athwart all, and melting away one tint into another imperceptibly ; and one moment more a cloud passes and all the magic is gone. Begin to-morrow morning, all is changed ; the hay and the

reapers are gone most likely, the sun too, or if not it is in quite the opposite quarter, and all that *was* loveliest is all that is tamest now, alas! It is better to be a poet; still better a mere lover of Nature, one who never dreams of possession. . . .

26th.—Garden—and then to pay the visit to Seddon and his new wife. She is very sweet and beautiful, and he a lucky dog. . .

27th.—Saw in twilight what appeared a very lovely bit of scenery, with the full moon behind it just risen; determined to paint it.

28th.—Garden all the morning: then prepared my traps to go and do the landscape. Got there by five, and found it looking dreadfully prosaic. However, began it,* and worked till half-past eight. . .

30th.—. . . Painted the sky of my little moon-piece. . . .

3rd August.—. . . To work about twelve, at the hand, from my own in the glass, out in back yard: quite spoilt. Too disgusted to go out to moon-piece. Came to bed to poultice a boil; feel very queer, either from laziness, illness, or dejection—I don't know which; but certain it is I have apoplectic symptoms imaginary or real. Had a mushroom for

* I suppose this is the picture called *The Hayfield*.

tea and thoughts about death, which, after all, seems to me a very natural consummation. . . .

18th.—. . . *The Newcomes* is done. The end, though a disappointment to me as construction, is, for pathos and delineation of the “human ‘art,” beyond anything he has yet done. No end of kerchiefs might be wetted over it; but I read it dry, being used to misery in its actual state. But the *dénouement* disappointed me, I own. Thackeray seems to have got them into a mess, and either to lack the skill or the courage to get them out of it. In my humble opinion, Ethel should have died just as Clive would have been enabled to marry her; after which he should have taken to art *seriatim*,* and have achieved a position, and so have learned the value of suffering. Clive should have wept her, and then turned serious and virtuous, and married some one just to take care of boy; or his wife should not have died, and they should at length have loved each other, and been happy in the end. This would have been far more moral, more probable, and more satisfactory to me. But he is the great word-artist of now.—I long to hear about Sveaborg; but oh how hard is the fate of these poor ‘Russians! and what a horrid thing

(1) Brown had a bad habit of using this Latin word as if it meant “seriously.”

it is for fleets at a distance to destroy a town without the loss of a man! How cowardly, one might say.

19th.—To work about twelve, at the man's head till seven—the woman is now quite right.

20th.—Breakfast in bed—lazy.—To work about one till half-past seven, at the woman's hand, from Emma and baby and my own hand—Emma holding it in the back yard. Nothing but rain, wind, and sun, alternately. In despair brought it into front parlour. No good done to-day at all.

21st.—The same as yesterday, only from feeling—no good at all.

22nd.—The same again to-day, out in the yard, Emma holding my hand; and my mouth and moustache in glass. No good.

23rd.—To work by two till seven, at filling up places where the oval of the frame has been enlarged; then at the sea again, and if anything spoiled it.—The picture looks worth half as much money again now that the sight of the frame is made larger. . . .

27th.—To work by ten—worked at the man's head, made it disgustingly bad; left off about four—quite ill. Shall not work to-morrow,—have been at it too close. Head bad.

31st.—Began work again to-day; intensely thick about the upper regions, but felt that I must begin again. Worked till dusk, from half-past one.—

Scraped out the hand, but felt too stupid to venture to touch it again—did a lot of promiscuous touches. All this week I have been ill with a tired brain. . . . I think anxiety as well as work affects my head. Indeed, to see how things are going on with me is enough to drive any one mad. This is the last day of August, and the picture, which was to have been finished and *exploité* by this time, is still on the easel. At quarter-day we leave here; and till I know whether I go to India or not it is no use seeking a fresh abode, and till the picture is shown to some people I cannot decide upon going: and, now that the picture is nearly done, all the people will be out of town. I have as yet had no time to do White's landscape in. This confounded picture takes up all the time that I might apply to more saleable works, and looks worth nothing now that it is done. I sometimes think it looks most execrable; but this week I am ill, and in such a state of nerves that everything looks distorted. What a miserable sad thing it is to be fit for painting *only*, and nothing, nothing else! no outlet, no hope! I have touched the sky and cliffs again however to advantage. . . .

2nd September,—Sunday. To-day fortune seemed to favour me. It has been intensely cold—no sun, no rain, a high wind. But this seemed the sweetest weather possible, for it was the weather for my picture,

and made my hand look blue with the cold, as I require it in the work. So I painted all day out in the yard, and made the man's hand more what I want than it has looked yet. Afterwards tried to mend the scoundrel's fist, but was not so successful at it however. After work, took a four miles' walk to warm myself, in the dark. Came back and set to work; drew-in the mother's hand holding the baby's, in the drawing, which has never been done yet.—Then wrote my name on the picture.

3rd.—. . . Into London with Emma. Looked at several houses—not knowing if we should want one, or I have to seek my fortunes in “a far countrie.” Took a room at 33 Percy Street for one week, 10s., to show the picture in.

4th.—My last day at the picture, thank God.—Finished the man's head, scoundrel's hand, and sundries. At four took my moon-piece; the sky of which had cracked all over, through being painted on zinc white.—Scraped it and re-painted after five; foolish, for night caught me. After tea, pasted the drawing of *Last of England* into its frame, and nailed the picture into its ditto. Took down the *Baa Lambs*, the sketch of *Justice*, and drawing of *Beauty*, and by twelve got them ready for to-morrow.

5th.—Packed my five pictures in a cart, and at 10 a.m. started on my way to London, down the

new Finchley Road—I driving, because it was too heavy to sit both of us in front, and perched up behind was anything but comfort. However, the pony, being a mettlesome beast, had no idea of going unless his own master thrashed him, and seemed to despise my attempts in that line ; so we had to change seats. It is Barnet fair, and we were taken for return showmen on the road. As I got to the door in Percy Street, old White was knocking there. He looked at the picture for about one hour, and was most warm in his eulogium. I said last figure was £200 with copyright, or £150 without. I think he did not intend to buy when he came, but he seemed loth to leave it. At last he said: "I want you to give me copyright in, and will give you a bill at six months, for £150." So I said, as it was *him*, I would take it ; indeed, I would not have done so otherwise. Then he took the pencil-drawing for £7. He promises speedy fortune, and that in two years more I shall no longer sell my pictures to him, but command the highest prices in the art-market, and only give him a picture for remembrance of old times. Amen! say I.

9th.—Sunday. On Thursday I "guv a party," to which Munro, Rossetti, Cayley, and Seddon came ; so we* are reviving slightly towards each other. Time

* "We" seems to mean Brown himself and Thomas Seddon.

of breaking up, half-past 1 a.m. Friday I worked a little at altering the seat (on which they are) to green, at the suggestion of old White. People all speak in high terms of the product. Last night I . . . went for the first time to Munro's, and saw Hughes' picture of the Lover's Quarrel.* It is very beautiful indeed: the girl is lovely, draperies and all, but the greens of his foliage were so acid. . . . I breakfasted with Lowes Dickinson to-day; and he says that there is a fortune to be made in India, but he does not think me the man to do it. I shall not go, at present at any rate. Came home by 2 p.m. Am quite undecided what to do next. There is *Work* begun; then *Cromwell*;† then subject of the "Commission" in Hyde Park.‡

15th.—All this week I have only worked one day, Tuesday; when I finished the green bench, bought a rope and painted it, put some rust on the boat and boat's davit to please old White, touched and finished the veil, ditto the sky, and put a string to the man's hat. Called on Seddon and on Lucy this week. Calotype of his *Cromwell*§ looks very well and full of indivi-

* Must be the well-known picture named *April Love*.

† *Cromwell on his Farm*. Brown seems by this date to have settled on the subject, but he had not, I think, made any beginning with it.

‡ I do not understand this phrase.

§ *Cromwell at the Deathbed of his Daughter*.

duality. . . . Sebastopol gone at last, all the south of it ; but the French did it, not our soldiers. Since last winter, when all our real soldiers were destroyed by the rascally Government, it seems to me we have done nothing of note. Our army, I imagine, is disgusted and disorganized, morally if not physically.—Wednesday,—I packed up the picture carefully in a sheet, and took it to old White's in a cab, at his request ; and there got a six months' bill for £157, I paying for the stamp. Then to the Bank, and drew £15. 10s. 10d. sent me by good Madame Casey* in payment for my plate, which, being in their hands at the time of the Revolution '48 (owing to its having been left at the *Mont de Piété* when, bringing poor Liz's body† to this country, I found myself without the requisite money in Paris), I requested them to have melted down if in need of money. . . .

Wednesday.—Till yesterday [24th September] I was after houses, and took one opposite Fortress Terrace ; ten rooms, £45, quite new. £50 if I have a glass studio put up in garden. Yesterday I had occasion to speak to a very rich man, the owner of half Fortress Terrace, and God knows how much more property. I am quite sure he had been a shop-keeper ; but so bumptious, quite a caricature of the

* Wife of Daniel Casey, the painter, mentioned on p. 94.

† Madox Brown's first wife.

class. This evening an old gentleman warned us not to go down a certain path 'cross fields; it was all bog, said he, pointing to his boots. I said to Emma: "That man sure is either a nobleman or a very distinguished officer." I don't know who he was; but we met him afterwards going into the house Garrick had at Hendon, and three minutes after we had turned the corner we met him coming out of that property, and he crossed the road to Lord Annesley's. I supposed it is he. [N.B.—It was not, but Mr. Weire.]

22nd October.—This month has passed without entries. After taking the last-mentioned house I fell out with the builder; so took this one in Fortress Terrace at £52. 10s. a year. Intended to let the first floor, but . . . I think I must make it my painting-room. On the 8th I began work again at the Hendon Moon-piece, on Lord Tenterden's property (by-the-by, it was he I meant when I said "Lord Annesley"). The weather has been most trying: however, I have stuck at it, sometimes walking fourteen miles and only getting two hours' work: in all, with to-day, nine days or thirty-six hours. In two more I think I shall finish what I can do to it there. Thursday I went to Finchley, and slept two nights at the Queen's Head, and to-day I took a cab; vigorous proceeding this. During this month (for notabilia) I have been to Sadler's Wells and seen

Miss Atkinson, a new actress whom I pronounce to be admirable and better than Miss Glyn. Then I called one night at the Howitts', and saw William ditto, and Mrs. ditto, and Anna Mary ditto, all professing to believe much in dreams. . . .

2nd December.—. . . I think I finished at Hendon on the 24th, after which I did not paint again till the 9th November, when I began a small *King Lear* from the drawing I had formerly made (for the etching which I have never finished) of the picture in John Seddon's possession.* This I work at till last Thursday, just three weeks, when I get tired of it; and, as the purple ran, and would not let me go on with it except in the horizontal position with the dust descending on it, I gave up, and began working up the foreground of my Hendon landscape. Yesterday I went to Cumberland Market, and sketched a hay-cart; afterwards put it in. During the time I did not work (that is, paint) I did much in the upholstery-line, and saved thereby (in two weeks) about 10s. It must be said in my excuse, however, that two men severally saw the sofa and chairs to cover; and the last, [who] was pale and thin by being out of work, declared that the things were in such a state that he would *rather not undertake them*. I have made them look splendid, and the drawing-room all

* i.e., *Cordelia at the Boar's-head of Lear*.

equally so, although the things would not perhaps pass muster at Seddon's or Gillow's. Nolly has been christened since last entry, also the prizes at the Paris Exhibition have been disposed of. But the most important fact appertaining to this history is that White has at my instigation bought *Chaucer* (while at Paris) from Robert Dickinson for £50: this I consider a grand stroke achieved. . . .

5th.—. . . At Jullien's* last night, where met old White in a half boozy state. Glad to find that the prize-giving at Paris has not damped his ardour, but he talks of doing great things with it. Find Windus has my *Last of England*. . . .

12th.—. . . To the Olympic. English theatricals dooced slow, however; place felt headachy. Robson tremendous, but getting spoiled. . . .

15th.—. . . Read the third volume of Carlyle's *Miscellanies*. The glorious kind-hearted old chap! *Boswell*, *Diderot*, *Cagliostro and the Necklace*, are the best in the book, and among what he has ever done best. The *Johnson*, *Göthe*, *Edward Irving*, among (to me) the unsatisfactory ones; overdone, too many immensities, eternities, and such-like superfluities; sometimes whole pages of mere gilded wind-bladders, looking something like real nuggets, but not so. Seek to grasp them, and they bob off in most tantalizing

* Jullien's Promenade Concerts,

fashion—(this is Carlylean, I hope). On the other hand, we must allow the great man his occasional weaknesses and caprices and flatulencies. Real gold and solid weight and a close-packed wisdom is not wanting in the general run of it; more indeed than is attainable in any other writing now published, I opine. As he said himself, Roland of Ronceval must himself have been constipated at times. . . .

19th.—Worked at the sketch of Hampstead for Woolner:* it is jolly.

20th.—Cuttle-fished the little landscape, and painted "ye moon" from nature. Called on Woolner, who declares we are more devil-worshippers than Christians. His reason for the great popularity of Lord Palmerston is that he is treacherous and pugnacious, which are the two chief characteristics of us English, and that therefore, being the most so of any, he by natural force or gravitation is the King of England. However, Prince Albert *is* our King—worse luck. John Cross told him that Monsieur Picot, who was president of the Royal Commission of Fine Arts at Paris, affirmed that it was entirely owing to the pressing solicitude of Lord Elcho that the prizes were given as they were; that thē French

* The sketch of a street in Hampstead, which Brown had undertaken as a study for the scene of his picture named *Work*. He gave the sketch to Mr. Woolner.

jurors had awarded the chief medal to Mulready. McDowell* voted for himself nineteen times; so they gave no medal to the sculpture. . . .

24th.—. . . Spent the morning putting up holly and evergreens instead of working. I fear I have much to repent on the score of idleness. Read Carlyle's *Miscellanies*. . . .

1856, 1st January.—A dull foggy day. Disgusted with my landscape: stuck it up against the wall, and worked at it from a distance. Painted out all the easel, box, etc., in front, that took me so much time to paint from nature. Made the whole right again. . . .

2nd.—. . . Seddon again called, with a letter he had just received from Hunt; who is on his return, I am glad to hear, but ill. I fear, a nature that works beyond its strength.

5th.—. . . Worked at the pencil *King Lear*, and finished it; my destiny being (as Novalis said of Göthe) "to finish whatever I may have begun."

6th.—Spent the morning in a sort of luxury of idleness, tidying-up the painting-rooms, and hanging up two fresh pictures in them, viz.: the pencil *King Lear*, and a study of Major Freulick's horse—painted at Ghent when I was fifteen or sixteen—at the time I painted my father's portrait, and the head of the

* A prominent sculptor of that time.

old woman* I still value. At this time, when I first began art seriatim, and before I fell into any kind of mannerism, many of my studies are better than I was able to do for many years afterwards. This same horse, which is the facsimile of the one it portrayed, was the most unmilitary-looking brute I think I ever beheld, or at any rate ever saw Major mounted on. It fell under me one day as I was trotting it over one of the Flemish wooden draw-bridges, and peeled the skin off my chin. However, with the loss of a saddle-girth, we were none the worse for it much, either of us.

* All the three works here mentioned remained in Brown's possession up to his death in 1893, and were disposed of in the sale held soon afterwards.

THE P.R.B. JOURNAL, 1849-53

THE P.R.B. JOURNAL, 1849-53.

THE facts regarding the formation of the Præraphaelite Brotherhood, or P.R.B., have been frequently summarized ere now in print, by others and by myself: but I must run them over again briefly, in order to make the P.R.B. Journal the clearer.

In 1848 there were four young students in the Royal Academy Schools—John Everett Millais and William Holman Hunt in the Life-school, Thomas Woolner in the Sculpture-school, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti in the Antique-school. Woolner, born in 1825, was the eldest; Millais, born in 1829, the youngest. These young men were all capable and ambitious: they had all, except Rossetti, exhibited something, to which (more especially in the case of Millais) the Art-authorities and the public had proved not wholly indifferent. They entertained a hearty contempt for much of the art—flimsy, frivolous, and conventional

—which they saw in practice around them; and wanted to show forth what was in them in the way of solid and fresh thought or invention, personal observation, and the intimate study of and strict adherence to Nature. The young men came together, interchanged ideas, and were joined by two other youthful Painter-Students, James Collinson and Frederic George Stephens, and also myself, who was not an Artist. So there were seven men forming the Præraphaelite Brotherhood. I will not debate at any length why the term Præraphaelite was adopted. There was much defiance in it, some banter, some sense, a great deal of resolute purpose, a large opening for misinterpretations, and a *carte-blanche* invitation for abuse. After thus constituting themselves, what they had to do was to design, paint, and model, and one of them in especial, Dante Rossetti, to write poetry; and they did it with a will.

Some little while having elapsed, it was determined that one of the P.R.B.'s should be Secretary, and should keep a journal; and I, as not being taken up by art-work, was pitched upon for the purpose. I accordingly began the P.R.B. Journal.

This Journal was entirely my own affair, and was compiled without pre-consulting any of my fellow-members, and without afterwards submitting it to them. At the same time, the object of it was under-

stood to be a record, from day to day, of the proceedings of *all* the Members, so far as these were of a professional or semi-professional character, and came within my knowledge ; it was not in any sense a diary personal to myself (save in so far as I was one P.R.B. among seven), nor deriving from my own thoughts or feelings. The Journal was producible to any Member who might choose to ask for it—I don't think any one ever did. I used to make it a rule to myself to mention only the Members of the Brotherhood, along with some few other persons who came into close relation with them, their purposes, and their work.

The compilation, as will be seen, extends from 15th May 1849, soon after the Exhibitions had opened containing the works of the first year of Præraphaelitism, to 29th May 1853 ; by which date, mainly owing to Millais's picture of *A Huguenot on St. Bartholomew's Eve*, the Præraphaelites had practically triumphed—issuing from the dust and smother of four years' groping surprise on the part of critics and public, taking the form mostly of thick-and-thin vituperation. There are various gaps in the Journal, owing to my own laches ; and several more, owing to a performance by my Brother, justifying the designation once (I think) applied to him by a cabman, "a harbitrary cove." After the Journal had been finally (though not of any set purpose) discontinued, it lay

by me unnoticed for a number of years. When at last I had occasion to re-inspect it, I found that several pages had been torn out by my Brother, and several others mutilated. I never knew accurately—never at all enquired—why he did this. I suppose that at some time or other he took up the MS. in a more or less haphazard way, and noticed in it some things which he did not care to have on record regarding himself, and also in all likelihood regarding Miss Elizabeth Siddal, to whom he was then engaged. Not that I recorded anything whatever in a spirit of detraction or ill-nature concerning either of them—far from that.

Thus the P.R.B. Journal is now much more fragmentary than it need have been—for the portion destroyed by my Brother amounted, I dare say, to a fair fifth of the whole. In what remains a good deal is mere plodding journey-work, of no interest to myself, still less to others. The extracts here presented may constitute something like a half of the extant MS.—less rather than more.

I am aware that even these extracts are not written in an entertaining style: the Journal was intended to be simply, and rather servilely, a compendium of *facts*. It is however a highly authentic account of the early stages in a movement which proved of great importance, and to which much and increasing public interest has attached—a movement in which men of

staunch achievement and eminent name bore the leading parts. As such, I suppose that the P.R.B. Journal may be regarded in some quarters as a document not undeserving of attention.

May 1849.

Tuesday 15th.—At Millais's—Hunt, Stephens, Collinson, Gabriel, and myself. Gabriel brought with him his design of *Dante drawing the figure of an Angel* on the first anniversary of Beatrice's death* which he completed in the course of the day, and intends for Millais. Millais has done some figures of the populace in his design of *The Abbey at Caen*† since last night, and has also continued painting on the beard in the head of Ferdinand listening to Ariel, being that of Stephens. He says he has begun his "Castle-moat" poem‡ and is to continue it after

* This pen-and-ink design was quite different from the water-colour which Dante Rossetti afterwards executed of the same subject. The design was sold in 1898 among other works which had remained in the hands of Sir John Millais up to his death.

† This design (we all considered it a very fine one, and with good reason) represented the spoliation of the grave of Queen Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror. It was included in the Millais Exhibition of 1886.

‡ About this poem I remember now next to nothing. I suppose it was never finished.

we left (one o'clock). The plan of writing this diary was fixed, and will, I am in hopes, be steadily persevered in. We minutely analysed such defects as there are in Patmore's *River* from Gabriel's recitation; who also read his poem (in progress) intended as introductory to the *Vita Nuova**. . . .

Wednesday 16th.—Gabriel began redesigning *Kate the Queen*†. . . .

Thursday 17th.—Millais called on us in the evening. He has gone on with his Caen Nunnery design, and has put in some fat men, finding his general tendency to be towards thin ones. He is also progressing with his poem (the Castle-moat subject). . . .

Saturday 19th.—. . . Hunt . . . is getting on with his *Monk succoured by the ancient Britons* in time of persecution. Woolner has done four of his heads commissioned by Cottingham‡—Raphael, Michelangelo, Titian, and Leonardo—and is engaged on Vandyck. . . . I understand that the *Court Journal*, speaking of a picture by one Walters that has been rejected, exclaims against the injustice, considering

* No doubt the poem named *Dante at Verona*.

† From a song in Browning's *Pippa Passes*.

‡ Cottingham was an architect, who first came into our circle by offering to buy Rossetti's earliest picture, *The Girlhood of Mary Virgin*. He never did buy it, and his transactions with the P.R.B. were considered anything but satisfactory.

that such works as Hunt's and Millais's,* which can have been admitted only for charity, are hung.

Sunday 20th.—Gabriel made considerable progress to-day with his *Kate the Queen* design. . . . Woolner came in the evening, and showed us two verses of a new song he has begun, having the burden, "My Lady rests her heavy, heavy rest"†. . . .

Monday 21st.—Millais called in the evening, to take Gabriel with him to Mr. Bateman's (the Illuminator): they also picked up Woolner on the way. The visit . . . afforded unqualified satisfaction. Gabriel recited lots of Patmore, Browning, Mrs. Browning, etc. . . . We (Gabriel and myself) presented Bernhard Smith, on his departure, with a Browning, bearing the following inscription—"Ichabod, Ichabod, the glory has departed. Travels Waring West away?" Smith leaves on Wednesday‡. . . .

* It will be understood that the year 1849, to which the beginning of this Journal belongs, was the first year when pictures pertaining to the "Præraphaelite" movement were exhibited. Hunt's picture was *Rienzi Vowing Revenge over his Brother's Corpse*; Millais's was the *Lorenzo and Isabella* (from Keats), now a leading ornament of the Walker Art Gallery in Liverpool. Though that distinguished authority, *The Court Journal*, was thus contemptuous, the general tone of press-opinion regarding the Præraphaelite pictures of 1849 was moderate and sometimes laudatory; the systematic abuse developed in 1850.

† The first beginning of *My Beautiful Lady*.

‡ Edward L. Bateman, the Decorative Artist, who, not long afterwards, emigrated to Australia. Bernhard Smith contemplated at this time emigrating to America. He relinquished that project, but went to Australia towards the same date as Mr. Bateman.

Wednesday 23rd.— . . . Hunt . . . has completed his design of the Ancient Britons and Monk, and has resumed the one from *Isabella*, "He knew whose gentle hand was at the latch." . . . Millais has made considerable progress with the *Caen Nunnery*, having put-in the greater part of the populace. He says his poem is considerably advanced, and that he will work hard on it to-night. He having informed us, almost as soon as we entered, that he had been reading Patmore's *Woodman's Daughter* and *Sir Hubert*,* and had found several faults of diction etc. therein, we proceeded to a most careful dissection, and really the amount of improvable is surprisingly small—as he also agreed in thinking. . . . In the course of conversation, Millais said that he had thoughts of painting a hedge (as a subject) to the closest point of imitation, with a bird's nest—a thing which has never been attempted. Another subject he has in his eye is a river-sparrow's nest, built, as he says they are, between three reeds; the bird he describes as with its head always on one side, "a body like a ball, and thin legs like needles." He intends soon to set about his subject from Patmore, *Sir Hubert* and *Mabel*, "as she issues from the trees"†. . . .

* Two poems in Mr. Patmore's first volume, published in 1844. Dante Rossetti read the volume soon after publication, delighted in it much, and must have introduced it to other P.R.B.'s.

† This was not done!

Thursday 24th.—. . . Millais came ; soon after which we fell to portrait-taking. Millais's, of Woolner, Hancock, and Hunt, have come highly successful. He has done something to his poem. . . .

Sunday 27th.—Gabriel and I went in the morning, by appointment, to Dickinson's,* where we met Ford Brown and Cave Thomas. Dickinson says that, when Cottingham first mentioned to him his intention of buying Gabriel's picture, he descanted glowingly on his genius, and expressed his horror at having "found him in a garret."†

Monday, July 13th.—Hunt, with Gabriel's co-operation, removed the majority of his property to Brown's study, etc. . . . A most cheeky letter received from Cottingham, in answer to a civil enquiry relative to the price payable for the *Morning* and *Evening*,‡ left him in a state of profound disgust ; when he was relieved therefrom by a note from Egg§ informing him that he had sold the Rienzi picture for 160 guineas to Mr. Gibbons, and requesting to see him

* Lowes Dickinson.

† This would be the room appropriated to my brother and myself at the top of our family residence, 50 Charlotte Street, Portland Place. It was certainly an anti-luxurious apartment, but we had of course the run of the rest of the house.

‡ These are two paintings by Hunt ; they may have been finished, or may not.

§ Augustus Leopold Egg, the R.A. painter,

to-morrow morning on some other business. Hunt swears that he'll cut Cottingham altogether, and leave him to find another man of talent (of whom Cottingham asserts that he knows plenty) to do two fair-sized pictures for £50. In the evening Gabriel and I went to Woolner's with the view of seeing North* (whom, however, we did not find at home) about a project for a monthly sixpenny magazine† for which four or five of us would write and one make an etching, each subscribing a guinea, and thus becoming a proprietor. The full discussion of the subject is fixed for to-morrow, at Woolner's. . . . Woolner has been working at the *Euphrosyne*.

Tuesday 14th.—Hunt called on Egg, and received the money for his picture. Mr. Gibbons is also to give him a commission for not less than another 100 guineas; and Egg thinks that, after seeing the picture of the Early Christian which Hunt is now engaged on, he will probably select that. Gabriel has settled to go with Hunt to Paris, passing by Ghent and Bruges, which Egg strongly recommends them to see. A second letter to Gabriel from John Orchard,‡ the

* William North, author of *Anti-Coningsby*, and of some other novels etc.

† This project, as will be seen, resulted in the publication of *The Germ*.

‡ Mr. Orchard was a young painter, of very feeble physique, whose brief and harrassed term of life barely allowed him to do more

painter, has been received. He had written for the first time nearly a week ago, expressing the most intense admiration for the *Mary Virgin*, and entering into a long metaphysical disquisition on the principle of adopting the mode of thought and the practice of any preceding age, which he condemns. In his present letter, in answer to Gabriel's reply, he says that he hopes to call and see the picture on Saturday. . . . We went to Woolner's to settle on our contemplated magazine. The title is to be *Monthly Thoughts in Literature and Art*, with a sonnet on the wrapper. . . .

Wednesday 15th.—. . . It was proposed that the magazine should be increased to forty pages, two etchings, and 1s. each No. I wrote the first eight lines of a sonnet for the wrapper, to be considered with others. . . .

Thursday 16th.—Gabriel made a study, from a girl whom Collinson recommended to him, for the head of the angel in his picture,* which head he means to do over again. . . .

Friday 17th.—Gabriel began painting the head of

than show that there was something in him much beyond the commonplace. I have a faint recollection of one exhibited picture which I believe to have been his—*Thomas à Becket escaping from England*. .

* *The Girlhood of Mary Virgin*. It had been exhibited in this same year, 1849.

the angel; and he wrote two stanzas of a French song, *La Sœur Morte**. . . .

Sunday 19th.—Hunt . . . has taken his Rienzi picture to Brown's study, and is engaged giving it some finishing touches. At Ewell he made a study (in colour) of a cornfield. . . . I finished my sonnet, begun on the 15th, with reference to the wrapper of the proposed magazine. In the morning Gabriel worked a good deal on the angel's head, and wrote the concluding stanza of his French song.

Monday 20th.—Gabriel still at the figure of the angel. Orchard, the Painter, called in the afternoon, and left Gabriel two sonnets he has written on his picture. . . .

Saturday 25th.—Gabriel's picture was sent off to the Marchioness of Bath. The daguerreotype will be ready on Monday. . . .

Sunday 26th.—Gabriel wrote a sonnet entitled *For the Things of these Days*†. . . .

Tuesday 28th.—. . . Gabriel thinks of taking, as the incidents for the two side-pieces in his picture, the Virgin planting a lily and a rose, and the Virgin

* Of this song no trace now remains. It had not, I think, any definite relation to his English poem, written ere now, *My Sister's Sleep*.

† Must be the same as *On the Refusal of Aid between Nations*.

in St. John's house after the crucifixion,* as illustrating the periods of her life before the birth and after the death of Christ. For the middle compartment, to represent her during his life, he has not yet settled an incident. He went to see Woolner, who has finished the first part of *My Lady*, and the poem is therefore now altogether completed. . . .

Wednesday 29th.—Gabriel thought of taking for the principal compartment of his commission-picture the eating of the passover by the Holy Family, in which he proposes to make Zachariah and Elizabeth joining, as it is said that, if a household were too small for the purpose, those of a neighbouring household were to be called in. He made a preliminary sketch of this. . . .

Sunday, August 22nd.—. . . That this drama† gained him great reputation in many literary circles, though not extensively known by the public. That Wells married some time after a sister of Williams's

* My brother did not ever paint these subjects, as forming "side pieces" in a larger composition. He did however, at a later date, paint an important water-colour named *The House of John* (the second proposed subject); and I believe that, soon after our present date in 1849, he executed the first subject also, though I do not recollect it.

† Something has been torn away here. The passage relates to Charles Wells, and his drama of *Joseph and his Brethren*. The narrator was William Smith Williams, who preceded myself up to November 1850 as art critic to *The Spectator*, and who, as literary adviser of Messrs. Smith and Elder, secured the publication of *Jane Eyre*.

wife, and settled in Brittany, where he is become a great hunter and fisher : that, having fallen into some embarrassments, he sent over to Williams, for him to find a publisher, part of a novel named *De Clisson*, and other things in prose and poetry ; but that he (Williams) failed generally in his endeavours,—an article entitled *Boar-hunting in Brittany* having however been inserted in *Fraser*. That Mrs. Wells came over recently to offer the *Stories** and *Joseph* for republication ; but did not succeed. Gabriel hereupon proposed to make etchings for a new edition, if that might seem likely to be of any avail, and engaged for Hunt, Millais, and Woolner, to do the same after Christmas ; and Williams says that he has little doubt but what, with that attraction, a publisher might be procured ; also that he is certain Wells would commit the care of the edition to Gabriel with complete confidence. Gabriel thinks that, if each were to do five etchings, and he were to write an elaborate preface (assuming as an undisputed point the very high character of the work), and if I, as having more leisure, were to write a full and minute review soon after the publication, this arrangement would do. Wells is a most fervent Catholic, but has not (as rumoured) retired into a convent ; which he

* The book entitled *Stories after Nature*. The proposal of republication with etchings &c. did not take effect.

has compelled two of his daughters however to do, and urges the third, who was till lately residing with Williams, to follow their example, to which she is most strongly opposed. Williams is reader to Smith and Elder, to whom Browning's Poems had been offered for republication; when he told them that the work, as a work, ought to be published, but that he could not advise it as a pecuniary speculation: he believes that it was published at the expense of Chapman and Hall, not at Browning's own cost. . . .

Tuesday 24th.—Gabriel was engaged in the morning looking over and finishing up his *Vita Nuova*.

Thursday 26th.—I composed a sonnet* a few lines of which had come into my head yesterday, entitled *For the General Oppression of the better by the worse Cause in July 1849*. . . . Hunt has been making the designs for the *Morning* and *Evening* commissioned by Cottingham, which he intends to complete to-morrow morning and present to him. He says it is his intention, after leaving his present lodging (which he will do some three weeks hence), to go for a fortnight into the country, and work on the landscape of his Early Britons picture, and from there to Paris for about three months to paint the commissions.

Wednesday, September 12th.—After writing a letter

* Afterwards named *Democracy Downtrodden*.

to Woolner* I sat down to think as to a subject for a poem, and without much trouble invented one, but it is as yet very incomplete and meagre. I composed 21 lines of it in blank verse. . . .

Thursday 20th.—I had letters from Woolner and Gabriel. Woolner . . . says that he is to receive the money for *Euphrosyne* from Cottingham to-day; and that Cottingham has actually advised him to execute in marble the figure of St. Luke which Gabriel designed some time back for the picture he contemplated doing of St. Luke preaching, with pictures of Christ and the Virgin†. . . . Gabriel writes that a printer named Haynes, a friend of Hancock,‡ has introduced him to Aylott and Jones the publishers, who are quite willing to publish the *Monthly Thoughts*, on condition of a percentage of ten on the sale; and that Deverell is making enquiries as to the equity of this demand. . . .

Sunday 23rd.—A letter arrived from Woolner, informing me that, as difficulties in keeping back the ardour of our new proprietors begin to rise up, he and Gabriel have determined on at once making me

* I was now at Cowes, along with James Collinson; soon afterwards at Ventnor by myself. The blank-verse poem which I composed is the one which, in 1868, got published under the title of *Mrs. Holmes Grey*.

† Not executed.

‡ A sculptor then of some mark and promise.

Editor, and that the prospectus has been sent off to the printer's with my name accordingly, and the title altered to *Thoughts towards Nature* (Gabriel's idea), to obviate the many objections that have been made to the old title; that he was to dine to-day with Patmore,* who had read his poems, and praised them so much that he won't tell me what he said; that he has just returned unsuccessfully from Cottingham; and that he doubts whether he and Gabriel will join me here, considering the heavy travelling-expenses. I answered him, pointing out several reasons why I think the proposal of publishing my name as Editor should be well reflected on before being carried out. . . .

Tuesday 25th.—I had a letter from Gabriel in answer to my last to Woolner. He says that the words "Conducted by Artists," recently proposed to be inserted in the title of our magazine, are now to be left out; and that therefore, as he thinks, there is no further ground for arguing the question of my name being published as Editor; that a definite agreement has been made with Aylott and Jones,

* The poet, Coventry Patmore. This is the first mention of him (as a matter of personal acquaintance) in my journal. I am not now quite sure how Woolner came to know of him, but think it may have been through Mr. Vom Bach, a Russian gentleman who had some employment in the British Museum, to which Mr. Patmore also belonged.

the publishers, and that the prospectus is now being printed ; that the 1st No. will not appear till December ; that he wrote the preceding night to W. B. Scott, requesting his co-operation ; and that Patmore has seen and appears much pleased with the prospectus, and has given us a little poem named *The Seasons* for our 1st No., but with the proviso that his name shall not transpire, as he means to keep it back in all instances till the appearance of his new volume. He praised Woolner's poems immensely, saying however that they were sometimes slightly over-passionate, and generally "sculpturesque" in character. . . . Gabriel and Hunt are to start shortly for the continent. . . .

Wednesday 26th. . . . Another letter from Gabriel, saying that, as further delay in starting would inconvenience Hunt, they are to set off for France and Belgium to-morrow ; and that they will, if possible, pass through Brittany, either going or returning, to see Charles Wells*. . . .

Tuesday 27th.—I had a letter, with a message from Gabriel in answer to my enquiries, that the table of contents for No. 1 of the *Thoughts* remains as before settled, with the addition of Patmore's poem and Stephens's paper on Early Art . . . ; also that several are proposing to alter the title of the magazine

* This was not done.

to *The P.R.B. Journal*, and desiring me to write my opinion on the subject to Stephens. This I did accordingly, representing many objections which appear to me quite decisive, especially connected with the share in the magazine of some who are not P.R.B.'s. I also wrote Gabriel in the same sense, requesting his and Hunt's views of the matter. In these letters I brought up an old proposal to get "P.R.B." printed somewhere on the wrapper—a course to which the same objections do not apply. I did 116 lines more of my poem. . . .

Friday 28th.—Gabriel left yesterday morning with Hunt for the continent. . . .

Monday, October 8th.—Collinson, to whom I went in the evening, is getting on with his *Emigrant's Letter*; he has done a considerable part of the window and its adjuncts, finishing up the trees outside to a pitch of the extremest minuteness; he is advanced with the heads of the boy writing, and the girl. He has made a sketch in colour for the picture, and has introduced another boy looking over the one writing. . . .

Wednesday 10th.—A letter came from Gabriel, who gives me an elaborate criticism of my blank-verse poem, and sends me five sonnets he has written—the first suggested by hearing the bells while ascending to the summit of Notre Dame; the second written

leaning against the July Column, and musing on the Place de la Bastille; the third concerning "the rate of locomotion which the style of the Old Masters induces in Hunt and himself at the Louvre"; the fourth on a picture by Giorgione, of two naked women and two men with musical instruments; the fifth excited by the disgust he experienced at witnessing the cancan at Valentino's. In reference to this last scene, he declares Gavarni to be "a liar and the father of it." He has been to see the working of the Gobelins tapestries, which has so altered his ideas concerning the matter that he says he shall probably make an entirely new design for *Kate the Queen*,* when he is prepared to paint the subject. . . .

Saturday 13th.—At Stephens's I saw Hunt's and Gabriel's letters. The former says that they are to leave Paris on Saturday for Brussels. The latter sends three sonnets—the first, *Whilst waiting for the train to Versailles*, being imitated from the introduction to Tennyson's *Godiva*; the second, *On the road to and in the Garden of Versailles*; the last, *On a Dance of Nymphs by Mantegna*. . . .

Sunday 14th.—I read through *Joseph and his Brethren*, which is a glorious work, but, in passages,

* The composition of *Kate the Queen* included various figures of women occupied in tapestry or embroidery work.

decidedly too full of images, laboured description, &c. From my old schoolfellow Nussey—to whom I went in the evening, and who is to subscribe to the *Thoughts*, and get as many subscribers at Oxford as he can—I heard some particulars of the poet Clough,* who had been Tutor in the College to which he (Nussey) belongs. . . .

Monday 15th.—I called at Millais's house, and was told that the period of his return is quite undecided. He is now at the house of a Mr. Wyatt,† having left Mr. Drury's some weeks ago—who offered to fit up for him a suite of apartments where he might establish himself and work.—Ford Brown, to whose study I went in the evening, and Cave Thomas whom I met there, will subscribe. . . .

Thursday 18th.—Woolner . . . has begun a medallion portrait of Patmore, who has given him three sittings, beginning on Sunday, and who says he thinks he may probably induce Tennyson, when in London, to sit to him likewise. . . . Being alone together (with Hunt, Millais, and Gabriel, out of hearing), we had some conversation concerning republicanism, universal suffrage, &c. . . .

Thursday, 1st November.—In the morning Gabriel

* I was then writing, or intending to write, for *The Germ*, a review of Clough's poem named *The Bothie of Toper-na-fuosich*.

† In Oxford.

called on Millais, and saw a design he has made of the Holy Family. Christ, having pricked his hand with a nail (in symbol of the nailing to the cross), is being anxiously examined by Joseph, who is pulling his hand backwards, while he, unheeding this, kisses the Virgin with his arm round her neck. Millais thinks of painting this for the Exhibition*

Friday 2nd.—Woolner's "character" was sent him by Donovan.† It embodies generally the observations he made at the time of the consultation, and ascribes to him a large amount of caution, which Woolner considers to be a correct judgment. In some points, however, he appears decidedly mistaken. After discussing this, we went together to Coventry Patmore's. The first thing we heard was that his doctor had forbidden him to write in the evening for some time. He is now about to read up for two articles on Russia he intends to write for *The North British* and *The British Quarterly* respectively. He says he has some doubt whether one of the little poems he has given us for the *Thoughts*—which of them he is not certain—did not appear in some musical magazine. We had an argument as to whether Browning would be *the* man some twenty years hence, Patmore expressing an adverse opinion.

* He did so—the picture currently termed *The Carpenter's Shop*.

† A Phrenologist, then well known.

He remarked that Browning appears to him like a chip from a very perfect precious stone; intense, but not broad in range of subject, nor sufficiently finished. He considers *A Soul's Tragedy* to be a splendid title spoiled (!). *Sordello* he has never read. *Paracelsus* he admires with a reservation. Two of the short pieces he particularly remembers with pleasure are *How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix*, and *Saul*. . . . He does not place Browning so high as Tennyson. I saw Tennyson's MS. book of elegies on young Hallam, which are to be published some day. . . .

Tuesday 6th.—Looked over a house in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea,* with which they, and Stephens who was with them, were greatly taken. It is capable of furnishing four good studios, with a bedroom, and a little room that would do for a library, attached to each. There is also an excellent look-out on the river. The rent, £70. In the evening, we all (except Millais) congregated at Woolner's, and discussed the matter. Gabriel, Hunt, and myself, think of going at once, and Stephens and Collinson would join after April. We think likewise of getting Deverell. "P.R.B." might be written on the bell, and stand for

* There is a gap before these words. I think it was Hunt and my brother who, with Stephens, looked over the house—being the same house which, after an interval of thirteen years, my brother actually tenanted.

"please ring the bell" to the profane. Among other subjects, we spoke of not admitting anything at all referring to politics or religion into our magazine, and decided on cutting out the sonnets *For the Things of these Days** we have hitherto intended to insert in the first number. . . .

Wednesday 7th.—This was the evening fixed for Millais's and Gabriel's introduction to Patmore, at Woolner's study. Gabriel and I went, and Patmore came, but Millais appeared not. We conversed a good deal of Woolner's poems, which Patmore says are so good that he is surprised they should not be much better. He insists strongly on the necessity of never leaving a poem till the whole of it be brought to a pitch of excellence perfectly satisfactory; in this respect of general equality, and also in regard to metre, he finds much to object to in Woolner's poem of *My Lady*, and considers that these defects are far less prominent in some passages of *Friendship*† that were read to him. Henry Taylor, he says, ought to devote ten more years to *Philip Van Artevelde*, and it would then be qualified to live. He himself spent about a year (from the age of sixteen to

* One sonnet thus entitled has been already named. It had apparently been intended to use the same title as applicable to a series.

† Another poem begun by Woolner. It remained, I think, a mere fragment.

seventeen) on *The River*, with which, and *The Woodman's Daughter*, he is contented in point of finish. *Lilian* and *Sir Hubert* were written in a great hurry for the Publisher. He read Gabriel's sonnets on Ingres's picture of *Roger and Angelica*, and was much struck with the character they possess of being descriptive of a painting. . . .

Thursday 8th.—Deverell will manage to join us at once in the house at Chelsea; but on reflection the expense begins to look rather formidable. I called on Millais, to ask him to Patmore's. . . . I saw his design of Christ in his childhood, to be painted for the next Exhibition, and the calotype made of his last picture. . . . Patmore, talking of Philip Bailey, remarked that he seems to be "painting on clouds, not having his foot on reality." Burns he considers more perfect than Tennyson. Gabriel wrote three stanzas of *Bride-Chamber Talk*. At Patmore's we heard of the reported death of Edgar Poe, concerning which some suspicions of suicide exist.

Friday 9th.—. . . As the feasibility of taking the Chelsea house looks very questionable now, considering the expense, Gabriel and Hunt spent all the early part of the day looking for lodgings and studios about Chelsea, Brompton, etc.

Saturday 10th.—Gabriel found a studio at No. 72 Newman Street. The rent asked is £30, but he suc-

ceeded in bringing it down to £28. He is to see further about it to-morrow. He wrote to Hunt to ask whether he can join him in his tenancy. . . .

Sunday 11th.—I went to Millais in the morning, and find that he has altered the position of the legs of Ferdinand. Last night he wrote some stanzas of his poem, of which he says he has now done certainly upwards of a hundred lines—perhaps much more, as he has never counted. In the afternoon Gabriel came, and read all the poetry he wrote abroad. He had been to Newman Street, and decided on taking the study. We went to Harris's* in the evening, and were told that he had occupied the same study some time at a rent of £40, whereas Gabriel has made the landlord accept £26. . . .

Monday 12th.— . . . Woolner has been hard at work these two days on his new figure in sculpture, which he has blocked out in clay. Patmore called on him yesterday, and talked of my poem,† in which he finds a most objectionable absence of moral dignity, all the characters being puny and destitute of elevation. He means nevertheless to read it

* John Harris was a painter of some promise, who about this time took a great interest in Egyptian antiquities. His face is very exactly re-produced in Millais's picture of *Lorenzo and Isabella*—the brother who is kicking out at a dog. He died towards 1853.

† The blank verse poem previously mentioned. In 1849 it went under the name of *A Plain Story of Life*.

through again, that he may be able to judge of it in detail without looking so much to the scope—or want of scope. These are very much the objections that we had all foreseen, and acquiesce in. . . .

Thursday 15th.—Gabriel got the paper stretched for of his study. He and I saw Hunt, who has suited himself somewhere in Bayswater. . . .

Thursday 15th.—Gabriel got the paper stretched for the nude cartoon he intends to make for his picture of the Passover, and began drawing the figure of Christ from a little boy whom Collinson discovered some time ago, and whom he has painted in his *Emigrant's Letter*. Gabriel wrote to Miss Atwell to come tomorrow, as he wants her for the figure of the Virgin. We went in the evening to Calder Campbell,* who offers his services for our Magazine, and will hunt up subscribers. . . .

Sunday 18th.—Gabriel began at his design for *Paolo and Francesca*, but did scarcely anything. We therefore read away at Browning, Tennyson, Lowell, and the *Stories after Nature*.

Monday 19th.—Gabriel was occupied about his design. . . To-night was a P.R.B. meeting at Millais's, at which we were all present with the exception of

* Major Calder Campbell, a retired officer of the Indian army and light *littérateur*, was a very cordial friend of my brother and myself in youth.

Woolner. . . Millais means to make the spirits in the air* half human and half like birds. His brother has begun painting a little from still life etc., and Millais intends to get him to do landscape-pieces. Hunt has gone on with his etching. Stephens is still engaged during the day at the Museum. He offers to draw-in the perspective scale in Gabriel's picture. . . . We discussed two or three points concerning the magazine. First, that of advertising; and it was unanimously considered that, as anything of the kind would, to be effective, swallow up some £10 or £15 without doubt, it will be as well to drop it altogether. In the second place, as regards the big "P.R.B." printed at the head of the prospectus. To this Hunt now most strenuously objects†. . . After our return Gabriel continued making sketches for his design. He intends that the picture should be in three compartments. In the middle, Paolo and Francesca kissing; on the left, Dante and Virgil in the second circle; on the right, the spirits blowing to and fro. . . .

Thursday 22nd.—Patmore, Cross, Millais, Gabriel, and myself, were at Woolner's; Hunt did not appear. A long argument was maintained concerning poetry—Patmore professing that Burns is a greater poet than Tennyson, in which opinion Tenny-

* In the picture of *Ferdinand lured by Ariel*.

† Hereabouts comes a tatter of the MS.

I hate the dreadful
hollow behind
the little wood



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son himself fully concurs. Patmore instanced, as a line of unsurpassable beauty, "With joy unfeigned brothers and sisters meet," from *The Cottar's Saturday Night*. He says that Tennyson is the greatest *man* he ever came in contact with, far greater in his life than in his writing—perfectly sincere and frank, never paying uncandid compliments. Browning takes more pains to please, and is altogether much more a man of the world. Patmore thinks that Browning does not value himself at so high a point as he is rated by Gabriel and me. Patmore holds the age of narrative poetry to be passed for ever, and thinks that probably none such will again appear; he considers *Peter Bell*, though most vexatiously imperfect, to be the opening of a new era. He looks on the present race of poets as highly "self-conscious" in comparison with their predecessors, but yet not sufficiently so for the only system now possible—the psychological. The conversation taking a religious turn, he said that the devil is the only being purely reasoning and analytic, and *therefore* is the devil; and he would have every man hold to the faith he is born in, as, if he attempts to get beyond its bounds, he will be far more likely to be a rebel than a seeker after truth,* and should not attempt to pull down

* This is somewhat noticeable. Patmore, who became a fervent Roman Catholic towards 1863, was in 1849 a strict and indeed prejudiced Protestant.

without having something to build anew. He thinks Millais's picture far better than anything Keats ever did,* and that he is adapted to usher in a new style which will eventually educate the people into taste, and make his works some day as popular and saleable as Barraud's *We Praise Thee, O God*.† One of the chief curses of the day he considers to be that every one is critical. Of the poets of this and the last generation he says that they are "all nerves and no hearts." He fraternized with Cross, in whom he sees some resemblance to David Scott, the recently dead brother of W. B. . . . We had some talk of ghosts, to a belief in which Patmore does not see any obstacles. Millais related a singular story on the subject he heard at Oxford, and Woolner some experiences of his own immediate relations and friends. Millais, as we walked home, unburdened himself of his observations and conclusions, and declared that, if he had seen Patmore's hand alone cut off, he could have sworn to it as that of a man of genius. His sayings concerning Burns, Keats, Tennyson, etc., are bitter in his belly as wormwood. Gabriel and I sat up to read the *Cottar's Saturday Night*, and failed to

* The picture referred to is, I suppose, the *Lorenzo and Isabella*.

† Is this performance at all remembered now? The engraving from it (a very poor engraving from a very poor picture) was endlessly popular in its day.

realize to our apprehensions its extraordinary excellence. . . .

Saturday 25th.—Gabriel began making a sketch for *The Annunciation*. The Virgin is to be in bed, but without any bedclothes on, an arrangement which may be justified in consideration of the hot climate; and the angel Gabriel is to be presenting a lily to her. The picture, and its companion of the Virgin's Death,* will be almost entirely white. At Stephens' two Tupper's only were present. John Tupper read his poem, which is exceedingly clever:† it borders nevertheless on the ultra-peculiar. . . . Hunt, who came late in the evening, is getting on with his etching, of which there remains now not much to be done. . . .

Friday, December 7th.—. . . Just as Tennyson was leaving, Patmore fixed him, and made him promise to sit to Woolner. . . . Millais has re-designed the subject of *Christ in Joseph's Workshop*; the picture of *Ferdinand* is not very far from finished.

Saturday 8th.—Gabriel had Maitland to sit to him for the angel Gabriel in *The Annunciation*. He has recently written various new stanzas of *Bride-*

* The Virgin's Death was never painted.

† I think this was the grotesque poem named *An Incident in the Siege of Troy*, published in *The Germ*.

Chamber Talk. Woolner came in the evening, when Gabriel read *The Princess* through to him, and both of them pronounced it the finest poem since Shakespeare, superior even to *Sordello*. To this latter opinion I demur. . . .

Monday 10th.— . . . Collinson, after he shall have finished his paintings for this year, means to set to work on the subject of *St. Elizabeth of Hungary* taking off her crown before the crucifix. We talked about the magazine, and are quite unanimous in considering that the first number must appear; but all except Stephens and myself are somewhat inclined to drop it after that, whether successful or not. We are also disposed to abide by the title *Thoughts towards Nature*, notwithstanding Cave Thomas's proposal of *The Seed*. We debated the propriety of having an article explanatory of the principles in Art of the P.R.B.; but, as so many papers in the first number are to treat of Art, and as the point will necessarily be brought forward incidentally, it is not thought needful.

Thursday 13th.— . . . Patmore was at Woolner's last night, and read him Poe's tales to his own great satisfaction. He considers Poe the best writer that America has produced. He is in a state of some indignation at a book that has been lately published in America by Thomas Powell; wherein himself,

Tennyson, Browning, and others with whom he is not conscious of Powell's having ever met, are spoken of. Gabriel showed him *My Sister's Sleep*, which he approves in respect of sentiment, but says that it contains several lines that will not scan, and that it is too self-conscious in parts, as in the "I believe" of the first stanza, and in "I think that my lips did not stir." Among the new things Tennyson is putting into *The Princess* are, I was told, passages to show where one person leaves off and another takes up the story; the alterations will be not in abridgment but in extension. He is to leave London shortly for a little while, and to return about Christmas, close upon which the new edition of *The Princess* will be published. . . .

Saturday 15th.— . . . We settled to print the magazine with George Tupper. An objection was raised by Stephens to the publication of his name, and it was arranged that the question should be submitted to the arbitration of the P.R.B. . . . On making out a list of the materials actually at our disposal, we find that we have enough for the second and half of the third numbers, by making a somewhat different arrangement from that at first contemplated; as there is some fear of Gabriel's being unable, through press of time as regards his picture, to get the *Bride-Chamber Talk* finished for number two. . .

Woolner was prevented from coming to Stephens' by having a sitting from Tennyson for to-night. . . .

Sunday 16th.— . . . Gabriel . . . drew a little on the design of *Giotto painting Dante's Portrait*, which he is finishing up for Stephens. Millais dropped in, and says he has been again to the Carpenter's shop for the picture of Christ in his childhood, and that he will begin at it on Thursday. . . . In the evening Stephens came to Gabriel's study to do his perspective. . . .

Monday 17th.— . . . Gabriel . . . resumed writing at his tale, *Hand and Soul*, and did some little in continuation. Woolner . . . is to have a sitting again to-night from Tennyson. . . .

Tuesday 18th.—Woolner not having made his appearance, I went again to try my chance of finding him, and at last succeeded. His delay has arisen from the second part of his poem not having yet been copied out or considered for final revision. The former task I performed, and the latter was achieved by our joint exertions. His medallion of Tennyson is well forward, the head requiring but little more: the hair, however, is only begun. It will have to be suspended for a short time, as Tennyson has left town, and will not be back till about Sunday, when he thinks of remaining for a month or so longer. His poem of King Arthur is not yet commenced,

though he has been for years past maturing the conception of it; and he intends that it should occupy him some fifteen years. His poem, "Thou might'st have won the poet's name," was, he says, written in a fit of intense disgust after reading Medwin's book about Byron. He has seen the poem I have reviewed in our first number, *The Bothie of Toper-na-fuosich*, and considers it to be execrable English. He likes Woolner's bas-relief of *Iris*, but says he cannot understand the *Puck*.* Gabriel began to paint the head of the Virgin in his picture of *The Annunciation*.

Wednesday 19th.—I delivered to George Tupper Woolner's poem and Patmore's *Seasons*, with which he will make a beginning; but he warns me that we must get our materials together with all possible speed, as, next week being Christmas week, it is almost impracticable to get his people to work. In the evening we had a meeting in Gabriel's study, where, besides the whole P.R.B., the two Tupper, Deverell, Hancock, and Cave Thomas, as being persons interested in the magazine, were present. The latter brought the commencement of an opening address he is writing for No. 1. . . . Ford Brown came in at a late hour, and showed us a sonnet which he has composed on *The Love of Beauty*, and which

* This was an early work by Woolner; I should say a good one, and easy to "understand."

we will find room for in the first number. I gave George Tupper my review, which will (he calculates) occupy at least some eighteen pages; also our sister's poem of *Dreamland*. It was proposed by Woolner, and carried without opposition except a very strong one by myself, that our names should not be published; and another point in which all present came to the vote was the title to be finally adopted. *The Seed* was set aside in favour of *The Germ*; and this was near being superseded by *The Scroll* (also Thomas's invention),* but was finally fixed on by six to four. Gabriel is to do his best to have *Hand and Soul* completed in time. His morning had been devoted to painting on the Virgin's head.

Thursday 20th.—Gabriel set hard to work at *Hand and Soul*; or at least the spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak against Maitland in the morning, who was engaged in putting together a screen, and against Clayton, North, and Bliss, in the evening.†

Friday 21st.—. . . I went to Seddon's, where Cave

* Mr. Thomas had presented me on 4 December with a list of no less than 65 alternative titles. The MS. list was reproduced in 1897 in the book, *Letters of Dante G. Rossetti to William Allingham*.

† North has been already mentioned. Clayton is John R. Clayton, then a young painter, and now for many years senior partner in the Glass-painting firm Clayton and Bell. Bliss was a son of a Q.C. and had some literary tendency: he emigrated not long after this date.

Thomas had arranged to meet me with his contribution; but, as he did not come, . . . I called in at his house. I found him writing the last words of the prefatory address, which I took with me. . . . Gabriel had been all day at his tale, and sat up at it all night as well, without going to bed. By this means he was enabled to finish the narrative, and nothing remained except the epilogue. I copied out such part as required it to be fit for printing. . . .

Saturday 22nd.—The proof of the first sheet . . . comprises Thomas's address, Woolner's poem, Brown's sonnet, and begins Tupper's contribution. As Woolner's poem commences at the back of Thomas's address, and as it is thought desirable that the etching should front what it belongs to, we agreed that it should be inserted opposite the first page of the poem, instead of immediately inside the cover.

Sunday 23rd.—Gabriel . . . has again got some idea of painting the subject of Francesca of Rimini, instead of what he is now doing; making an alteration in the action, and relinquishing, for want of time, the two proposed side-pieces, of Dante and Virgil, and the spirits in hell. His reasons for thinking of giving up the Virgin subjects for the present are the fear of being too late to get them finished, and the want of a satisfactory design for the Annunciation, and of any design at all for the Death. . . .

Monday 24th.—. . . Hunt has been told by Millais that Mr. Wyatt, of Oxford, wants to have some proof-impressions of the etching, for sale; and Hunt thinks of having some fifty or so printed on fine large paper, to be sold at 3s. or 4s. each. A third impression has been made of the etching, which Gabriel has seen, and considers a most striking improvement. Hunt is about to leave his lodgings at Brompton, which he finds inconveniently small for painting, and will look out for others in the same neighbourhood or at Bayswater.

Wednesday 26th.—. . . Gabriel continued painting on the head of the Virgin, having resolved to go on with that picture.

Thursday 27th.—To-night we had the proof of the last sheet, containing the end of Gabriel's tale and my review. The latter however is still, after all my reductions, too long, and exceeds the limits of the number by about a page and a half. Under these circumstances it is thought advisable to omit Thomas's opening address, especially considering certain strong objections urged against it by Hunt and Stephens. This, besides making room for the whole of the review in its present shape, will enable us to insert Tupper's little poem, *A Sketch from Nature*, and our sister's *An End*. . . . Gabriel . . . did four stanzas of *Bride-Chamber talk*.

Friday 28th.—Hunt called here. Having been disappointed of a model this morning, he has been catching sparrows in a trap, and painting from them—afterwards decorating their heads with green, and sending them on their way rejoicing. . . He understands from Millais that the printseller at Oxford is likely to want not more than some ten or twelve copies of his etching. . . . Aleck Tupper brought us the second proof of the last sheet. . . . Thus then, after many changes and counter-changes, will stand the contents of *The Germ*, No. 1.—Woolner's *My Lady*, Ford Brown's *Love of Beauty*, Tupper's *Subject in Art*, Patmore's *Seasons*, our sister's *Dreamland*, Gabriel's *My Sister's Sleep* and *Hand and Soul*, my review of *The Bothie*, and sonnet *Her First Season*, Tupper's *Sketch from Nature*, and our sister's *An End*. Gabriel wrote a short poem, *Lines and Music*.

Saturday 29th.—. . . . Millais . . . says he has begun his picture from the childhood of Christ, and is going to have a bed in the carpenter's shop he paints from, so as to be able to set to work early in the morning. . . . Millais's brother continues to paint still-life and objects in Nature with great success, and is determined to become a professional Artist. John is to bully him into doing nothing all next summer but paint out in the fields. Gabriel had Maitland to sit

for his picture, but found him useless, and he thinks of beginning to paint from me to-morrow. . . .

Sunday 30th.—Gabriel drew-in the head of the Angel (from me) in his picture. In the evening we went to Bateman's with Millais, who has finished the *Ferdinand and Ariel*, all except something more he means to do to the background. He is going to send to the British Institution a small painting he did at Oxford, of Mr. Drury and a grand-daughter of his, for which he asks me to write an illustrative sonnet.*

Monday 31st.—To-day before noon fifty copies of *The Germ* were in the hands of the Publishers; I took home with me twelve. . . . I wrote to Thomas explaining the circumstances which compelled us to omit his article. . . .

1850.—Tuesday, January 1st.—The fifty India-paper copies of the etching printing off for the magazine having been bound in, I took some of them home: however they are not generally superior to those on common paper. This was the day appointed (in lieu of yesterday, which was found unsuitable) for our first anniversary meeting at Stephens's—fixed on the last day of 1848 for the last day of each succeeding year. Millais and Woolner were prevented from attending. We settled to what magazines and news-

* I wrote the sonnet—don't now recollect it. The picture was exhibited, not at the British Institution, but at the Royal Academy, 3

papers to send *The Germ*, and to what private gentlemen and authors—viz.: Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell. . . . [here comes a tear in the MS.]

Saturday 5th.—Gabriel went to see Hunt, who removed this evening from Brompton to Prospect Place, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. . . .

Monday 7th.—. . . Deverell called on Gabriel, and told him that the porter at Somerset House, who supplies the School of Design Students with stationery &c., would be very likely to get off some of *The Germ*; and it is arranged to let him have fifty, on the understanding that, if he succeeds with the whole number, he is to have 10s., in which case we might probably try it on with another fifty. Hunt, in coming to Gabriel, sold twelve copies out of nineteen; and I left three with a bookseller on trial. I had a letter from Mr. Clapp,* the American we met at Patmore's, sending me for insertion a short poem of his own, *My Gentle Friend*, which he says has already appeared in an obscure provincial Temperance-paper. If we should not be inclined to put it in, this will be excuse sufficient. I paid for the insertion of a second advertisement in the *Athenæum*.

Tuesday 8th.—George Tupper suggested to me the great propriety of sending about *The Germ* to the

* This gentleman was correspondent in London to some American journal or journals.

principal Club-houses. I accordingly made out a list of twenty-one, which I gave to the Publisher. . . . Another letter from Mr. Clapp, who says he has "enlisted on our behalf some of the most enlightened minds he has met with in England," and that he intends to make *The Germ* subject of "inter-friendly correspondence" in Scotland and America. Gabriel borrowed a lay-figure from Barbe's, and began on the drapery of the Virgin. . . .

Thursday 10th.—Gabriel had a large meeting at his studio, including—besides the P.R.B.—Thomas, Brown, Tupper, Dickinson, &c. &c. Collinson brought the remainder of *The Child Jesus*.* Two or three matters concerning *The Germ* were resolved on: such as to send out more copies to literary men &c., and to magazines, and to try to introduce it among Artists' Colourmen. Ford Brown also will write for No. 2 an article on the painting of a historical picture. . . .

Friday 11th.—I copied out and left with Tupper, in conjunction with Collinson's poem, two little songs of our sister's, one of which is to be introduced into the 2nd No. Another thing to be put in is a sonnet that Calder Campbell has sent Gabriel.

Friday 11th.—All the P.R.B. was at Ford Brown's, with several others, to induct him properly into his new rooms in Newman Street. . . . Millais

* A poem by Collinson, published in *The Germ*, No. 2.

has been knocked up these two or three days with colds caught at his carpenter's shop. He has sent off his picture to the British Institution, with my sonnet as title. He has thrown up the commission for his *Ferdinand and Ariel*, as Mr. Wethered, among other things on which they did not come to terms perfectly satisfactory to Millais, expressed some doubts of the greenness of his fairies, and wished to have them more sylph-like. . . . Stephens says he has by this time disposed of thirty *Germs*. . . .

Tuesday 15th.—W. B. Scott (to whom Gabriel wrote some days ago, sending a copy of *The Germ*, and requesting contributions) answered, enclosing two poems, viz. : a sonnet, *Early Aspirations*, and a blank-verse piece, *Morning Sleep*. The latter, which is gloriously fine, must absolutely come into No. 2. . . .

Wednesday 16th.—. . . Gabriel . . . in the evening began a rough sketch of a design for my *Plain Story*, which (it is likely) may appear in our 4th No., and which he thinks of illustrating. Collinson was at his studio all day, working on the etching* I had a letter from Stephens, giving me a list of the subscribers he has obtained, and suggesting that we need not print so many as 700 copies of No. 2: 300 would, he thinks, suffice. In answering him

* The etching which Collinson executed for his poem *The Child Jesus*.

I concurred in the reasonableness of the suggestion, but consider that 400 will not be too much. . . .

Thursday 17th.—George Tupper . . . advises that 500 copies should be published of the 2nd No., to which I agreed. . . .

Friday 18th.—This was to have been a P.R.B. meeting at Collinson's, but the day turned out so intensely sloshy that only Hunt and I kept the appointment. . . . We had some argument concerning the limitability of the P.R.B.: Hunt maintaining that it ought inviolably to consist of the present Members, for which Collinson and I do not see any very cogent necessity. . . .

Monday 21st.—By enquiry at the Publisher's I learn that he has sold 120 or 130 copies, which is at least as good as I looked for. He sent me a letter he has received from a Mr. Bellamy, Secretary to the National Club (to which I sent a copy), advising him to send one to the Proprietor of *The John Bull*. . . . Yesterday's *Dispatch* contains a few words in praise of No. 1. . . .

Tuesday 22nd.—Ford Brown showed Gabriel his article *On the Mechanism of a Historical Picture*. He will finish it and copy it out, and is to let Gabriel have it back to-morrow. After dinner I went for the first time to see Hunt at his new lodgings, 5 Prospect Place, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, where he

seems very comfortably settled. He has made a good deal of substantial progress with his picture ; of which, since I saw it last, he has done some more figures in the background, the boy listening on the floor, the straw &c. on the roof, with some sparrows in it, and something of the view outside the hut. The figure he is now painting at is that of the foremost man pushing at the door. Whilst I was there he went on working upon a stump of a beech-tree which forms one of the supports of the hut, and on which he means to paint a net hanging. . . . Stephens came with John Tupper, who read, and left with me, a poem of his written on Penge Wood. This, should there be room for it, will come into No. 2*. . . . At half-past ten o'clock Hunt was requested to allow his gas to be turned off, as the family were about to go to bed!! which did not exactly meet his views or intentions. . . .

Wednesday 23rd.—. . . A letter to "The Editor of *The Germ*" reached me through the Publisher. It is from a Mr. G. Bellamy (a relative, I presume,† of the other Mr. Bellamy) addressed from the British Museum, expressing the highest admiration of the poetry of the magazine, and begging the favour of an introduction to the author, as he conceives it to

* It did not come in.

† He was in fact the son of this gentleman.

be all by the same person. I answered to thank him, and to say that I would call with Woolner as soon as I could find time. . . .

Friday 25th.—. . . Gabriel finished up his *Blessed Damsel*, to which he added two stanzas. A letter came from "Shirt-Collar Hall,"* acknowledging the receipt of a copy of *The Germ* which was sent him on Saturday; complimenting those engaged in it, who will, he says, be "the future great artists of the age and country"; and promising that it shall be reviewed in the *Art Journal* for March, as it came too late for next month's No.

Saturday 26th.—. . . A note also came from Heraud† acknowledging a *Germ* which Campbell had left with him, and asking me to tea on Tuesday. Gabriel sent Tupper an additional stanza for *The Blessed Damsel*. . . .

Sunday 27th.—Gabriel went on with the drapery of his picture. Stephens called on him in the evening, when it was determined that the authors' names shall be published in our future Nos. For our Sister Gabriel invented the name "Ellen Alleyn." . . . I

* As I have said elsewhere, this was a name bestowed by Madox Brown upon Mr. Samuel Carter Hall, then Editor of the *Art Journal*. Brown intended thus to mark the extreme decorum of appearance maintained by Mr. Hall, whose face, it may be added, was a very fine one.

† John Abraham Heraud, a Poet and writer then of some note, author of *The Descent into Hell*.

had a letter from Clough, conveying his thanks to me for the copy of *The Germ* and the criticism.*

Monday 28th.—Collinson saw Gabriel, and showed him the new impression (the fourth) of his etching, which is a great advance on all the preceding ones. Gabriel wrote one more stanza of his *Blessed Damsel*. . . .

Tuesday 29th.—At Heraud's, to whom I went, I met Westland Marston, who asked me to his house for to-morrow. Heraud complimented us a great deal on *The Germ*. . . . Hervey, the Editor of *The Athenæum*, came in rather late. Soon after we had been introduced, he explained to me that the reason why he had neglected many months ago to answer the letters that I sent him concerning certain poems I had offered for *The Athenæum*,† was that he wished to call and explain personally why he felt unable to insert them, viz.: on account of their being too Tennysonian; and that his many engagements had prevented him from fulfilling his intention till too late. He asked me to call on him any Saturday or Sunday. . . . George Patten‡ was there, and Miss

* i.e. My criticism of Arthur H. Clough's poem *The Bothie of Toper-na-fuosich*.

† I don't now remember about these poems. Some verses of mine had at an earlier date, 1848, been published in *The Athenæum*.

‡ George Patten A.R.A. was a painter of some elevation of aim, but not a successful executant.

Glyn the Actress, who promised to subscribe to *The Germ*.

Wednesday 30th.—I found the invitation to Marston to be to a regular evening party. On leaving I presented him with a copy of *The Germ*, and he asked me to call some day when I might find him alone. Hervey, in talking with me, maintained that *Sordello* is absolute nonsense, and said he has no patience with men who write in that style. He tells me also that before publishing it Browning asked his friends whether it was intelligible, and that they informed him it was ; in consequence of which, the result having proved the contrary, he became somewhat indignant against them. I left with the Publisher a list of twenty-five newspapers, magazines, &c., to which No. 2 is to be sent. He tells me that he has sold some 70 copies of No. 1—not 120 or 130, as I heard some time back. . . .

Thursday 31st.—Appeared No. 2 of *The Germ*—containing Collinson's *Child Jesus; A Pause of Thought, A Song*, and the *Testimony*, by our sister ; Stephens's article *The Purpose and Tendency of Early Italian Art* ; Scott's *Morning Sleep* ; a sonnet by Calder Campbell ; Patmore's *Stars and Moon* ; Brown's *Mechanism of a Historical Picture* ; my *Fancies at Leisure* (including the *Sheer Waste*, for which room was found at last), and my review of *The*

Strayed Reveller; Deverell's sonnets, *The Sight Beyond*; and Gabriel's *Blessed Damsel*. Stephens figures as "John Seward," as he does not wish his own name to appear. Tupper's articles in the 1st No. also remain by his desire anonymous. . . . George Tupper gave me his bill for No. 1, amounting, on a scale even below his original estimate, to £19. 1s. 6d., from which he will deduct five per cent. for discount, leaving £18. 2s. 6d. It now becomes a most momentous question whether we shall be in a position to bring out a 3rd No. The chance seems but very doubtful—quite beyond a doubt, unless No. 2 sells much better than its predecessor, and of this we see but little likelihood. Even if it does appear, we shall probably have to postpone the publication of *Bride-Chamber Talk*, which Gabriel cannot write at much, having to paint his picture: in which case, my *Plain Story of Life* will probably be substituted. I spoke to the Publisher about pushing the sale of No. 2, and he promised to introduce it, on sale or return, among his customers in the trade.

Friday, 1st February.— . . . By Campbell's advice I left one of each No. at the house of Mr. Cox, Editor of *The Critic*, to whom Campbell had spoken of it. . . . Gabriel finished the drapery of the Virgin in his picture; whereupon he immediately deranged

the position of the lay-figure, so as to preclude himself from the possibility of working at it any more. . . .

Saturday 2nd.—. . . In the evening we had a full P.R.B. meeting at Gabriel's. . . . Millais has had his picture back from the British Institution—on account of its being in reality a portrait, we conclude—and will send it to the Academy. . . . Millais has had an offer from Oxford to paint a copy of a portrait by Holbein; which, as he does not feel disposed to accept, he offered to Stephens, who will do it after the opening of the Exhibition. We consulted about *The Germ*, and are unanimously of opinion that it will not reach another No. Calculating the number of copies sold among ourselves as ninety-five (not I think more than in fact) and by the publisher as seventy (from which profits we shall have to deduct some few personal expenses, which can scarcely amount to 15s.) it seems that the expense to each of us beyond the receipts will be £1. 15s. 5¼d. This is a kind of experiment that won't bear repetition more than once or twice.* The next meeting is fixed for Monday at Millais's. On coming home I found a letter from Mr. Cox, of *The Critic*, proposing that, in case *The Germ* should not continue (as he considers probable), one of the Art-

* A tolerably clear indication of the fact that money was not plentiful among the members of the P.R.B.

writers in it, or I, should write on the same subject for his paper; in which case he says he would resign the entire management of the articles on Art, the exhibitions &c. He would not be able, however, to offer any remuneration in cash. His proposal is not, I think, disadvantageous for the P.R.B., as it would enable us to review the exhibitions in our own feeling, and might besides lead to some other literary employment. I answered that I would consult the others (Brown, Stephens, and Tupper), and, if they should not undertake it, that I would accept. . . .

Monday 4th.—Gabriel and I went together to the British Institution, of which this is the first day, as I wish to write something in the way of notice in the event of my being retained on *The Critic*. . . .

Tuesday 5th.—I began writing my notice of the British Institution. Gabriel assumed the responsibility of F.S.* and a few others. . . .

Wednesday 6th.—John Tupper resigns in my favour; and Stephens wrote me to the same effect, but offering his co-operation in any way he might be wanted. . . .

* F. S. means Frank Stone, a painter to whose style of work the P.R.B. were much opposed. He was said, and I believe with truth, to be, at or soon after that time, the Art-Critic of *The Athenæum*;† a paper which shortly became very hostile to the P.R.B., but which had not as yet, I think, said anything in their disfavour—rather the contrary.

Thursday 7th.—Woolner and I went to Patmore's, to whom I gave some *Germs*, and his own poems. He likes the *Testimony*, which is he says in the style which should be adopted in hymns &c., to make them good. Says that there are very fine things in Gabriel's *Blessed Damsel*, and speaks highly of Stephens's article. . . . He says that William Allingham has promised some contributions ; but these will probably not be available. . . .

Saturday 9th.—I saw the publisher about the sale of the 2nd *Germ*, and am informed that some forty copies or so have sold, and that the 1st No. also continues to go off every now and then. This is the last knockdown blow. We certainly cannot attempt a 3rd No. Woolner and I went to Stephens. He showed us the design he has made of *The Marquis dining in Griseldis' Father's House*, Griseldis attending, which he means to paint ; also two other designs from Chaucer—*Griseldis parting from her Child*, and *The Revellers meeting Death*. Gabriel got some stuff for the chasuble in which he means to drape his angel. . . .

Monday 11th.—. . . This was a P.R.B. night at Millais's, where all were present except Collinson. . . . Millais has very high accounts, from Oxford and elsewhere, of the estimation in which Collinson's poem is held. . . .

Tuesday 12th.—Gabriel . . . in the evening . . . was engaged with Hannay, Clapp, North, and others ; and I with the Museum Mr. Bellamy, who has got us reviewed in *The John Bull*—the critic himself not having looked at the book, but trusting entirely to Bellamy's report. . . .

Friday 15th.—. . . I went in the evening, by invitation, to the house of Mr. Bellamy, where I read the *John Bull* notice of *The Germ*. Mr. Bellamy seemed really to regret the apparently inevitable death of *The Germ* ; and took a copy of each No. to send to Justice Talfourd, with whom he is intimate, and who might, he thinks, probably do something for it. . . .

Saturday 16th.—My review of the British Institution Exhibition (first half) appears in *The Critic* of to-day ; also a notice of *The Germ*, quoting four of the poems. George Tupper called on me in the morning, and said that he and his brother,* looking with regret at the *Germ* failure, propose to carry it on at their own risk for a No. or two longer, to give it a fair trial ; when it would have a better chance of success, through their being able to send about the subscribers' copies, to advertise by posters, &c. This I consider a very friendly action on their part. I wrote

* The brother here in question is Alexander Tupper—not John Lucas Tupper, who did not belong to the printing firm.

at his request to convene all the hitherto proprietors, and saw the publisher about the sale of Nos. 1 and 2. It appears from what he says that he must have sold not much less than 100 of the 1st, but the 2nd he states goes off less well. All the P.R.B.'s came to Gabriel's study at night to talk the matter over. . . . It seems more than doubtful whether the 3rd No. can come out at the end of this month. Another point raised was about the publisher. There was some talk of Tupper's publishing himself, but this does not seem very likely to be carried out. . . .

Sunday 17th. . . . We thus find ourselves docked of the two poems on which we had to rely for Nos. 3 and 4. However, as there was no help for it, we set to thinking how to manage with this deficiency. The first thing thought of was Gabriel's *Dante in Exile*; but this he is unwilling to have printed until he shall have been able to give it full consideration as a whole—besides its connexion with his translation of the *Vita Nuova*, separated from which, he thinks some allusions in the poem scarcely intelligible. His *Jane's Portrait** was then discussed. This however is too much like Woolner's *My Lady in Death* as regards subject; nor does Gabriel think it good

* *Jane's Portrait* (or *Mary's Portrait*, as it was sometimes called) is the poem which, under the title of *The Portrait*, was published in Dante Rossetti's volume of 1870. It was to a great extent re-written before publication.

enough as a specimen of his powers. The last suggestion was that Woolner should look-up that part of his old poem of *Hubert*,* which describes the lovers' meeting, and see whether it can be got into shape as complete in itself. . . .

Monday 18th.—In default of any adequate poem, I looked up my sister's old thing, named *An Argument*,† which is at least long enough and in a narrative form. Tupper, to whom I read it, is very much delighted with it; but the fact 'is, it is not quite up to the mark.

Tuesday 19th. . . . Gabriel, coming home from Brown's, told me he had there met Robert Dickinson, who has undertaken the publication of *The Germ*. This is the best thing that could have happened for it perhaps.

Wednesday 20th.—Patmore sent me his paper on Macbeth; which is devoted to showing that the idea of obtaining the crown was not suggested to Macbeth by the Witches, but had been previously contemplated by him. It is very acute and well written, and will fill some twenty pages. Our difficulties as to illustrations continue. The only plans we have thought of are either to make an etching for our sister's poem in two compartments—one of the girl

* I have no recollection of the poem *Hubert*.

† It appeared in *The Germ* under the title *Repining*.

spinning, and the other of the battlefield, or (as Tupper thinks preferable) of the avalanche; or else to take some subject from Gabriel's *Hand and Soul* in the first No. Tupper decided to call on Gabriel at his study, to talk this over; but it so happened that Gabriel stopped at home, touching-up his *Dante in Exile*.

Thursday 21st. . . . I called on Millais, and asked him whether he was able to do the etching for next month—in which case the No. would at all events have, of course, to come out later than usual in the month: but he says he is now so fully engaged with his picture, having just set a white drapery, that he cannot undertake it: and this is perhaps best. We shall now miss a month altogether, and come out in April properly prepared. Millais has done (or begun) the heads of the Virgin and of Christ. Gabriel received from Orchard the first part of a *Dialogue on Art*, being one of a series he will write, if found suitable. Gabriel read it to Stephens and John Tupper, by whom, as well as himself, it was highly admired. . . . W. B. Scott's book about his brother David arrived; this we mean to review as soon as may be for *The Germ*. . . .

Friday 22nd.—We settled that it is impossible to bring out a No. for March. . . . Woolner, Stephens, and Bernhard Smith, were at Gabriel's study in the

evening; and Ford Brown also came in later. He read us the second of his papers on *The Mechanism of a Historical Picture*,* and has thoughts of writing something on the choice of subject. He warned me against being too downright and sarcastic in the art-notice I write for *The Critic*. Gabriel having asked him to do us an etching for the next or some early No., he proposed one of his designs from *King Lear*† which he would execute double the size of the other etchings, requiring a fold down the middle. The subject we last stopped at was *The Leave-taking of Cordelia and her Sisters*. Gabriel proposes to write an illustrative poem for it. This etching of Brown's would do capitally for show in Dickinson's window. Gabriel has painted the chasuble of the Angel, and the Virgin's arms: he and Brown discussed the background, the bed, and other of the accessories. . . .

Saturday 23rd.—Gabriel spent the evening at Dickinson's, where Brown, Woolner, Thomas, and Hunt, were also present. Hunt brought a Hastings paper, in which there is a very cleverly-written review

* This second paper did not come out, and I know nothing further of it. Pity that the opportunity of printing it did not occur. Another thing which did not come out (indeed it was not written) was the projected review, as mentioned above, of W. B. Scott's *Life of David Scott*.

† These designs, a series, had been done some years before—very forcible compositions. They were purchased towards 1890 by Sir Henry Irving.

of *The Germ*, not altogether laudatory. On leaving Dickinson's, Gabriel went home with Hunt to see the picture. There is some thought of changing our magazine's name to *The Artist* or something of the kind; Gabriel is the chief advocate for this; and, if it is to be done, now is the time certainly, when we are about to begin with a new publisher, etc. . . .

Monday 25th.—I got home, from Tupper's, Orchard's *Dialogue on Art*, which Gabriel and I read over, making a few alterations in style &c. as authorized by a letter from himself that Gabriel has received. Gabriel continued touching up and adding to his *Dante in Exile*.

Tuesday 26th.—This was the evening appointed for me to call on Marston. . . I met Hervey, and Bedingfield, author of *The Peer and the Blacksmith*, &c. What Hervey admires most, and that very highly indeed, in the 2nd No. of *The Germ*, is Gabriel's *Blessed Damsel*, which he has read to Marston, who agrees in admiring it. We talked of Bailey's new poem, *The Angel World*, just come out, of Browning, Mrs. Browning, &c. Marston says that Browning, before publishing *Sordello*, sent it him to read, saying that this time the public should not accuse him at any rate of being unintelligible (! !). Browning's system of composition is to write down on a slate, in prose, what he wants to say, and then to turn it into verse,

striving after the greatest amount of condensation possible; thus, if an exclamation will suggest his meaning, he substitutes this for a whole sentence. Mrs. Browning, I find, had published a volume of original poems before her *Prometheus—An Essay on Mind* &c. which came out in '26. Of this, Marston showed me a review with extracts, in an old magazine called *The Sunbeam*, to which he had contributed. . .

Thursday 28th.—Gabriel went to Brown's in the evening, to have a sketch of his head made on copper as an exercise for Brown in etching.* This was done with much freedom of hand. . . .

Sunday, 3rd March.—Gabriel had White, the model, to sit to him for the arms of his Angel Gabriel. He is now looking out for a woman with red hair† for the Virgin. I went to see Millais's picture, at which I found him working—his brother standing to him for the chest of the man knocking out a nail. The figures of St. John and the Virgin, the head of Christ, the legs of the assistant and of St. Joseph, are done, as well as the ground and some other accessory portions; Alexander Tupper is to be the assistant. Millais has sold his *Ferdinand*

‡.* No trace of this is extant; I perhaps never saw it.

‡ † Strange as it may seem to some readers, Dante Rossetti had a strong liking for hair of so vivid and positive a tint that most people would call it red.

to Mr. Ellison, the collector, for £150—£50 more than it had been at first commissioned for. I saw the kind and patronizing review which *The Art Journal* gives of *The Germ*; saying that he (The Art Journalist) must doff the critic, and not dwell on minor faults, lest the Germ should not fructify. . . .

Wednesday 6th.—I went to see Collinson and Hunt. Collinson, . . . after this year, . . . has made up his mind to cut the Wilkie style of art for the Early Christian; and what he has in his head for the subject of his next picture is his old design (in the days of the venerable Cyclographic)* *The Novitiate*, into which he would probably introduce another figure—that of the Lady Abbess. . . . Hunt has just finished the wolf-skin on the foremost savage at the door. . . . The models who sit to him &c. take the boy on the ground for an unnecessarily ugly girl, and the hindermost savage (his friend Collins) for an old negress (!). “Sloshy”† comes now to see him frequently, and is beginning to look on himself as quite a P.R.B.—talking of “we,” and saying that Collinson seems quite one of “us.” It seems, how-

* A sketching club, to which Hunt, Millais, Dante Rossetti, and others (besides Collinson himself), had belonged.

† This was a painter named Rainford, whom Hunt and my brother had found in the house where they took a joint studio in 1848. He was then a slap-dash (or, as we called it, sloshy) painter, but got converted to the minute detail of the P.R.B. movement.

ever, that he is really labouring to free himself somewhat from the slough of slosh Hunt found him in at first, and has in consequence quite offended some amateur Lord's son (or some person of the kind) to whom he showed one of his recent attempts. . . . I finished reading for 'the first time Bailey's *Angel World*, which must be reviewed for *The Germ* as soon as possible. It is nothing very wonderful—very far less great and powerful than *Festus*.

Thursday 7th. . . . I got a letter from R. H. Horne, to whom we had sent the two Nos. of *The Germ*. He expresses himself pleased with it, and hopes it may succeed, but does not at all expect it will do so as regards sale.

Saturday 9th.—Gabriel went to see Woolner, who has been sticking hard to his statue of late. Here Gabriel met Cross, who knows some one who will do for the head of his angel.

Sunday 10th.—Cross's man called on Gabriel, who found him to have a most splendid head. Not being very well, he did not paint much to-day. He has begun altering the position of the embroidery-stand, and doing the bed, and has nearly finished the blue curtain behind the Virgin's head. . . .

Tuesday 12th.—A copy of Howitt's paper, *The Standard of Freedom*, was left us by Bateman, in

which there is a very favourable review of *The Germ*.

Wednesday 13th.—The Tuppers came to Gabriel's study to have a talk about our next No. In the first place it was decided, after a good deal of discussion, to change the name of the magazine, and Aleck Tupper suggested *Art and Poetry, being Thoughts towards Nature*, as a title. This we all think better than *The Artist*, and it was accordingly adopted. Brown expressed some apprehension that he might fail in getting his etching ready; and proposed that Gabriel, Woolner, and Hancock, should each set about one, and that whichever is finished in time should come into this No. Gabriel will take as his subject the painting by Chiaro of his own soul, from the *Hand and Soul* which appears in No. I.: of this he had thought before as a frontispiece to the volume—if one ever were to be completed. Some poems were read over, among them John Tupper's "Sixteen Specials";* to which I still object, as being too jocular and technical in style. Hunt is getting quite confident about finishing his picture, and even in very comfortable time. . . .

Thursday 14th.—Gabriel having to think about his

* These are the opening words of the grotesque poem (published in *The Germ*) named *An Incident in the Siege of Troy*.

etching, the task of writing a poem illustrative of Brown's design has been transferred to me. . . .

Wednesday 20th.—Orchard sent Gabriel a second portion of his first *Dialogue on Art*, treating herein chiefly of early Christian (or, as he terms it, Pre-Raphael) Art, and seeming to out-P.R. the P.R.B. The word is impolitic, and must be altered. Tupper gave me the first proofs of No. 3. . . He has written out also a new prospectus, which he gave me to consider.

Thursday 21st.—I went to Patmore's with the proof of his *Macbeth*. He has got one out of some half-dozen copies of Tennyson's *Elegies* that have been printed strictly for private perusal; the publication of the work being postponed for some while, till about Christmas. Patmore says Tennyson is too lazy to go to Woolner's for his portrait, but will be at home for him any evening he may call. He learned Italian so as to be able to read Dante, Patmore says, in ~~one~~ fortnight's study. Patmore himself is desirous of making the experiment; and would, if he thought he could succeed equally well. He has been occupied the last month with his poem on Marriage,* of which, however, he has not meanwhile written a line; but, having meditated the matter, is now about to do so. He

* This resulted in *The Angel in The House*.

expresses himself quite confident of being able to keep it up at the same pitch as the few astonishing lines he has yet written, and which he read us some time ago. He is now anxious to have published as soon as possible his papers advocating certain principles in architecture, as the subject has of late been treated by others, and he is fearful of finding himself in a certain manner forestalled. He was a good deal struck with the quotations in my notice of *The Strayed Reveller*;* and has also a great desire to hear Gabriel's *Bride-Chamber Talk*, of which he has heard Woolner and Millais speak. Brown finished to-day his design for the King Lear etching, and Gabriel his of Chiaro's painting. He is now engaged, as regards writing, on a tale entitled *An Autopsychology*,† originally suggested to himself by an image he introduced into *Bride-Chamber Talk*. . .

Saturday 23rd.— . . . In the morning Gabriel had been at work repainting the Virgin's head in his picture. He has begun his etching—as also has Brown. To-day's *Athenæum* contains an announcement of "the new poem by Mr. Browning"—*Christmas Eve and Easter Day*—to appear on the 1st April, price six shillings. There is also a review here, among *Poetry of the Million*, of a volume by a Rev. Mr. Harston,

* Matthew Arnold's poem.

† Now called *St. Agnes of Intercession*.

containing decidedly good things, and which deserves to be reviewed in *Art and Poetry*.*

Monday 25th.—I called on Collinson on my way to see Hunt, and the latter himself came in while I was there. He has been on a foraging expedition to Battersea Fields after Gipsies, on the recommendation of one who sat to him for his Druid's head, and as he wants to get some woman with good hands of a proper savage brownness. He finds himself quite disabused of old ideas concerning "sloshiness" and commonplace of gipsies, having fallen in with some of the most extraordinary-looking people conceivable. He found a very beautiful woman for what he wants, fit for Cleopatra; she consented to sit for £5 an hour, but finally came down to a shilling, and fixed a day to come. His Cleopatra asked him for a pot of beer, over which she and a most hideous old hag, her mother, made their bargain. . . .

Tuesday 26th.—Gabriel and Brown continued at work on their etchings. A letter came telling Gabriel of the death of Orchard on Saturday: it might be well to see about getting together any MSS. he may have left, and publishing them. His death seems to have resulted from the general state of low health in which he always was, as no particular cause is mentioned.

* I have not now any recollection of "Mr." H. A. St. John's poems, have at all survived the interval since 1850? J.

If I could get at sufficient materials, I should like to write a notice of him for *The Critic*.*

Wednesday 27th.— . . . The two etchings were to have been sent in to-day, but have been delayed, as Brown and Gabriel think it better to have proofs taken by some printer without sending the plates all the way to Clement's Lane for the purpose. The biting-in was done by Shenton, by Seddon's advice.

Thursday 28th.—Brown had his proof taken ; which he sent in the evening, together with the plate, to Tupper's. Gabriel's also was taken, but disgusted him ; whereat he tore up the impression and scratched the plate over. . . . George Tupper, being inclined to retain Aylott and Jones as joint Publishers with the Dickinsons, went to see them about it, and settled matters accordingly. He is of opinion that, as Dickinson is a Print Publisher, it is better to have in the concern some one whose business is strictly in books. . . . Brown, not thinking very highly of his etching, stipulated at first that his name should not be published ; but was finally persuaded to allow it—every one else thinking the work excellent.

Friday 29th.—Gabriel painted at the feet and arm

* No such notice was written. Some research was made for MSS. etc. left by Orchard, but nothing worth speaking of was found. Dr. W. C. Bennett (the Ballad-writer), who had been a neighbour of Orchard in the Greenwich district and an intimate of his, took part in this research.

of the angel from White. He had Miss Love* to sit for the Virgin's hair, and is also repainting the head entirely. He has finished the embroidery-stand; and of the background done a curious lamp Brown has got, and a vase. The angel's head is being painted from a model, Lambert, of whom he has had two or three sittings. We went to Stephens's in the evening, when, finding he had gone on to Tupper's, we followed him thither. . . . The family lived through a whole act of *Paracelsus*, Tennyson's *Day-dream*, *The Raven*, and several of Browning's lyrics, for which Gabriel was called on by John Tupper. . . .

Monday, 1st April.—Gabriel touched-up the head of his Virgin. I went to the British Artists' Exhibition (Suffolk Street), where there are some astounding Anthonys—about the only things not bad in the place. Browning's new poem is out, and Stephens beat us in getting it first. I began reading. . . .

Sunday 7th.—For this morning I was engaged to sit to Hunt, . . . the working of the head and hands of the principal figure. . . . There remains now scarcely any uncovered canvas: he has however a tremendous deal still to do for so short a time, two or three heads requiring much yet. His frame with four Bible-mottos has arrived. . . . I did not get home till too

* A professional_model.

late to sit to Gabriel, who had wanted me for a final re-touching of the Angel's hand. He has got some spirits of wine and chloride of something, to make the flame for the Angel's feet. . . .

Monday 8th.— . . . Gabriel went to see Millais's picture, which is finished. He himself had to work hard at his background all day, besides doing something to the Virgin's head ; and had Deverell to assist him in doing certain things. I finished reading Browning's new poem, and read it the second time aloud to Deverell.

From 8th April, up to to-day Sunday July 21st, I have neglected the P.R.B. Journal. My excuse is, plenty else to do—the impelling cause, idleness. But I hope henceforth to persevere.

Firstly, *The Gurm** died with its fourth No.—leaving us a legacy of Tupper's bill—£33 odd, of which the greater part, I take it, remains still unpaid. Our last gasp was perhaps the best—containing Orchard's really wonderful *Dialogue*, Gabriel's sonnets on pictures, etc. etc. ; with an etching—not very satisfactory in comparison with the standard of our promise—by Deverell. Placards were posted and paraded about daily before the Academy—but to no

* As I have said elsewhere, we had a fancy for mispronounced 'Germ' as 'Gurm.'

effect. *The Germ* was doomed, and succumbed to its doom.

Millais's sacred subject, his *Ferdinand and Ariel*, and his *Portrait of Mr. Drury and his Grandchild*—Hunt's *Converted British Family sheltering a Christian Missionary from the Persecution of the Druids*—and Collinson's *Answering the Emigrant's Letter*—went to the Academy, where they are still exhibiting; Gabriel having at the last moment elected to send to the National Institution—formerly Free Exhibition. The "Carpenter's Shop" of Millais, which has now become famous as "No. 518," sold, the morning before sending in, for £350—Mr. Farrer the picture-dealer being the purchaser. Hunt's picture and this are hung half on the line, the portrait on the line, and the *Ferdinand* on the ground; Collinson's, at a height where all its merits are lost. Millais's picture has been the signal for a perfect crusade against the P.R.B. The mystic letters, with their signification, have appeared in all kinds of papers; first, I believe, in a letter, *Town Talk and Table Talk*, in the *Illustrated News*, written by Reach, who must have derived his knowledge, we conjecture, from Munro.* But the designation is now so notorious that all concealment is at an end. *The*

* Angus B. Reach, a popular light writer of those days, and Alexander Munro the sculptor.

Athenæum opened with a savage assault* on Gabriel, who answered in a letter which the editor did not think it expedient to publish; and a conversation which Millais had with Frank Stone, and in which the latter (speaking of the picture) introduced several of the observations of *The Athenæum*, coupled with some other circumstances, make it tolerably evident that *he* was the author of that and subsequent critiques. In noticing Hunt and Millais, nearly a whole page was devoted to a systematic discussion of (assumed) P.R.B. principles—which F. S. rather overthrew and demolished than otherwise. In all the papers—*The Times*, *The Examiner*, *The Daily News*, even to Dickens's *Household Words*, where a leader was devoted to the P.R.B., and devoted them to the infernal gods—the attack on Millais has been most virulent and audacious; in none more than in *A Glance at the Exhibition*, published by Cundall, and bearing manifold traces of a German source†. Indeed, the P.R.B. has unquestionably been one of the topics of the season. The “notoriety” of Millais's picture may be evidenced by the fact, received from undoubted authority, of the Queen's having sent to have it brought to her from the walls of the R.A., which her recent accouchement had prevented her

* An assault, but hardly a savage one.

† It was written, I think, by Dr. Waagen.

from visiting.—Hunt's picture, Gabriel's, and Collinson's, remain unsold.

Not long after the opening of the Exhibitions the Brotherhood had the misfortune to lose one of its members—Collinson, who announced his resolution thus, in a letter addressed to Gabriel:—"Whit Monday.—Dear Gabriel, I feel that, as a sincere Catholic, I can no longer allow myself to be called a P.R.B. in the brotherhood sense of the term, or to be connected in any way with the magazine. Perhaps this determination to withdraw myself from the Brotherhood is altogether a matter of feeling. I am uneasy about it. I love and reverence God's faith, and I love His holy Saints; and I cannot bear any longer the self-accusation that, to gratify a little vanity, I am helping to dishonour them, and lower their merits, if not absolutely to bring their sanctity into ridicule. I cannot blame any one but myself. Whatever may be my thoughts with regard to their works, I am sure that all the P.R.B.'s have both written and painted conscientiously; it was for me to have judged beforehand whether I could conscientiously, as a Catholic, assist in spreading the artistic opinions of those who are not. I reverence—indeed almost idolize—what I have seen of the Pre-Raphael painters; [and this] chiefly because [they fill]* my

* The words in brackets indicate some flaw in the letter.

heart and mind with that divine faith which could alone animate them to give up their intellect and time and labour so as they did, and all for His glory who, they could never forget, was the Eternal, although he had once humbled Himself to the form of man, that man might be clothed with and know and love His divinity. I have been influenced by no one in this matter; and indeed it is not from any angry or jealous feeling that I wish to be no longer a P.R.B., and I trust you will. . . . [something torn off], but believe me affectionately yours, James Collinson. P.S.—Please do not attempt to change my mind.”

24th October.—Another long gap in this Journal, even after having made a beginning with the resumption of it. Let me record no more intentions or promises, but set to work at its continuation once more, being as brief as possible regarding the interval.

Deverell has worthily filled up the place left vacant by Collinson.* His work at the National Institution this year† was a strong ground of claim;

* I think it was my brother who fixed upon Deverell as a P.R.B. But the nomination was not fully ratified by others, and it cannot be said that Deverell, who died at an early age, was ever absolutely a P.R.B.

† The work in question (the most important which Deverell painted) was the subject from Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, recently re-produced in Mr. Percy Bate's handsome volume *The English Præraphaelite Painters*.

and this has been confirmed by what he has since done, and is doing. He hopes to exhibit two pictures next year: *Rosalind witnessing the Encounter of Jacques and Orlando in the Forest*, which is pretty nearly finished, and *The Ordering of Hamlet's Departure for England*, of which Gabriel has seen an uncompleted design. Other recent designs of his are *The Converse of Laertes and Ophelia*, *Claude du Val Dancing with a Lady of Quality after attacking her Carriage* (in the possession of Stephens), *James II. in his Flight Overhauled and his person rifled by Fishermen* (given to Gabriel), and *The Flight of an Egyptian Ibis*.

Millais left town about the beginning of June, and has continued in and about Oxford ever since. He had made a design for—and I believe had begun painting before he left—Tennyson's *Mariana*; in the country he has been engaged on his picture from Patmore:

He sometimes, in a sullen tone,
Would offer fruits; and she
Always received his gifts with an air
So unreserved and free
That half-feigned distance soon became
Familiarity.

His brother William Millais is also turning his attention to art; and produced, when in Jersey during the summer, some excellent and most promising land-

scapes, which he will probably exhibit. I heard from Patmore the other night that Tennyson, on being told that Millais was doing something from *'The Woodman's Daughter'*, observed, "I wish he'd do something from me."

Hunt's *Converted British Family* is now sold, having met with a purchaser at £150 in Mr. Combe, of Oxford; to which place it was sent, on Millais's recommendation, to be kept in view at Mr. Wyatt the printseller's. Necessity makes us acquainted with strange Art-fellows. Before this, Hunt had—in conjunction with Stephens on his introduction—been cleaning and restoring a ceiling &c. at the Trinity House by Rigaud, an old R.A., representing the Junction of Father Thames and Father Severn, or some such slosh. A guinea a day for cleaning, and two guineas for restoring, were not however to be thrown away. Immediately on the opening of the exhibition, Hunt had set about a picture of the interview of Isabel and Claudio in prison from *Measure for Measure*, a commission from Mr. Gibbons, the purchaser of his *Rienzi*. This is now nearly finished, and he has made a design for the last scene of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*—"Ruffian, forbear thy rude uncivil touch." He left London about a fortnight back, for Sevenoaks, in the neighbourhood of which, at Knowle Park, he is now painting

the forest-background of this subject. His other chief designs since the exhibition opened have been the breaking of the spell, from *The Lady of Shalott*, and one, not yet finished, of Ruth at meal-time receiving corn from Boaz to eat. He has also completed his old design from *Isabella*,

“He knew whose gentle hand was at the latch,
Before the door had given her to his eye.”

Hunt talks of going to Jerusalem when he can set about the Ruth, and painting it on the spot, and Gabriel is to accompany him; a project which has become a hissing and a reproach between Woolner and myself, who are infidel concerning it. Stephens is with Hunt, for the purpose of painting part of the background in his picture of *Griseldis and the Marquis*, to which he has just returned. Gabriel has a study now in 74 Newman Street. . . .

Thursday 24th.—A most wet, miserable, dreary day, one uninterrupted drench. This style of thing began yesterday, the very day Gabriel left for the purpose of out-of-doors painting, and seems now regularly set in. A nice damper for a man's enthusiasm when every moment must be turned to the uttermost account. . . .

Friday 25th.—A letter came from Gabriel, saying that he and Hunt were soaked through and through

yesterday in painting, and requesting a further supply of clothes to meet a similar emergency. . . . Brown has done a very great quantity of his *Chaucer* picture since I saw it last. . . .

Saturday 26th.—I had a note from Mr. Cox, of *The Critic*, purporting to accompany three volumes of poems for me to review—*Death's Jest-book*, Cassels's *Eidolon*, and another. . . . I spent the evening at Brown's. . . . Woolner and I had to fight fiercely for Tennyson and Browning, against Thomas, Lowes Dickinson, and Brown, chiefly, as champions for Byron, Pope, etc. . . .

Sunday 27th. . . . In the evening accompanied Woolner to Patmore's. Found that Woolner had just had a cast taken of his medallion-head of Mrs. Patmore. . . . Patmore, when we arrived, was reading a translation by Charles Bagot Cayley, with whom I have lately become acquainted,* of some cantos of the *Inferno*, left by me with Patmore, who promised to see whether *The Palladium* would be willing to publish it. He thinks very highly of the translation, and will write fully to the Editor on the subject. He had also just read Browning's *Christmas Eve and Easter Day*, and is evidently deeply impressed with it—more than with any other of the great man's works—though he does not exactly know "what to

* Mr. Cayley had lately been a pupil of my father for Italian.

make of it." He says that Mrs. Browning published in *Blackwood*, very soon after the onslaught there on his own book, an imitation (in incident and termination) of *The Woodman's Daughter*, calling it *Maud at her Spinning-wheel*. . . .

Tuesday 29th.—Woolner and I, with Hannay, spent the night at Bernhard Smith's. . . . Hannay . . . saw Bon Gaultier* lately, and found him a wild admirer of Gabriel's sonnet to his *Mary Virgin* picture, published in the Free Exhibition catalogue; saying that it is one of the finest sonnets in the language, and having even gone so far as to distribute copies of it among his friends. . . .

Friday, 1st November.—Brown, I was informed, called last night, having something particular to say. On seeing him in the evening, I learn that on Wednesday he met at Dickinson's Mr. Williams (the brother-in-law of Wells, author of *Joseph and his Brethren*) who is desirous of finding a substitute for writing the art-criticisms in one of the weekly papers—either *The Examiner* or *The Spectator*. The remuneration would amount to about £40 or £50 a year. Brown kindly mentioned me; and I should certainly be glad to do for something, and with better prospects, what I am now doing for nothing. The critic, I understand,

* This was the pseudonym (for some burlesque ballads &c.) of Sir Theodore Martin¹

would not be pledged to any party, nor under any vexatious control. I wrote to Mr. Williams at Brown's suggestion, stating my views, and with the object of calling on him. Brown's picture* is sold to the Dickinsons—for what sum I did not ask. . . .

Sunday 3rd. . . . Spent the evening at Patmore's, with whom I left my notice of Allingham:† his in *The Palladium* is out. . . . Patmore does not believe we have any really great men living in the region of pure intellect; not even Tennyson, though he might have thought him such, had he not written. He spoke of Gabriel's poem *Dante in Exile*, which he considers full of fine things; the stanzas on Republics he admires particularly. He talks of keeping open house on every alternate Saturday, and has given me and all the P.R.B. a general invitation. . . .

Tuesday 5th.—Woolner returned from Sevenoaks. His news is—of Gabriel, that he gets up at seven o'clock, is painting his background with mystic feeling, translates canzoni at a great rate of evenings, and will probably be back at the end of the week;—of Hunt, that he is progressing well, painting the ground all covered with the red autumn-leaves;—of Stephens, that he also is getting on. Beyond this, he says that a

* The large Chaucer picture.

† *i.e.*, A notice, which was printed in *The Critic*, of the first poetic volume of William Allingham.

letter has been received from Millais urging the admission of Collins* into the P.R.B.; that Hunt acquiesces in Millais's suggestion, Stephens in Hunt's consent, and Gabriel in that of them two. Woolner himself fought the point savagely; being of opinion (in which I fully agree with him) that Collins has not established a claim to the P.R.B.-hood, and that the connexion would not be likely to promote the intimate friendly relations necessary between all P.R.B.'s. . . . A letter reached me from Allingham, who speaks as being well pleased with my criticism, at some passages of which I had my suspicions he might be offended. He says he has corrected many of the imperfect rhymes in his volume; and, alluding to Gabriel's commenced picture from *Pippa Passes*, urges that the Page should not be made too juvenile or helpless. In the evening I had a letter telling me not to go to Patmore's to-night; and stating that the length of Cayley's *Dante* proves an insuperable obstacle to its publication in *The Palladium*, the Editor, being willing, nevertheless, to insert a canto or two as a specimen. A letter also from Mr. Williams, to suggest that I should enable him to show something written by me to the Editor of the paper he is connected with. I accordingly looked over my *Critic* critiques

* Charles Allston Collins.

(selecting the most mildly expressed, as the note speaks of "courteous consideration"); and, with these and a copy of *The Germ*, called on Mr. Williams. The paper in question is *The Spectator*, whose Editor is a Mr. Rintoul; and it appears that its tactics are somewhat hostile to the Academy, in so far at least as the aim of keeping it up to public responsibility may be so construed. I gather, however, that considerable latitude is allowed to the writer, and that I should be but little hampered with any *antécédens*. The business of the critic extends, beyond the mere notice of exhibitions, to the general discussion of any matter affecting art, so that, if I obtain the engagement, I may reckon upon being pretty constantly occupied. I find Mr. Williams not of very P.R.B. tendencies, and no great admirer of Anthony,—my review of whom at Suffolk Street I had brought with me, fancying it would be appropriate. It seems that a new Associate has been elected, which will furnish present matter for an article. Mr. Williams spoke a good deal of Wells, author of the *Stories after Nature*, who appears to be a most dangerous and insidious person.* His whole aim, it appears, is to

* Wells is an interesting literary figure, and one of whom personally next to nothing seems to be known. I preserve this passage with the strong expressions used by his Brother-in-law; but of course I in no way commit myself as to the statements made, which may have been erroneous for anything I am aware of. The allegation regarding Thomas Keats is not wholly new.

exercise influence over others; a craving which occupies him to a most morbid degree, and which he gratifies regardless of means and consequences. On one occasion he played upon Thomas Keats, by keeping up a correspondence with him in the character of a lady, and induced him to go to France in the idea of meeting his correspondent. The discovery of the fraud produced, it seems, a very serious effect on its victim. John Keats became very indignant hereat, and peremptorily broke off all acquaintanceship with Wells; and Mr. Williams is of opinion that Wells's literary works (written subsequently to this affair) were produced in the hope of pleasing Keats and winning him back. No friendships are safe within the sphere of Wells's influence, his principle being "divide et impera." . . . He is now lord and master in the household of some French lady, whose son, after being given over by the doctors, is supposed to have owed his recovery to Wells's devout prayers. . . .

Wednesday 6th.—I find announced in *The Times* the election of Eastlake as President, and of Hook as Associate. Here is ready-made to my hand a subject for a *Spectator* article, should such be in demand. In the evening, another letter from Mr. Williams, to say that, having himself been asked to write on the point, he mentioned his interview with me to the Editor, Mr.

Rintoul, and proposed that I should do it as a specimen. The feeling in which it seems the Editor would wish to speak (disclaiming at the same time the slightest desire of biasing me) is entirely my own. Mr. Williams called to get my answer, which was of course affirmative. On his departure I set about the article, and got through it. It had to be ready by to-morrow evening. The *Critic* notices have been left with Mr. Rintoul.

Thursday 7th.—Having looked in on Mr. Williams, who says he has told Mr. Rintoul I might probably call to-day at the *Spectator* office, I went thither with my article after dinner. The Editor however was out; so that, being afterwards at the theatre to see Miss Faucit, I made up a note with the slovenly means at my disposal, and dropped it into the editorial box, coming home at night. . . .

Friday 8th.—A note came from Mr. Rintoul expressing himself much pleased with my paper, of which he sends me the proof. One or two slight verbal differences seem, possibly, intentional, but there is no alteration of the least importance. He asks me to call on Monday and I answered proposing to do so in the evening. I presume I may now consider myself engaged. . . .

Sunday 10th.—I sat to Brown for the head of a figure in his picture—that of a minstrel or poet who

looks round at Chaucer with a sort of jealous admiration. He would like me to notice in *The Spectator* the sale of this work to the Dickinsons, and thinks it might be well to write an article on the relations of painters and picture-dealers—a suggestion I propose to adopt.* He tells me that, at the election of Hook as Associate, the only competitor brought to the ballot was Harding,† who obtained seven votes out of sixteen. . . .

Wednesday 13th.—Gabriel wrote again that after all he might probably return to-day, and did in fact arrive in the course of the morning. His picture remains for the present at the Inn where the coach stops. Hunt expects to be back to-morrow, and Stephens returned on Sunday. Gabriel brings with him a great quantity of translations from the old Italian, and one or two short original poems; he has also written a stanza or two to a poem he had begun shortly before leaving London suggested by some of the Nineveh sculpture‡. . . . I called on the Editor of *The Spectator*, who appears to be a frank, cordial, and agreeable man, without any pretension to knowledge in art. . . . He observed that

* I believe this was not done.

† J. D. Harding, a dexterous landscape painter, mostly in water-colour.

‡ This is, of course, *The Buraen of Nineveh*.

it would not be in the least necessary to get up something about art for every week ; and indeed, I think, seemed rather impressed with the notion that I should present him with more than is wanted.

Saturday 30th.—. . . Millais met Frank Stone the other evening, who spoke to him about young men, ignorant of the first principles of art, imagining they are going to do something new, and found a school ; and said he supposed Millais and his friends considered *him* altogether wrong in his productions—to which Millais returned a decided affirmative. An absurd lithograph-caricature is about to be issued of Millais's last picture, as he is informed by his Brother ; something of a big dog sniffing at a cur, with the picture in the background, and some motto to the effect that some one or other fancies he's like nature, but isn't. . . . There was a very laudatory notice. . . . in *The Guardian*, he says, of his and Hunt's last pictures ; and some persons in Oxford informed him that Ruskin writes in the paper, and that the article may not improbably be his*. . . . Woolner, who passed the evening with Gabriel, was yesterday with Patmore, accompanying Tennyson in the search for a house in the neighbourhood of London, but without result. Tennyson is in a state of disgust at the idea of being presented at court on his appointment to the

* This must have been a mistake.

laureateship. Patmore says that Tennyson has in his memory, and on occasion recites, an immense quantity of poetry which he never intends to commit to paper. . . . Gabriel finished, all but the last verse, his parody on *Ulalume*.*

Sunday, 1st December.—Gabriel completed the repainting of the angel's head in his *Ecce Ancilla Domini*. His translation of the *Vita Nuova* has been returned by Tennyson, who says it is very strong and earnest, but disfigured by the so-called cockney rhymes, as of "calm" and "arm." Gabriel intends to remove these before any step is taken towards publication.

Monday 2nd.—Stephens, whom I had not seen for some months, called. . . . We discussed the shamefully obsolete condition into which P.R.B. meetings have fallen. . . . I spent the evening with Hunt, who has painted some more of the foreground of his *Two Gentlemen* picture—fungi and dead leaves. He goes to Lambeth Palace of mornings, to do the cell in his other work, the *Claudio and Isabella*. While I was there he fulfilled the pleasant duty of making out an account against the Trinity House for work done on the Rigauds thereof in September, to the value of (between him and Stephens) £54 odd. We talked a

* Now lost, I am sorry to say. I forget what may have been the subject of this parody of Poe's strangely haunting poem.

good deal of the chance of establishing a P.R.B. household, where three or four could live, and paint in common. It might probably be to be done, if Millais would join; and he seems very anxious to live out of London. . . .

Tuesday 3rd.—Gabriel did something on his design, *Music, with a Dance of Children*.* He talks of sending his ballad *Denys Shand*† to *Tait's Magazine*, having found a good poem of the same class in last Number. I read through almost all the new matter in Mrs. Browning's volumes, included in which is a poem I suppose to be that which Patmore says she borrowed without acknowledgment from his *Woodman's Daughter*. The resemblance, however, is merely in the moral; the treatment being utterly, and the details of incident considerably, different; nor is the title here printed *Maud at her Spinning-wheel*. . . .

Thursday 5th.—Gabriel painted on the head of the Virgin in his last picture.

Friday 6th.—Gabriel painted a left hand to his angel Gabriel, thinking it objectionable that one hand only should be visible of each figure.

Saturday 7th.—Woolner, having written at Gabriel's

* Now known by a different name, *Borgia*.

† *Denys Shand* may possibly have been sent: 'it' still 'remains unpublished.

request to know the price of the rooms in Red Lion Square lately occupied by Harris, called with a note from North Senior* the landlord, saying that he will "submit" to £4. 4s. monthly or 20s. a week. He stipulates however that the models are to be kept under some gentlemanly restraint, "as some artists sacrifice the dignity of art to the baseness of passion." This seems a very advantageous prospect for Gabriel and Deverell, on whom we called to acquaint him. Little seems to have been done to his pictures: to the *Hamlet* scarcely anything. . . . We called at Millais's, having engaged to see his picture and design, but found we had over-stayed our time. However, I met him almost immediately, parading Tottenham Court Road, together with Hunt and Collins, on the search for models. . . .

Sunday 8th.—Woolner called, bringing his head of Tennyson, cast in bronze very satisfactorily. He prides himself not a little on Bernhard Smith's approval of the execution, and on having rubbed some washing "blue" into the flat of the medallion, to improve its colour. His head of Mrs. Patmore is also to be cast by Mrs. Orme's desire.† . . .

Tuesday 10th.—Gabriel saw Millais's design and

* He (as it happened) was the father of the William^N North mentioned previously.

† Mrs. Emily Patmore, in whose honour was written *The Angel in the House*. Mrs. Orme was her sister.

picture,* and pronounces the former to be immeasurably the best thing he has done. The landscape of the picture too is superior to that of the *Ferdinand and Ariel*. I spent the evening with Hunt, being the only one, of two or three engaged, that did so. Some little has been done to his *Two Gentlemen* picture. . . . Coming home, I found Millais with Gabriel, who had read several of his translations from the old Italian, which had just been saved from consumption in lighting fires. Much serious speech ensued. . . . Gabriel began drawing this evening from the model at Seddon's. . . .

1851.—January.—A lapse of upwards of a month during which I have neglected the P.R.B. Journal, an omission partly attributable to the nuisance and confusion of moving.† However, there has not occurred much requiring record.

Monday last, January 13th, was fixed for a P.R.B. meeting at Hunt's, with a view to discussing fully the subject of electing any new members in addition to the six remaining of the original number, and in order to

* The design was, I think, *A Marriage Before the Flood*, representing the nuptial feast, and one of the guests, on looking out of window, startled to see the portentous first beginning of the storm—a very fine thing indeed. The “picture” must be the one from *The Woodman's Daughter*, by Patmore.

† The Rossetti family had moved from No. 50 Charlotte Street to No. 38 Arlington Street, Mornington Crescent,

frame definite rules for the Brotherhood. Millais, Stephens, and myself, only attended; Gabriel being indisposed, and Woolner in the country. . . . Rules were also adopted for holding a P.R.B. meeting on the first Friday in every month; for fines in case of default; for a general review of each P.R.B.'s conduct in art at the close of the year; and making the keeping of this journal obligatory on me as secretary. Various other points stand over for settlement.

Millais having raised a doubt as to the propriety of our continuing to call ourselves P.R.B.'s, considering the misapprehension which the name excites, it was determined that each of us should write a manifesto declaring the sense in which he accepts the name; to be read all together at our next meeting, which is fixed for Millais's, in accordance with the new rule. I have written down my declaration in its chief points.*

Another matter of interest has arisen, of which a hint was given some while ago. One Earl has produced an engraving of a china dog being sniffed at by a real dog, with Millais's picture in the background. It is entitled *Nature and Art, dedicated without permission to the Præraphaelites*, and is on the eve of publication, by

* This "declaration" appears to have been lost this long while past. I fancy that none of the other P.R.B.'s wrote any declaration. Had they done so, the papers would now be very interesting documents.

Fores, of Piccadilly. Millais called there the other day, incog. . . . He has determined to ascertain the law of the case, and to inquire Farrer's opinion as owner of the picture.

Stephens has taken up the art-criticism for *The Critic*, which I had declined because of my connection with *The Spectator*. . . . Gabriel has, with Deverell, taken the first floor of North's house, 17 Red Lion Square. . . .

Sunday 26th.—On resuming the P.R.B. Journal I find that my present isolated position renders the continuance of it day by day inefficient to any good purpose. I shall therefore write it up weekly, except where anything particular may call for special record of some one day. . . .

Sunday, 2nd February.—Woolner returned on Thursday, after about six weeks' absence. . . . There is some prospect of his getting the commission for a monument to Wordsworth* to be erected over his grave; Mr. Fletcher, whom he met when with Tennyson at the Lakes, having proposed him to a brother of Sir Humphrey Davy, who manages the affair, and some preliminary notes having been exchanged. . . . He, with Gabriel and myself, spent the evening with Patmore on Saturday. Gabriel left some more of his

* Mr. Woolner did not get the commission, although his thoughtful and able design was very generally approved.

translations from the Italians before Dante, which Patmore says are the only true love-poems he ever saw.

Sunday 9th.—Friday was the second P.R.B. meeting under the new system, when we assembled at Millais's : all were present, an event which has not happened for months. A few further regulations were made—involving, at Hunt's suggestion, the important principle that any possible new member is to be re-eligible annually—not permanently admitted in the first instance. An unanimous vote against any P.R.B. (in the case of one of the original six, the vote of his fellow foundation-members only) is to amount to expulsion ; a case not precisely foreseen at present. Election is to be by ballot. We voted moreover to keep, under the same obligation as a P.R.B. meeting, the birthday of Shakespeare ; and that any one contemplating a public course of action affecting the Brotherhood shall mention the matter first to his colleagues. Millais's new design is of the dove's return to the ark. He has finished a small study from Miss McDowall* illustrating the love-custom of passing cake through a ring.† . . .

Sunday, 2nd March.—To-day I sat to Deverell for the hand of his Hamlet, and with him and Gabriel spent the evening with Hunt. We found there a

* She was a professional model.

† This resulted in the small oil picture *The Bride smaid*.

cousin of Hannay's* who had been sitting for the head of Valentine. This week has been signalized by Woolner's taking a medallion of Carlyle, who gave him sittings the four first days of the week, and who of course furnishes material for any number of "nights' entertainments." . . .

Sunday 9th. . . . To-day I called on Woolner, and saw his head of Carlyle, and a first sketch for the Wordsworth monument competition. Wordsworth is seated, the whole arrangement of the figure being subordinated to the supremacy of the head; on the base of the plinth whereon he sits is a bas-relief of *Peter Bell*. Two side-plinths are left entirely plain, as expressive of the ideal in contrast with the human. Mounted on these are two symbolic groups; the first of Control—a refractory child restrained by the authority of his father; the second of Aspiration—a girl who, showing to her mother a flower which she has gathered, is taught to raise her thoughts to the stars. The manhood (rather than womanhood) of the controlling figure in the first symbol is the suggestion of Carlyle, who expressed his entire approval of the general conception of the monument. There are several excellent names on the Committee for carrying out the subscription and awarding the commission—

* Mr. James Lennox Hannay, for many years a Police-magistrate, now retired.

such as ought to give Woolner a fair chance of success ; and the terms of the prospectus promise a certain elevation of principle in the selection. . . .

Friday, 2nd May.—After another discreditable lapse, I take occasion to renew the P.R.B. Journal—this being the private-view day at the Academy, to which I had a ticket through *The Spectator*. The P.R.B. pictures here are Millais's from *The Woodman's Daughter*, *The Return of the Dove to the Ark*, and *Mariana*,—and Hunt's *Valentine rescuing Sylvia from Proteus*. Millais's two first are on the line—*The Woodman's Daughter* in the old architectural room, from which the architecture has been this year transferred to the Octagon Room ; the two others in the West Room—the *Mariana* being partly below the line. Hunt's has been abominably shirked off into much the same position as his *Rienzi* of 1849 occupied. Collins exhibited two pictures—a portrait, and *Convent Thoughts*—very charming indeed ; a strong claim to P.R.Bhood, which it appears however he is now in no hurry to apply for, thinking it should have been offered long ago. Brown's *Chaucer* is here, and attracts much admiration ; the other best pictures being Eastlake's, Dyce's, Leslie's, Mulready's (an old one), and Poole's. . . . In my progress I heard some one—by his looks, an Academician—observe, in reference to one of Millais's pictures, that no sarcasm could be too fierce for such

absurdities; and another, a Frenchman-cropped monkey-looking being,* was in ecstasies of amusement which he made it his care to communicate. The *Mariana* appeared nevertheless to be a great favourite with women, one of whom said it was the best thing in the exhibition. . . . The rest of the evening was spent here (the time happening to have come round) in assembled P.R.B.: Woolner excused himself through indisposition. . . . Millais had heard from Mrs. Collins† something about abuse encountered by his pictures; which, it seems, are denounced by Mrs. Jones, and make Jones, R.A., walk about in a state of despondency and distress.‡ . . .

Tuesday 6th. . . . The Editor of *The Spectator*, on whom I called in the afternoon, alluded, but always in a pleasant way, to the difference of tone concerning Millais in my preliminary observations of last week, and the reviews of previous years. I of course stuck up; and whether this is to be the beginning of the end, or whether its end was simultaneous with its beginning,

* This was Mr. Chorley, the musical critic of *The Athenæum*.

† Widow of William Collins, R.A., and mother of Charles Allston Collins.

‡ George Jones, R.A., was an old-fashioned painter of military and scriptural subjects. He was Keeper of the Academy, and as such was at the head of the Antique School, and may have been instructor to Millais in the days of his boyish prowess. "Mrs. Jones" (it will be understood) was the spouse of Jones, R.A.

remains to be seen. However, the opening remarks in my notice for this week will probably tend to bring the point to an issue. I claim the certain reversion of supremacy in art for the newcomers, and Brown is reviewed at a triple allowance of space. . . .

Thursday 8th to Saturday 10th. . . . On Saturday Hunt, Gabriel, and I, met at Hannay's; when Hunt informed us (having it from Patmore), that Ruskin had wished to buy Millais's picture of *The Return of the Dove to the Ark*, which is already sold; and that Patmore has suggested to him to write something about the P.R.B. The result is not known yet; but, were Ruskin to do so, this is the very thing we want—evident as it is from the affair of Millais's picture (were it from nothing else) that he must be an admirer of the P.R.B. Indeed so desirable would something of the kind be that it had been proposed among ourselves to write to Ruskin requesting him to express his opinion in some public manner. . . .

Sunday 11th.—The picture Hunt is purposing to do for next year is a life-sized one on the passage from one of Moses' hymns or exhortations where it is said that God found for Jacob honey in the clefts of the rock.*

Monday 12th.—Woolner called, having returned to his study to-day after cold and fever. His model for

* This subject was not painted.

the Wordsworth monument competition was sent in a few days ago according to the regulations ; among the other models is one, also with symbolical figures, by Behnes.* He explains to me that it was Ruskin's *father* who wanted to buy Millais's picture, but this makes little difference in the state of the case. Ruskin himself has, in conformity with Patmore's suggestion, written a letter to *The Times*, on the P.R.B., and, if it do not appear there, will send it to *The Chronicle*. This ought to be worth something to us. . . .

Tuesday 13th to Thursday 15th.—On Tuesday Ruskin's letter appeared in *The Times*. He says that he believes Millais and Hunt to be at a turning-point of their career, "from which they may either sink into nothingness or rise to very real greatness." The explanation he gives of the name "Præraphaelite" is very sensible ; "They intend to return to early days in this one point only—that, as far as in them lies, they will draw either what they see or what they suppose might have been the actual facts of the scene they desire to represent, irrespective of any conventional rules of picture-making ; and they have chosen their unfortunate though not inaccurate name because all artists did this before Raphael's time, and after Raphael's time did *not* this, but sought to paint fair pic-

* Behnes had at one time had Woolner in his studio, and had given him some sculptural training.

tures rather than represent stern facts ; of which the consequence has been that, from Raphael's time to this day, historical art has been in acknowledged decadence." Ruskin then deals with the nonsense about "imitation of false perspective"; asserting that the only error in the five pictures (including Collins's) is that the top of the green curtain in the distant window (of the *Mariana*) has too low a vanishing point ; and that he will undertake to prove a dozen worse errors in any twelve of the most popular pictures of the day containing architecture ;—and, as to the accusation of "drapery snapped instead of folded," that, "putting aside the small Mulready, and the works of Thorburn and Sir W. Ross, and perhaps some others of those in the miniature-room which he has not examined, there is not a single study of drapery in the whole Academy, be it in large works or small, which, for perfect truth, power, and finish, could be compared for an instant with the black sleeve of the *Julia*, or with the velvet on the breast and the chain-mail of the *Valentine* ; or with the white draperies on the table in *Mariana*, and of the right-hand figure in *The Dove returning to the Ark* ; and further that, as studies both of drapery and every minor detail, there has been nothing in art so earnest or so complete as these pictures since the days of Albert Durer." He concludes with objecting to the *Sylvia* and the figure in the *Dove* picture, on the

score of deficient beauty, and hopes "to be permitted to enter into more special criticism in a future letter." Altogether the letter is very satisfactory; anything but unqualified praise, which is well in one sense, as doing away with the accusation of partisanship. Ruskin himself expressly disclaims personal acquaintance. One point which I think it might be advantageous to notice in a letter from some of ourselves to *The Times* is that Ruskin says something of P.R.B. "Romanist and tractarian tendencies," in reference to the *Mariana* and to Collins's picture. Such tendencies, as utterly non-existent in fact, it might not be amiss to repudiate; the doing which would, besides, afford an opportunity for entering into any other details or rectifications seeming advisable. But perhaps it will be preferable to wait for Ruskin's sequel. . . . On Wednesday I had a letter from Gabriel, enclosing a notice of Hunt,* and bidding me to Millais's to-morrow. Brown, Hunt, and Gabriel, were there; and we are all agreed that Ruskin's letter will do good. Patmore, at whose instance it was written, thinks we should send Ruskin our thanks; but this seems of doubtful propriety, as it might be interpreted into making interest with a view

* *i.e.* A notice, written by my brother, of Hunt's picture; it was offered for insertion, and actually inserted, in my notice of the Academy Exhibition in *The Spectator*.

to his second letter. When that is out, something of the kind suggested would certainly appear right. Millais has had another request (from a Mr. Boddington) for his *Dove in the Ark*, and a particular invitation from the Birmingham Exhibition for him to send it thither. Mr. Combe also (who bought Hunt's picture of last year) has written to ask the price of the *Valentine and Proteus*, and of Collins's. A laudatory review of Hunt and Millais appears in *The Guardian*, devoting to them three or four times as much space as to any other artist. . . . As to abuse, it seems to be in the air, so much does the infection spread among critics in word and print. . . . A nuisance which has revived within these three days is the buried *Germ*; George Tupper having called on me to say that he is winding up its money-matters, and finds himself a clear loser by some £30. Outstanding accounts are of course in requisition; and I find that the copies of Nos. 3 and 4 with which he credits me have so almost entirely disappeared that, what with making good their value (the money-value of *The Germ*!) and paying for the etching-plates which I could scarcely leave Tupper to defray, I have still a pretty sum to fork out; whilst most of the other quondam proprietors have to look up their share of the expenses of Nos. 1 and 2.

Friday 16th to Friday 23rd.—A hit at the P.R.B. (conscientiously speaking, very stupid) appears in

Punch of Wednesday, introducing caricatures of the *Mariana* and of Collins's picture. It is admitted, however, with a reference to Ruskin, that the P.R.B. pictures are *true*; and the article is directed in part against supposed Romanizing tendencies. On the 16th Woolner, Gabriel, and myself, were at Tupper's; this being the first day since his illness that Woolner has returned to work, doing something on the minor Wordsworth monument* for which he was commissioned. He is to be introduced next week at Carlyle's to Ruskin; who, as Patmore informs him, had written his second letter to *The Times*, but now thinks of withholding it on the consideration that it casts so strong a slur on all non-P.R.B. living painters. . . . Carlyle the other night, in talking with Woolner was speaking of "Alfred" (as he calls Tennyson) and Browning in reference to their embodying their thoughts in verse, when there is so great need of doing things in the directest way possible: "Alfred" he said, "knows how to jingle, but Browning does not." He spoke however of Browning's intellect in the highest terms. He then referred to the P.R.B.; "These Præraphaelites they talk of are said to copy the thing as it is, or invent it as they believe it must have been: now there's some sense and hearty sincerity in this. It's the only way of doing anything fit to be seen." Woolner's

* I do not distinctly remember about this minor monument. .

medallion pleased him very greatly. We saw Tupper's bas-relief which the Academy rejected. It is illustrative of *The Merchant's Second Tale*, by (or ascribed to) Chaucer, and represents the chess-playing between the merchant and the old man he meets in the strange city. It is at the extremest edge of P.R.Bism, most conscientiously copied from nature, and with good character. The P.R.B. principle of uncompromising truth to what is before you is carried out to the full, but with some want of consideration of the requirements peculiar to the particular form of art adopted. According to all R.A. ideas, it is a perfect sculpturesque heresy, whose rejection—especially seeing that it is the *introductory* sample of the P.R.B. system in sculpture—cannot be much wondered at, though certainly most unjustifiable. . . .

Saturday 24th. . . . Gabriel, who has given notice to quit his present studio in Red Lion Square, has received from Brown the offer of a share in his ; and purposes to accept it. He is inclined to paint this year, instead of *The Meeting of Dante and Beatrice on Earth and in Paradise* (which he is re-designing), some other Dantesque subject—probably from the *Vita Nuova*.

1853, 23rd January.—I at last resume the P.R.B. Journal, not too sanguine of continuing it for long.

Our position is greatly altered. We have emerged from reckless abuse to a position of general and high recognition, just so much qualified by adverse criticism as suffices to keep our once would-be annihilators in countenance. I limit myself to the briefest recapitulation of last year's public doings and our present state.

Hunt, Millais, Stephens, and Woolner, exhibited at the R.A.—Hunt sent *The Hireling Shepherd*; Millais, *Ophelia*, and *A Huguenot on the Eve of St. Bartholomew*; Stephens, a small portrait of his Mother; Woolner, his cast for the competition monument to Wordsworth, and medallion heads of Carlyle, Wordsworth, and Miss Orme.* Gabriel exhibited three designs (water-colour) in the Exhibition of Sketches opened in December—*Giotto painting Dante's Portrait*, *Beatrice denying Dante her Salutation*, and a *Lady in Venetian Costume*.†

At present Hunt is preparing for next exhibition. He purposes exhibiting his old picture from *Measure for Measure*, *Christ at the Door*, a picture of Sheep commissioned by Maude, a portrait, and probably two others of which I shall be able to speak more certainly hereafter. Soon after sending in, he intends to go to Syria. Millais is painting two subjects of invention—

* Now Mrs. Masson, wife of the Historiographer for Scotland.

† Christened (at my suggestion) *Rosso-vestita*.

one of the Stuart period,* the other named *The Ransom*. Gabriel has in hand a picture in two compartments,† symbolizing, in life-sized half-figures, Dante's resolve to write the *Divina Commedia* in memory of Beatrice. Woolner is absent from England since July last, having gone to the diggings in Australia, where he hopes to make money sufficient to enable him to return in a few years, and pursue sculpture with endurable prospects. Stephens is doing a portrait of his Father. I am still on *The Spectator*.

Monday 17th to Saturday 22nd.—Better than art-news signalizes this week—that, namely, of the arrival of Woolner's vessel, the *Windsor*, at Melbourne on the 22nd October last. It is the first we have heard about him since he reached Plymouth on his passage out. The Howitts, whom he had gone to join, with Bernhard Smith and Bateman, had started into the interior of the country only two days before. Thus much is gathered from the shipping news in the *Times* and Howitt's letters to his family: from Woolner himself we have yet to wait for news. Another item of information is rather sad. Poor Collinson, our once P.R.B., is said to be on the eve of relinquishing art and entering a Jesuit college‡ as a "working brother," I

* *The Proscribed Royalist*.

† This was not painted.

‡ He was there, I believe, only a short time.

am told, whatever that may mean. . . . Gabriel has been giving the finishing touches to some alterations he has made in his old *Annunciation* picture, consequent on an offer from McCracken of Belfast to buy it, on Hunt's recommendation, for the original price, £52. 10s. I have been sitting to him to assist his repainting of the Angel's head. Friday was to have been a P.R.B. meeting at Stephens's, but no one attended except myself. Hunt had to take advantage of the moonlight night for his picture of *Christ at the Door*. . . . The only change in domicile that has taken place since I dropped this journal is that Gabriel and I now have Chambers overlooking the river at Blackfriars Bridge, 14 Chatham Place. . . . I should not have forgotten to premise that, though both Præraphaelism and Brotherhood are as real as ever, and purpose to continue so, the P.R.B. is not and cannot be so much a matter of social intercourse as it used to be. The P.R.B. meeting is no longer a sacred institution—indeed is, as such, well-nigh disused ; which may explain the quasi-non-attendance at Stephens's. And the solemn code of rules which I find attached to these sheets reads now as almost comic.* In fact it has been a proof of what Carlyle says in one of his *Latter-day Pamphlets*, that the formulation of a purpose into speech is

* The rules are printed in my *Memoir of Dante Rossetti*.

destructive to that purpose—for not one of the new rules has been acted on, and the falling off of that aspect of P.R.Bism dates from just about the time when those regulations were passed in conclave.

Sunday 23rd to Saturday 29th.—Gabriel finished and sent off the *Annunciation* picture. It has now lost its familiar name of "The Ancilla," the mottoes having been altered from Latin to English, to guard against the imputation of "popery." He is now possessed with the idea of bringing out his translation of the *Vita Nuova*,* revised and illustrated. He had intended photographed designs a short time ago, but now again purposes etchings.

* This only came to effect in 1861, and there were no designs.

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